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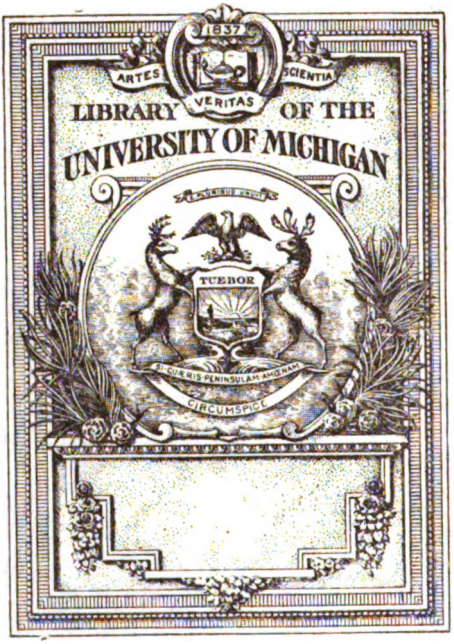

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THE

MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

FOR

Members of the English Church.

EDITED BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE,

AUTHOR OF 'THE HEIR OF REDCLYFFE.'

THIRD SERIES.

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THE

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For Members of the English Church.

JANUARY, 1881.

THE ARGUMENT FROM NATURAL BEAUTY.

ANY student of art who has reached a fair standard of execution, and is able to express himself, so to speak, grammatically by his art, may now and then be inclined to look back on the way he has passed, and consider why and how he entered upon it. We will suppose that he was right in so doing; that he possesses observation and the graphic instinct, that he has a share of imagination, of sympathy, and understanding; that he has all or nearly all the intellectual qualifications he ought to have; and that he has been well trained in technique, and is educated in the workman's honour of always doing his best. This applies as well to women as to men; and a person of this kind, at the happy beginning of what may be a happy life, may ask himself, What made me take to art? And if he can really understand the tastes and motives which inclined him to choose any definite line of subject, he has already made a considerable step in the direction of success; for he may calculate on a proportion of the public's feeling much as he does, and appreciating his work. I mean that there is a better part of the buying public, who, having money and wishing to encourage art, or to understand it, or to possess pictorial records of things beloved or enjoyed, buy pictures because they like them; and that pictures ably painted for love of their subject will attract such persons. Postulating genuine love of the thing, more of it, perhaps, in the artist, but a fair share of it in the public—let us ask both, What made them care for art, and how did they enter on the quest of beauty?

A large number, at all events of the sort of persons we have described, would be led to tell us that they began with liking pictures, or things which were picturesque. At all events, that word would be sure to turn up, and it would lead very well into our subject, for

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the picturesque is closely connected with the power of association, and does not appeal to the eye only. Mr. Ruskin's definition of it is the best to be had, as is usual, where beauty or human delight in beauty are analysed; or viewed on their intellectual or moral side; or in their connection with psychology. He says the picturesque is the parasitical sublime—that beauty or sublimity which may attach itself to any object from circumstances, and not from the nature of the object itself. In the old days of Oxford, when we used Aldrich's *Logic*, picturesqueness would have been a good example of an accident as opposed to the property or quality of beauty. An accident is a contingency; a property belongs naturally to its subject, results from the essence of the thing. A well-made man is beautiful when he has nothing on at all, but not picturesque, unless he is in a picture—that is to say unless he is surrounded by 'accidents' or circumstances which give him the proper environment. He may be bathing in some brown and bottomless pool of a Highland river. He is then part of a scene. When he gets out and dresses himself, if he puts on old grey, green, or russet shooting things, he becomes picturesque; if he puts on a swallow-tailed coat and patent leather boots, he is the very contrary. But still if he has a good face and figure a certain amount of beauty belongs to him; it remains 'connected with his essence,' as Aldrich said, and is inalienable, except through vice or some destructive 'accident' in the popular sense of the term. His good looks are his own, like the hand of Douglas, in another sense from his clothes or his watch; and nothing but some extreme disguise (such as that of a clown in a pantomime) can deprive him of them, or veil such beauty as is in him.

The simplest example of a picturesque object given in the *Stones of Venice* is that of a cottage on a wild hill-side, roofed with stone instead of slates. The irregular features and varied forms of the split pieces of shale give the roof some of the interest, charm, or beauty (for all these words in this case practically mean the same thing) of the hill-side itself. The hut is part of a sublime natural object, and gains beauty from its grand environment; that is actual picturesqueness. If it stood on flat ground in the middle of a field it would not look so well. Still it might even there *remind* one of the beauty of the stony banks and screes of its native mountains; it would have picturesqueness of association. I think one feels this in looking even at a new roof of the old Oxford material of split oolite limestone, which, as I am delighted to see, is still in use. It is rather expensive from its great weight, and not very convenient from its porous nature, which makes the weight vary in rain or dry weather; but no one can doubt that it looks much better than any other covering for a stone house; perhaps from local association, perhaps because it necessitates a high pitched roof. The convent in S. Giles' Road, W., is a capital example; and in the new Examination Schools some more convenient method of

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dividing the stone has been used, so that the broad and massive roofs are one of their best features.

It is a rather unhappy illustration of the truth of this definition of picturesqueness as the 'accidental' or 'parasitical' sublime, that it is so very easily taken away. It is indeed a *separable* accident, to go back to our *Logic* once more. One of the occasions of my beginning these papers with talk about the picturesque is this—that I learned to look for it with great eagerness and pleasure on the Rhine thirty years ago, and on going up the Rhine this autumn, 'after long years,' I find it is utterly lost and gone—at least for my time, and in fact for ever;—or until the banks of the abounding river return to their original desolation—

> 'When the race of Thor and Odin did hard battle by his side,
> And the blood of man was mingling warmly with his chilling tide.'

All the Childe Harold associations of the river are spoilt; very many of its essentially national characteristics are gone; there are no students, no pipes, no kittels; none of that poetry of the grape which filled one's mind so pleasantly, and made Rhine, as Hood says, rhyme all day in one's head to land of the vine, extremely fine, and very divine. It is worse on this highway of war and commerce than elsewhere; and indeed the military necessity of a railroad on either side has hastened innovation as much as increasing trade could do.

Antwerp was not very grievously changed from my first memories of it. Aachen had the intense interest of its architectural transitions from Roman to German Gothic; Cöln, Mainz, and Trier had a great deal of their old feeling, though the grand completed Dom in its web of scaffolding hardly made up for the lost picturesque of the great choir, half-finished towers, and well-remembered crane. Beauty and historical interest seem in these cases inalienable. The Porta Nigra of Augusta Trevirorum only looks mightier, more impassive and enduring, graver in appeal, because you come jingling under it in a bus. The Romanesque of S. Martin's at Cöln or Mainz Cathedral bears as important witness as ever to us, about where our fathers learned to build. But it is hardly unjust laudation of the past to say that though some beauty and sublimity may be left in the cities, and the side valleys of the Rhine, the picturesque has departed from the main stream, and fled from the presence of new hotels with enormous letters, new villas and residenzs all along the banks, just like Putney; interspersed with iron works and chimneys as gloomy and eruptive as at Poplar.

People travel, I know, for all sorts of reasons. Christopher North of old, who knew nothing about pictures, but had as strong a feeling for beauty as can well be conceived, once said that the real object of a tour to the English lakes was the eating and drinking, of course; and I daresay a good many of our contemporaries go up the Rhine with due

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regard, at least, to various liquids, whose names generally end in *heim* or *steiner*. Many may not regret the changes which have taken place, but they certainly deprive a landscape-painter of a great deal of work and pleasure, and make him feel very empty and weary of his life. And one more source of historical interest is gone. One sees the last of a period and its somewhat beautiful and delightful paths and ways of life, without return or record; or without record enough. And as the same thing has taken place in my time, in Munich, Venice, Florence, and all over Europe, it seems reasonable to take some note of what we are losing or gaining. The great loss seems to be that of our first delightful lessons in the picturesque, which led us so pleasantly into the world of picture. But it is no use giving way to despair or temper about it. There is a great deal of good in these changes, no doubt; sometimes there is necessity for them; that is to say, worse will happen if they are not carried out. One quite agrees with the members of the Anti-Restoration Society on main issues, as on the operations on S. Mark's at Venice.* Antiquities of historical value, great massive portions of the actual past, important evidences of that which has been, must unavoidably be lost by sweeping reconstruction or even repair. But you cannot make things last for ever. One of the most picturesque street scenes in Northern Europe, celebrated in endless sketches and paintings—in Erckmann-Chatrian's *Conscrit*, and in the adventures of Brown, Jones, and Robinson—used to be the old Judengässe at Frankfort. Well, no restorer ever laid his sacrilegious hands on it; and the other day half one side of the street fell down into a heap of rotten ruin all at once; twenty or thirty Hebrews were killed and wounded, and the picturesque of the Frankfort Ghetto came to a bitter and abrupt termination. It is very hard to say that it ought not to have ended before, without destroying so many harmless though stuffy persons. And in fact, many attractive forms of the lower picturesque may depend on conditions which are bad for human life. The nearer a building is to tumbling down, the better it looks; but it must not transgress a certain line of instability. And where what the Professor calls parasitic sublimity becomes, in fact, entomologically

* The following detail of ancient construction seems interesting enough for a note at least. I wrote to Mr. Street on the subject; and he well knew the passage in question, though I believe even he had not been very long in possession of it.

There is a note in Hodgkin's *Italy and her Invaders*, vol. i. p. 542, on the ancient account of Galla Placidia's Basilica of S. John the Evangelist in Ravenna (not her better-known sepulchral chapel). She built the Basilica in fulfilment of a vow made in peril at sea on her voyage from Constantinople in 424, after Honorius' death, and this passage occurs in the *Spicilegium Ravennatis Historiæ*, apud Muratori, tom. i. pars ii. p. 568, where the Church of S. John is mentioned, 'Jubet Augusta ubique naufragii sui præsentari formam, ut quodammodo tota operis facies Reginæ pericula loqueretur. Pavimentum undosum, undique mare, quod quasi ventis agitatum, procellosæ tempestatis gerit imaginem.' This is decisive as to the original symbolic intention of the pavements of S. Mark and Murano at Venice.

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parasitic, and is derived from narrow overcrowded streets and buildings and rooms in a state prejudicial to health, it ought to go, for artistic reasons as well as for others. The lesser beauty should give way to the greater. Healthy people in a new street are more beautiful than sickly people in an old one. Suffering and disease may take grotesque forms, but health alone is beautiful; nor ought any painter to desire the preservation of the most exquisite ruin or melancholic slum, if the ruin is likely to fall on the top of any Christian or Hebrew person, or the pathos of the *ruelle* to result in diphtheria.

Nevertheless, the picturesque is a very good and delightful thing in the wide sense of the term, where it means the homelier, easier, and more transitory phases of sublimity or beauty. This is a more popular view of it than Professor Ruskin's, but by no means goes against it. We mean by the term, beauty as we can find it or make it in everyday things, or rather in the circumstance and environment of things—in dress and surroundings rather than in the men and women they belong to; in accidental aspects which may be endlessly varied. In this sense anything which will make a picture is picturesque. Only then we must distinguish between a lower and a higher picturesque, according to the congruity and nobleness of the aspect and circumstances which the picture consists of, or at least contains. And to this end we entreat all readers who have the opportunity to go carefully through the first three or four chapters of Ruskin's *Modern Painters*, vol. iv. *

Higher or lower, we are always investing objects with special interest, and it is often possible to find beauty in them, or even attach it to them. A great many of us really like scenery, many more care a good deal for history, almost all have a certain belief in the past or some eye for form and colour, some thought of the great majority gone before them, who lived in and loved such places as the banks of the Rhine once were. It is a matter of experience that life is made beautiful, delightful, or better-endurable by these tastes, strangely distributed as they are, and curiously as their balance of happiness varies. The owners of Wharfedale or Loch Maree may not get more pleasure from all that beauty than a pupil teacher from Bradford or an undergraduate from Oxford, who may see it for a fortnight's holiday. Being quite used to a lovely place may make you indifferent to it if you do not continually attend to its loveliness. And on the contrary, how singular it is that Blake and Turner, the idealist and the naturalist, should both have been born so near each other, not in beauty, but in sordid ugliness, in small streets near Covent Garden, in the dreariest life in the world. No wonder that one was the painter of Sunset, and the other the poet of *Thel and Eritharmon*, that one

* I cannot think that Mr. Hamerton has ever read these chapters; they seem entirely to anticipate all he has written about Turner as an Idealist, though that is excellent in itself. He seems to read Professor Ruskin's pamphlet on *Pre-Rafaelitism* so exclusively as to overlook the existence of its author's other works.

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threw himself into the nameless glories of colour, the other occasionally transgressed the bounds of common sense.

It does not in the least signify to us whether Blake was mad or not, though it may be well not to use that epithet too recklessly, since Plato calls all the higher inspirations *maniai*, or possessions by the spirit of music, philosophy, or love. At all events I have lately read, and lost my reference for, an anecdote of that 'old man eloquent,' which seems to suit us well here, and may excite or comfort some of us who complain of wanting subjects for art, and of the unpicturesqueness of life, generally speaking. It is a reminiscence by a lady who had been been taken, as a little girl, to see Blake in some of the last days of his life, while his health was still pretty good, as it continued till a few hours of his departure. She said she remembered a poor little lodging in Fountain Court, and in it a shabby old man with bright eyes, who blessed her for her youth and pleasant face, and prayed that she might find life as beautiful as it had been to him; in old clothes and a London attic, poor and dear to the gods, and possessed about that time of 3*s.* 6*d.* surplus, all debts being paid, sixpence of which, the day before he died, he invested in the luxury of a new lead pencil. He did well; he knew what he was buying. To him the pencil and his mind had been for many years not only a kingdom but a fairyland. That bit of cedar was a pretty effective broomstick, to carry him east of the sun, and west of the moon, and beyond the paths of all the stars, until he died.

However, all I mean to say here is, that the picturesque may do much for us, even if we are not very eager about the ideal. It will certainly open our eyes to accessible beauties; it will show us many more things of that kind than we thought of, and so far make life happier. One good admiration, one conspicuously beautiful scene or object, may open our eyes to the great Quest. But such scenes have very decidedly diminished in number along the pathways of modern commerce; and no one feels it more than elderly wanderers long accustomed to sketching, when they resume their walks to and fro in the earth after many days. One is almost reconciled to the old familiar smells, which seem to be compounded exactly as before, in the city of Cöln more particularly. Perhaps it is a good thing, on the whole, that so much of the enthusiam which used to attach to Roman architecture is now transferred to sanitary engineering—which is a truly Roman science, by the way. A well-made sewer may not be exactly, in one sense of the word, 'an entirely holy thing,' as Mr. Herbert calls it in the *New Republic*, but it is quite an indispensable thing; and now that the great Dom is completed, the very next thing which the Catholic city should commence is a good system of drainage.

The worst of it is, that one or two new houses in cheap modern material are quite destructive eyesores among older and more beautiful, though still serviceable, buildings. The German picturesque (which is

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quite a thing of itself, entirely unlike the Swiss, French, or Italian), still lingers, and may it long do so, in the valleys of the Ahr, the Lahn, the Nahe, and even the Moselle. But the modernising process goes on fearfully fast everywhere within reach of railroads. The whole effect of the Taunus ridge is destroyed by a few square drab-coloured boxes, which dwarf its height, break its curves, and draw the eye without mercy. The still beautiful town of Kreuznach is sadly defaced in the same way. It comes of railroads and transport of new cheap building materials. I believe we did see one house being rebuilt in the beautiful old brick or stone-and-timber construction, which has entirely departed from the Rhine, as from Shropshire and the pleasant West of England. Till lately a Frenchman out of Paris, or a German who did not live in the new parts of Frankfort or Vienna, breathed the picturesque like ozone and oxygen; and it now seems as if that had ended in unconsciousness or insensibility, and they cared no more about it than the British lower orders. Germans are more speculative than English people, but hardly more sentimental, now that there is money to be made; and with money increases population, and with that men's attention is necessarily transferred, as we said, from beauty to drainage.

The worst of it is that there seems to be a regular anarchy of taste, founded on ignorance of styles and their historical and natural principles, which delivers civilised society entirely over to mere fashions and vogues. Nobody can hold by local, or national, or characteristic methods of building, dress, or custom. I have lamented over kittels and pipes, but there is yet a partial comfort in the recollection of the Mainz market-place, under the shadow of the great cathedral, whose transitional architecture marks the passage of races, Roman and Teuton. Its Romanesque domes and arcades pass into fair thirteenth century Gothic, and are an instance of historical change, as distinguished from more ephemeral shifts of human habit. So it is at Aachen; before the old Stadthaus some relics of national costume appear naturally day by day, and scenes like Prout's well-remembered drawings — the old white caps and blue skirts, the vast and variegated umbrellas, with all green fresh things below them—soon to be concealed by corrugated iron sheds and paltry girders. Then it must be observed that a national dress is national, and cannot be made the fashion, or kept up by subscription, or worn piecemeal, after the pravity of modern self-disguise. The green, grey, or brown-checked kilt may be worn on Highland hills, even by a Saxon, with tolerable effect; because it is in fact the best dress which can be worn to shoot grouse in early in the season; but it will not do except on its native heath. I once went to a costume ball, and I observed that a few really national dresses, which had been worn in their own land in actual every-day life (as Arab, abbas, and kefiyehs), looked very much better than fancy dresses of the theatrical sort. But of course a

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national dress worn out of its own air becomes theatrical, and this, I think, is worthy of notice, that a national dress is almost always a working dress; calculated for the life and the employments of a locality or a climate. And it never will do to adopt it piecemeal. For instance, it has of late pleased many young ladies to go about in Kilmarnock caps suited to the late Mr. David Deans. They would most of them have looked well in anything, but they looked very odd in that head-gear, and it was a mistake. Some of us may remember a capital wood-cut of Du Maurier's, scene laid at Deauville; an Englishwoman admiring the *chic* dress of a little French lady, and threatening to adopt it; to which her husband answers that if she dresses like the lady he will get himself up like the gentleman with her, as a Neapolitan sailor, with enormous red cap and extensive trousers. Such a disguise may be *chic*, but it fails of the picturesque from incongruity, because it awakens associations with which the wearer has evidently nothing to do. Only compare the pretty fancies of a French watering-place with the true picturesque of the Mainz market; the ever-changing, restless novelties of the milliner with the old caps and skirts that alter not. A worn working dress almost always retains the true picturesque, and that for a moral reason—because it involves honourable associations. Here the irrepressible railroad meets us again, and perhaps it is difficult to make much of the corduroys of its tightly-clad satellites, though one sees very fine forms in them. But an honour certainly dwells about the old smock-frocks that are nearly gone, about sou-westers, and oilskins, and pea-jackets. Butchers are better than nothing, and there is still good in grooms, when not too smart. Everybody has read *Sartor Resartus* on the symbolisms of dress, and it may well be an important feature in art from its power over life. What a difference it may make. I do not think there is a more weighty or pathetic saying in all Charles Dickens than the remark about the new-born Oliver Twist; that considered as a baby he might have been anybody, but the workhouse flannels, once indued, made him a workhouse child. It is now and then forced upon our minds that our dress is a kind of prison garment here, raiment not of honour, and that another robe is promised us; there is, in fact, when one comes to consider dress as a matter of art (and so it ought to be considered) a haunting remembrance about it. It does remind us strangely of the Fall of Man, and of that inextricable confusion between shame and beauty which has clung about the human body ever since. Of late it has been rather the fashion to glory in our shame as if it was a necessary part of our beauty; but there is some comfort to the Christian artist in hoping to get rid of the former some day. But without dwelling on so sad a subject as unavoidable degradation by dress, one may say that characteristic working dresses are generally within the limits of the picturesque. I believe Mr. Watts has gone into this subject in the *Nineteenth Century*, and I well remember a

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picture of his, of *Draymen and their Horses*, which seemed to me to be a work of great value and true dignity. Mr. Madox Brown's *Navvies* will be remembered as a chief feature of one of the great pictures of our day; and really a railway porter in the act of upheaving a big trunk shows his manhood through his fustian in a way which some realist painter ought to represent. Realism is excellent in itself; it means business, not baseness, and has its place in art accordingly.

Good working clothes may in fact partly make up for the sad loss of national or class costume, and something may be made of any purpose-like dress which suggests fitness for labour or exercise. It is hard to say much against hunting things, for example. Most men look better in them than in ordinary attire, and pinks are brilliant in a winter scene. But there is generally an elaboration and shininess about them which militates against the picturesque, by confounding it with the spruce, the spicy, the well-got-up, and other qualities which suggest over-minute attention to lower details of appearance. The servants of the renowned Heythrop hunt wear a kind of green velvet, which is exceptionally good and highly picturesque; as that colour bears out in brilliant contrast, not only with the scarlets, but with all horse and hound tints—chestnut, bay and grey, brown, black, white, and the intermediates. Hunting pictures are getting much more numerous now. Some appear conventional or vulgar, or are mere repetitions of Alken's sketches; but (setting aside the excellent woodcuts in *Punch*) several oil-painters manage to convey the idea that they have really been out, liked it, and noticed the scene and country as well as men and horses.

The picturesque of dress leads us again to the picturesque of association, or of thought, sentiment, or passion. The latter, as has been hinted, is symbolic, the object stands to this or that individual for much more than is actually or demonstrably in it. These terms just used all run into each other. A rose may in itself be like its little sister by the river's brim, a flower, and nothing more. But since the red and white rose were gathered in the Temple Gardens the flower has had historical memories which most people acknowledge; and when

> 'The red rose cries, She is here, she is here,
> And the white rose weeps, She is late'—

they enter into the domain of passion also, and are good subjects for picture as well as poem. There is, in fact, a broad distinction between the technical picturesque, all that will do well in a picture, and the associative picturesque of thoughts or ideas. The latter of course vary in dignity or intensity: a hat well driven in has more of the quality than a new hat, but less than a cloven helmet or dinted shield; because it only suggests the sylvan war, and the imitative though real dangers of the chase. Still, modern clothes are most intractable, and their changes extremely subtle. Our friend the Neapolitan sailor or lazzarone may be beautiful in a state of nature,

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picturesque in ragged shirt and trousers, red scarf and cap; hideous if he wins in the lottery, and appears in a suit of black, worked shirt front and shiny boots. It may be contended that the dress of the chase, or some other time-honoured pursuit connected with the nature and earliest history of man, fairly comes within our lines. But the various disguises adopted for polo, lawn-tennis, or cricket are too *bizarre*, and merely conventional; while the dress for boat-racing is undress. It is a last faint remnant of the Isthmus and Olympia.

These papers are to be about the study of natural beauty, and the various lessons, great and small, which are to be obtained from it. We have got thus far, that the word picturesque applies to ordinary degrees of beauty, and beautiful aspects of things, and that there is a picturesque of association, which invests an object, comely or not in itself, with beauty of idea and association. Now it is to be observed further that objects without beauty may be dignified or ennobled by some unaccountable power of the human mind, which goes by many names in the world, but which amounts in its results to spiritual power of some kind. Michael Angelo certainly made that old person famous, who sat to him for Atropos; and so of countless other models. It does not seem as if the spiritual power of the painter created the beauty, and he laid it on, like his impasto; it seems as if he was able to see some desired charm in faces and persons which do not show it to ordinary eyes. He finds what he wants in an everyday face. And on that which he wants the greatness of his work will probably depend: if he wants nobleness of form, feature or colour, he will find it, and unquestionably *vice versâ*. Some call it wanting, some call it loving, but the words practically mean the same thing; and all art leans on love of beauty, which varies according to choice of beauty; which varies according to morals, health, and education. But the soul of man is able, under certain influences and teachings, to invest things with awe, beauty, and grandeur not their own, and not evidently its own either. These qualities seem to us to be real, to be something and not nothing; and to have their source in some spiritual fountain of Honouron, to which the painter has occasional access, or from which it is given him in some sense to drink. A subject then may be raised into dignity by the spiritual, or in great degree by the technical gift, or power of the painter. It may have a dignity of its own. Even in landscape or domestic still-life, or with things inanimate, a kind of odour hangs about the places where good, or brilliant, or tender, or daring deeds were done. I apprehend one might feel less selfish than usual in Sister Dora's room at Walsall, and that one would not be specially timid on the deck of Nelson's old *Victory*.

Then, further, whether we are painters or not, it is a duty, or it is good, to beautify our own world after our fashion, and not deface it.

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This may not apply strongly to all; but if a person has any tastes or æsthetic preference or conviction at all, that is natural taste. It was not given for nothing, and he does well, to say the least, in acting up to it, and in trying to make things look better to the eyes of others. One pretty thing in a street is a little dole of pleasure to nine-tenths of the passengers. I never go by Mr. Morris's house, close to Blackfriars Bridge, on the St. Paul's side, without feeling that he has done and is doing me a pleasure by having built it, and I see better or worse imitations near it which convince me that others feel the same. We are always being told that we live in Icaria, and that the world in general lives in Don'tcaria; only the world does care every now and then, and in its own way. That is often a wrong (*i.e.* simply erroneous) one. But it is, at all events, morally wrong to enforce indifference, and labour for dulness. That does not want active support; it is strong enough already. The gods fight hard against it, said Schiller, and don't always get the best of it. In this and other matters, it seems best to be on the side of the gods; and indeed I have somehow observed, in the course of the last forty years or so, that one's reasons for choosing any course, or making exertion or sacrifice for anything, run much into the question whether one is on the side of the gods or not.

We are not polytheists—no more was Schiller—and we may drop the plural. It is the argument of the following pages that God made a certain large part of His creation (chiefly natural phenomena and the outsides of things) to be for delight, pleasure, happy contemplative employment of life. Further, that as He made it the duty and delight of His people to seek after Him continually, after their fashion and opportunities, so He gives beauty as a way or means of finding Him, and by finding Him I mean experiencing such consciousness of His presence and action as He gives to men to have here. It is my belief that as at this present time science is wrongfully forced towards denial of His existence, art is called on to assert it on the other hand, to which assertion I wish to contribute in a small way. It is well to show one's colours; I have often been attacked for preaching about art; and all I have to say is, woe is me if I do not do so, worse or better, and where and how I can; having seen too much art, and worked far too hard at it, to think it worth pursuing unless it leads to something better than itself. A great many scientific men, advertising themselves as science personified, tell us that is nonsense, and there is no thoroughfare. Be happy and virtuous, and anything else you please, but do not set up for a soul above molecules. Atoms you are—all you call your soul, genius, hope, love, prayer—and unto atoms you shall return. Well, all we call culture of the soul, and art more particularly, seems to me and to others to teach emphatically the other way; that there is something in and beyond atoms, which makes them capable of beauty and of enjoying

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beauty, and even of producing it, and renewing its endless development; and that that something is best described as a Spirit, even the living God.

On this matter there are three works, two very short, and one rather long, which the reader had better read with all his might. The two first are not in very easy language, but are easily and clearly intelligible; the last is the best and most brilliant English of our time. Any counter hypothesis may be started against them; but these writings state and illustrate ours, in accurate and vivid expression. The first is the late Canon Mozley's *Sermon on Nature* (25 widely printed pages 8vo.); the second, Sir Edmund Beckett's pithy *Lectures on the Origin of the Laws of Nature;* the third is the fourth volume (in particular, and not excluding the rest), of Ruskin's *Modern Painters.* All of them, the former in particular, the mind of the reader will accept or fight against, according as he believes anything or nothing. But they enable believers to set their own battle in array, to know what the attack is like; to understand its force, the strength of their own side, and the totally irreconcilable separation, in every thought worth thinking, which must exist and widen between the two sides.

Modern Painters is by far the earliest of these three works, and it is possible that the *Sermon* might not have been written without it. At all events, it will be seen, as we pursue our comparison and collation of their argument, how powerfully, how variously, with what many-sided iteration and illustration, Professor Ruskin has set before his reader the contemplative faculty of man, and its object; the mental habit of those who, as matter of fact, do rejoice in God's works—who are really made glad by the operations of His hand. Let us attempt a summary, to begin with, of the united argument before us. If it be allowed any importance at all, then the analysis of beauty, with the production of things beautiful, becomes not only a harmless employment of time, but a duty of some gravity.

Dr. Mozley says, virtually: When he who is against us in this matter has done all he can to explain away the believer's argument from design or utility, he finds himself confronted by this extra effect of beauty, which is evidently a result from design in some cases, and probably in all, and of which no materialist scheme gives, or can give, any account whatever. The belief in a Living God appealing by reason to the reason He has put in man, does account for it; the believer has a hypothesis which will carry the facts, and there is no other.

Sir Edmund Beckett argues as follows:—Neither science, religion, nor anything else can do more, in the present state of human knowledge and of the human mind, than offer man a hypothesis of creation and of himself. Only two such hypotheses can ultimately exist: that of an Infinite Will and Purpose ruling all things; and that of

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all things self-acting, or ruling themselves from all eternity. This science has ascertained, and it is agreed that they do, in the ultimate form of atoms, or of molecules, which are aggregates of atoms. Now if the atoms regularly and constantly arrange themselves so as with certainty to produce results, they obey laws and work out purposes. A contriver, lawgiver, or master of purposes must exist, to make the atoms behave themselves as they always do, in a purpose-like manner. He exists then in the atoms, or out of them. Our hypothesis is that He exists out of them, and that He by His Spirit impressed on them the laws which produced the universe; that the atoms, by His guidance, produced Athens, and Mount Pentelicus, and Pheidias; the Lagunes, Venice and her history, Tintoret, and the Paradise of the Doge's Palace. The other hypothesis is that the atoms did all this by themselves—by concert of their own, nobody knows how or why — which is not a hypothesis at all, only a denial that any such thing can exist.

Now, Professor Ruskin began to say about forty years ago, and continues to say:—I am convinced, and can convince you, of these things, *inter alia plurima:*

That there is a beauty of natural phenomena.

That there is a purpose in natural phenomena.

That this beauty and this purpose are mutually related, one resulting from the other in many wonderful ways.

That this purpose is the physical welfare of the body of man, and the contemplative edification of his mind.

That the same means which work out man's welfare produce beauty for his contemplation. Further,

That man is so made as to contemplate beauty to his own good, and also, and accordingly, to reflect and reproduce it to the farther glory of its Creator.

That such reproduction, or representation, and record of beauty is the chief object of art, primarily and particularly of what we call naturalist art.

Record and reproduction are mostly done by pictures, and the easier surface forms of natural beauty are generally called picturesque. We all understand that sublimity or pure beauty are above it in degree; but the picturesque, till of late, has clung very closely to human life in its outer shows and ways; and in its higher form of association it appeals with an indefinite amount of power to the human spirit. There is a sadly perceptible diminution now in the number of old and beautiful things and places which made this appeal to the outgoing generation; and we are right in saying how delightful they were. But it will not do to despond because our children cannot see what we saw, or give way to despair, though 'the parting Genius be with sighing sent' from the banks of the Rhine into the side valleys or farther. The same lines of 'through' travel which expel him, enable us to follow

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him into more recondite shades, and mountain recesses farther away withdrawn. And there is still a picturesque at home, and a beauty that dwells in the eye of the gazer. Perhaps the chief use of great sights in occasional travel is that they call you so authoritatively to the study of beauty as to make you look for it when you get home. The first sight of some great earthly beauty is a great event in life to any one who has latent in him the sixth sense of the painter, a poet, or observer. Switzerland or Scotland ought to awaken the capacity for full enjoyment of Yorkshire or Devon, or, if that be all, of the midlands—and any place where men lead sweet country life in peace; not but that there is a picturesque of contrast and grandeur, a landscape of great cities, on which we shall have something to say, and which some of Mr. Walter Severn's works* best illustrate. As there is a sublime picturesque of wild landscape and stern incident, so there is a domestic picturesque of quieter and more passively-enduring things; and that again divides itself into out-door and in-door; into beauties of familiar fields, and well-known wood and river, and the decorative or associative charm of home-furniture, dress, and other habits. The familiar love of these things is motive enough for any picture, but it must be painted by men who know them well.

I have thought of casting these papers into the form of conversations, because that enables one to talk all round the subject, and put in objections, qualifications, &c., more vividly and comfortably. And it saves the continued egotism of speaking in the first person, or its alternatives—the philosophic 'it seems,' and the official 'it is considered.' Much, in fact, is to be taught and learned by conversation on these subjects, when people can endure it; which many cannot. We not only find out what we all think, but take unconscious or inoffensive measure of our own and others' right to think. Art is the only subject in England, except religion, on which it is thought legitimate to express strong opinions founded on no knowledge whatever; and to endeavour openly to put down and oppress knowledge.

One of the several reasons why it is so difficult to keep the subjects of art and religion long apart is, that both exercise the most powerful attraction or repulsion on the human mind; so that it will always be employed, either in eager assimilation of, or determined resistance to, one or both. Both in some great measure seek they know not what. 'The light that never was on sea or land' is an expression very similar indeed to 'Eye hath not seen nor ear heard.' Both represent two of the noblest unquietnesses of the soul, *donec requiescat in Domino.*

R. St. John Tyrwhitt.

* With some water-colours of a few years back, by Mr. Boyce.

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CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CLXXII.

GREAT SAILORS.

1571—1581.

THE true greatness of a reign probably depends on the sovereign's power of feeling and leading popular impulses, and one of the great aids to Elizabeth's prosperity was the interest she took in the spirit of naval enterprise which had set in before her time.

Thomas, the head of the great merchant family of Gresham, was in great favour with the Queen, and did her invaluable service, both by negotiating loans, advising her in matters of finance, and in a manner anticipating the office of President of the Board of Trade. He was at the same time a banker and wholesale dealer on his own account, and he was moreover entrusted with the strange charge of poor little Lady Mary Grey, the youngest sister of Lady Jane. She was the smallest woman in the whole Court, and the Elizabethan world knew not whether to be shocked or diverted when, in 1565, it was discovered that she was secretly married to the serjeant porter, Martin Keyes, the biggest gentleman in Court. The pair were both kept in close imprisonment, Martin in the Fleet, Lady Mary in the keeping, first of the Duchess of Suffolk, Charles Brandon's second wife, then of a Mr. Hawtrey of Checkers, near Aylesbury, and lastly of Sir Thomas Gresham, who took her about with his family. His wife, a greedy, miserly woman, much disliked the charge, and it led to many quarrels, until, on Martin's death, the poor little lady was released, in 1572, and spent the last six years of her life at large, but in much poverty.

Gresham had lost his only son, and he employed his great wealth on the work so closely connected with his name, the Royal Exchange. Before his time the many merchants who met in London had no covered place for transacting business. They met in an open space near Grace Church, and when it rained too much for their endurance transacted their affairs in 'Paul's Walk,' namely, the nave of S. Paul's Cathedral. Gresham resolved to put an end to this state of things, and raised subscriptions to the amount of 4,000*l.* among his brother merchants for the purchase of the ground. The building was at his own cost, the wood and stone furnished from his own estates, the glass, slates, ironwork, and wainscoting coming from Antwerp. The plan was a great square court surrounded by a cloister, with rooms behind it to serve as offices, and above two tiers of closed galleries. High above towered on a column a huge grasshopper, the Gresham crest. The legend was that the first of the family had been a foundling picked up under a hedge, and that notice had been attracted to him by the grasshoppers chirping round him. The walks and rooms laid out

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on the basement were for the merchants, and shops were above for retail dealers. These were offered for the first year rent free by Sir Thomas to such persons as would furnish them with wares and illuminate them with wax lights when the Queen came to open the building on the 23rd of January, 1571, and named it the Royal Exchange, proclaiming the same with the sound of trumpet.

Gresham was no explorer himself, but he gave large aid in money to the schemes of more adventurous men than himself. And these schemes were many, all turning on the discovery of the north-west passage that was to lead to the wealth of Cathay. The good Devonshire knight, Sir Humfrey Gilbert, was studying the subject scientifically, and Martin Frobisher, the Yorkshire mariner, was earnestly set on making the voyage of discovery.

Lord Leicester, his brother Warwick, and his nephew Philip Sidney, became interested in the plan, and in 1575 two ships, the *Gabriel* and the *Michael*, the one under twenty tons, the other under twenty-five, were fitted out to make the attempt, with thirty-five men and boys, under the command of Martin Frobisher as Admiral. Queen Elizabeth came to Greenwich and looked from the window when the brave little crafts fired a salute as they sailed past on the 7th of June, and the Queen afterwards sent for Frobisher to take leave of him before setting out on his fearful expedition.

In September the *Michael* came back again, her captain, Owen Gryffyn, declaring that in a terrible storm they had seen the *Gabriel* 'go down!'

However, four months later the *Gabriel* confounded these cowards and their falsehood by appearing at Harwich. She had lived through the storm, though with the loss of a mast, and crept along the coast of Greenland, past Cape Farewell, then in ten days had sighted the coast of Labrador. They were much beset with ice, but they landed, took possession of the country in the name of the Queen, picked up some stones, and had some communication with the Esquimaux. Frobisher was exceedingly cautious in dealing with these men, but he could not force his crew to be equally so; and five men who had gone, contrary to order, to exchange trifles and beads for seal-skins, were captured with their only boat. Frobisher, by his personal strength, seized a native, whom he hoped to exchange for his men, but the poor creature bit out his own tongue in his rage at finding himself a prisoner, and lay moping and pining. His kindred kept out of sight, and, crippled as Frobisher was by the loss of his boat, he was forced to return home.

He was received with great enthusiasm, and crowds thronged to look at the unfortunate captive, who was by this time in a dying state, and only lived a few days. A black stone found in the hold was more interesting. A gentlewoman, having thrown it into the fire and then quenched it in vinegar, saw sparkles of gold in it. Bits of it were

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given to one Gianbattista Agnello, an assayer, and from each piece he produced a little powder of gold!

The excitement was immense. The report spread and grew, and there were those who believed that the very place had been found whence Solomon had taken his gold for the Temple.

A company was formed for Cathay, Frobisher was made high-admiral of all seas and waters of new discovery; the Queen herself subscribed 1000*l.*, and in 1577 Frobisher set off again with the same two ships, and the *Aid*, of 200 tons, lent by the Queen. This party found and named land both to the north and south of the place he had touched at before. They fancied themselves between Asia and America. The leathern doublet of one of the five men who had been lost was recovered, pierced with arrows; more barter and more quarrels took place, and at different times a man, a woman, a baby, and an old woman were captured. The old woman was so hideous that the crew took her for a witch or demon, and insisted on taking off her buskins to see whether she had cloven feet. She was allowed to escape, but the other three, Frobisher hoped to exchange for three of the five men whom the natives gave them to understand were still living.

Three natives actually appeared with whitened faces, waving a flag made out of a piece of bladder, but it was a very transparent stratagem, for crowds of their fellows, fancying themselves unseen, were creeping down to overwhelm the strangers. Frobisher was too prudent to permit his crew to revenge this cunning attack, and he brought his whole numbers safely away. One man was washed overboard and lost from the *Gabriel* on the homeward voyage, and a great storm parted the squadron. Frobisher reached Milford Haven in the *Aid*, and rode from thence to London, thinking the two barques lost. The *Gabriel*, however, had safely reached Bristol, and the *Michael* arrived in London without mischance.

The ore was shut up in Bristol Castle under four locks, and the company paid the seamen's wages, and produced 800*l.* for the building of furnaces in which the precious metal was to be extracted! Three assayers were set to work, one Italian and two German. Of course they quarrelled and laid the blame of the tardy appearance of the gold upon one another. They called for expensive materials, and those who credited them fed upon hope and became poorer in everything else.

However, a third expedition was fitted out, on a much larger scale, and carried a hundred men and the frame of a house in timber, with intent to colonise. Fifteen ships were placed under Frobisher's command, and when the Queen took leave of him, she threw a great gold chain round his neck, and gave her hand to be kissed by all the captains. As on the former expeditions, there were strict orders against swearing, gambling, and vicious practices; daily matins and evensong were enjoined, and indeed carried out. Frobisher was a devout man, and thoroughly averse to all wanton violence or plunder.

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This time the discoverer reached what we now know as Hudson's Straits. Fogs and ice had beset him, but here he had a clear sky and sea. However, he had been sent, not to make discoveries, but to bring home auriferous stone; so with much private disappointment he turned back, instead of pushing on, and either perishing, or anticipating the discovery of the passage by three hundred years. He was bound to make his way to the place where he had found the ore, a good way further north. His larger fleet was, however, less easy to manage, the crews were less obedient, the weather was unpropitious, and when they reached the spot in what they had named the Countess of Warwick Island, the season was advanced, and the carpenters declaring that it would take seven or eight weeks to erect the fort, it was decided to be too late to attempt to establish the colony that season. Again did Martin Frobisher bring all his ships safely into harbour, a marvel, as it seems to us, considering what ships then were, and in what seas they sailed, without a chart, or any previous knowledge to guide them.

In 1861, Captain Hall found the tradition of the visits of Frobisher fresh among the Esquimaux, and was shown the traces they had left behind. He even learnt so much of the fate of the five lost men, as that they built a boat, and set sail in it, but early in the season; some had frozen hands when they started, and they never were heard of more. Captain Hall had not at that time read the history of Frobisher's voyages, so that this tradition must have been genuine, not suggested by leading questions.

Plenty of black stone had come back, but the gold never came out of it, though good gold pieces in plenty were called for by the assayers. Hope was given up, Frobisher was a ruined man, and a poor unfortunate old lady, whom he had married in his thirst for means to fit out his expeditions, was reduced to beggary. To do him justice, it was not the lust of gold that led him on his voyages; he had the true zeal of an explorer, and only cared for the gold as a bait to induce others to send him on these voyages; but that made little difference to the unfortunate Isabel Frobisher, 'the most miserable poor creature in the world,' as she calls herself in her petition on behalf of her children and grandchildren by her first husband, whose portions had sailed away in the sanguine Admiral's fleet.

Other men were fired with the same spirit of adventure and discovery. Sir Humfrey Gilbert, in his old manor house at Compton, was working out in theory problems, both mathematical and social, and longed to put them into practice; and, in the year 1578, he obtained from Queen Elizabeth a charter to discover and possess any distant lands which were unoccupied by any Christian ruler. He intended to form a colony under English rule, and he brought together five hundred gentlemen willing to cast in their lot with him. The most notable of these was his half-brother, Walter Raleigh, now

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in his twenty-ninth year. Hitherto, the young man had been fighting in the Huguenot armies in France, but he had grown weary of the desultory warfare, and in the lull that followed the evasion of the King of Navarre, he had returned to England, and had become imbued with his brother's enthusiasm.

Eleven ships set sail from Plymouth, but the ideas of more than half the five hundred gentlemen were by no means of peaceful colonisation. They were set on attacking the Spanish treasure ships, and when some of these galleons came in sight, their eagerness was beyond the control of Gilbert. The attack was made, but the English ships were beaten off, and so much injured that it was necessary to put back to England, after eight months' absence; all Gilbert's means having been spent in this enterprise, which had been thus frustrated by his unworthy partners. It was four years before he could make another effort.

Captain John Hawkins, a man of much coarser mould, had made his fortune by the slave trade, and trained therein his young kinsman, Francis Drake. Drake was one of the large family of the chaplain of a ship, and was born in 1545, one report says on board a vessel in Plymouth harbour, another, at the living his father afterwards held near Tavistock. At twelve years old he became a sailor in a little trading vessel belonging to a friend of his father. His service was rewarded by his master leaving him the vessel at the age of twenty; but his spirit was too high for mere trading in the Channel, and he embarked all he had in Hawkins's ventures. His first great independent expedition was in 1577. He had been introduced, by Sir Christopher Hatton, to the Queen, and she had given her sanction to his sailing to the south, and thus endeavouring to rival the exploit which the Portuguese Magelhaen had not lived to accomplish.

With five ships, of which the largest, the *Pelican*, was but of 100 tons burden, he sailed from Plymouth in the end of December, 1577. He passed the coast of Barbary and Cape Verde, then ran into the Rio de la Plata, where he parted company with two of his ships, but recovered them again. However, as they were scarcely seaworthy, he took out their crews and stores and cast them adrift. Then, having laid in provisions, he made his way safely through Magelhaen's Straits, and further surveyed the south coast of Tierra del Fuego, though the honour of discovering and naming Cape Horn belongs not to him, but to one of the Dutch sailors, who called it after his native town of Hoorn.

Here Drake, detecting mutiny in a gentleman of his crew, tried him, and with much gravity and sorrow, sentenced him to be hung. It was done with deep seriousness, and the man was exhorted to repentance. Indeed, the English mixture of piracy and piety, was as curious as that of religion and cruelty by the Spaniards. Drake fixed Macao as the meeting-place with the other two ships, in case of their

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losing sight of each other; Captain Winter, however, deserted, and went back to England, while Drake made his way up the South American coasts, plundering the Spanish settlements and galleons of Chili and Peru, till his two vessels, and a Spaniard which he had captured, were loaded with treasure. He sought in vain for an outlet from the Pacific to the Atlantic, and having gone nearly as far north as California, crossed the Pacific ocean to the Molucca isles, where the King received him hospitably. Thence he steered for the Cape of Good Hope, and returned to Plymouth on the 26th of September, 1580, with the *Pelican* and the *Golden Hind*, after a voyage occupying two years and nearly ten months.

England was in a rapture of wonder and delight. The Queen sent orders that the *Pelican* should be brought round to Deptford that she might see it; she came on board of it, and banqueted there, while such a throng followed her that the plank bridge on which they crossed gave way. More than a hundred fell into the river, but nobody was drowned. The Queen then knighted the bold circumnavigator, and the *Pelican* was kept at Deptford, where it served as a sort of club-house to the Elizabethan naval men and their friends. After many years it was broken up, and a chair made of the timber was presented to the University of Oxford.

The treasure was placed under the Queen's charge. Some Spanish merchants who proved their claims were recompensed out of it; but a huge amount remained to be divided among the crews. Camden declares that Drake was much mortified that some of the chief gentlemen about court declined to accept gifts of the gold gained by piracy. Surely few, except perhaps Philip Sidney, were likely to object. The Queen certainly did not; and when the Spanish ambassador, who was now Mendoza, complained of Drake's boldness in daring to sail in the Indian seas, she boldly disputed any exclusive rights on the part of the Spaniards, declaring the ocean to be the highway of all nations, and denying the Pope's power to grant away lands and islands.

Sir Francis Drake, on his knighthood, had assumed the coat armour of a Devonshire family of his own name, consisting of three wyverns. Sir Bernard Drake, the head of this house, was furious at this presumption, and actually boxed the ears of the new-made knight, who appealed to the Queen. Thereupon Elizabeth granted him the unexampled bearing of a terrestrial globe, with a hand beyond, guiding round it a ship in full sail, with a wyvern hanging up by the heels in the rigging. However, this failed to mortify Sir Bernard.

'Her Majesty may have given you finer arms than mine,' he said, 'but neither she nor any one else can give you the right to the three wyverns, the ancient cognizance of my house.'

A piteous disaster had thrown Portugal, with all its navy and colonies, into the hands of Spain; Sebastião, a king at three years old, had grown up with all the fire of a crusader of old, burning to emulate the

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victories of his forefathers on the coasts of Africa, and to drive back the Moors. In 1578, when twenty-four years old, he hoped that he saw his opportunity; Muley Hamet, a pretender to the crown of Morocco, sought his aid, and, contrary to the advice of all his counsellors, Sebastião prepared an army and fleet, and crossed to Morocco.

The reigning king, Muley Moluc, was full of ability and courage, and though sick of a fatal disease, defended his country with the utmost valour and prudence. At Alcaçer the battle took place. There were 150,000 well-commanded Moors to 15,000 Christians, conducted by a fiery young fanatic who expected a miracle. The result was such as alone could be expected, and the battle was chiefly remarkable for three kings having perished in it, the pretender, Muley Hamet, his uncle, Muley Moluc, who died in his litter, after rallying his men against Sebastião's desperate charge, and Sebastião himself. The last words the youth had been heard to say were, 'Now there is nothing for us to do but to die,' but his body was never recognised, and the Portuguese lived long in hope of his return, till he became one of the legendary heroes who are supposed to be living in some 'land of Avallon,' to appear in the extreme need of their country.

Sebastião was the last of the grand old house of Avis, descended from Philippa of Lancaster. He had indeed a grand-uncle, Henrique, a cardinal archbishop of seventy-seven years old, who wore the crown for two years, and then, in 1580, it fell to Philip II., as the son of the eldest sister of Sebastião's grandfather.

In fact, the old constitutions of Portugal declared that by marrying a foreign king, a princess forfeited all claims to the crown for herself and her descendants; and thus the real lawful heir was the Duke of Bragança, whose mother had been daughter to a brother of Henrique. There was also a certain Dom Antonio, an illegitimate son of another brother, besides a host of other claimants. The helpless old cardinal king could not nerve himself to make a choice between them, and it would probably have made little difference had he done so, for Philip II. came in by the right of the strongest, in spite of the national dislike of the Portuguese to the Castilians. The Duke of Alva put down all resistance, and Antonio, after taking up arms in vain, fled to the court of Elizabeth.

Thus Brazil, the Azores, and the other Portuguese settlements passed from the power of the allies of England to that of her enemy, and the Western Atlantic was more than ever the Spanish main.

There was more and more exasperation against the Spaniards, and the tidings that they were assisting the rebel Irish lashed the English up to fury. Queen Elizabeth had been granting lands to various English gentlemen, in the hope that they might conquer and reduce the Irish. Among these were Walter Raleigh and Edmund Spenser, already known by his *Shepherd's Calendar* as a poet, and who was secretary to the Lord Deputy, Arthur, Lord Grey of Wilton. The Earl of Desmond, after a long captivity in England, was as usual

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in rebellion, and had a Jesuit with him, Dr. Nicolas Sanders—in fact the Jesuits were just discovering what a field for their exertions were the native Irish, hitherto neglected by the Church, but capable of a deep devotion, which, then excited, has never faded away.

On the coast of Kerry one Piers Ryce had obtained a rocky peninsula where he built a fort, and then, cutting a trench through the isthmus, converted the place into an island. A broken ship was cast up below the walls, and fancying it part of Frobisher's fleet of golden ore, he forthwith, with a view to such future spoils, called the place Down Enoge or Golden Haven. He further intended the place as a landing place for Spaniards; a fleet and army were expected at the bay of St. Mary Wicke or Smerwick, and single ships from time to time showed that the danger was real of a landing at Del Oro, as the Spaniards translated the name of the place.

Elizabeth commanded a fleet to be prepared and placed under the command of Admiral Sir William Winter, who was to lie off the Dingle, and prevent any landing of the enemy. Frobisher went with him in command of the *Foresight*, but the Queen, always parsimonious, gave such scanty supplies as to cripple the operations of her ships. The provisions sent to meet them at Kinsale were so insufficient that Frobisher went back to London to entreat for a better supply. A pound of bread at a penny, two pounds of beef at twopence per pound, and a gallon of ale, also costing a penny, was the daily allowance for each man; but so small was the amount supplied, that only three-fourths of these rations were given out, and even thus they were so soon exhausted that Winter had to return to Plymouth to obtain more food. At this very moment there sailed into the bay a fleet of the Spanish ships with 800 men, mostly Italian, with 4,000 stand of arms for the Irish rebels, and provisions for six months, and threw themselves into the fort of the Golden Haven. Elizabeth was furious. True, the English were aiding Philip's insurgent subjects in the Netherlands, but that did not, in her eyes, excuse Spaniards for aiding her rebellious Irish; and indeed, in both cases, the assistance was by private, unauthorised enterprise, not a commission from the sovereign. Lord Grey advanced upon the fort by land, while Winter attacked it by sea. A parley was held with the captain, Don Sebastian de San José, who allowed that he had not been sent by the King, but that he had the Pope's authority to recover Ireland to the Catholic faith, and bestow it on the King of Spain. The fort was bombarded by land and sea, and, after four days, the garrison asked for terms. Lord Grey would grant none. Assistants of traitors were, according to the law of nations, traitors themselves, and he would promise no quarter. He only gave them one night to consider their decision. In the morning, the commander and ten or twelve officers came out, trailing their ensign rolled up, and surrendered themselves to Lord Grey. They were spared; but says Lord Grey in his despatch: 'Then put I in certain bands who fell to execution.

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There were six hundred slain. Four hundred were as gallant and goodly personages as of any I ever beheld. So it hath pleased the Lord of Hosts to deliver your enemies into your Highness's hands.' This was not hypocrisy. Lord Grey was an upright, conscientious, religious man, whom Spenser idealised in his 'Legend of Sir Arthegal or of Justice,' the most distinct and definite of all the books of the *Faërie Queene*. Such horrible massacres were only what adventurers had every reason to expect if they fell into the enemy's hands, for they were not considered as prisoners of war. The Spanish and French had done such things again and again, and Philip made no complaints; but to our modern minds it is frightful to think of Raleigh and Spenser being in the camp which sent forth these bands to commit this butchery; and the whole scene has been brought vividly before us in *Westward Ho!*

It was but a horrible episode in a horrible war. The two septs of Butler and Fitzgerald, with the Earls of Ormond and Desmond at their head, had been flying at each other's throats for centuries; and, as Ormond was on the English side, Desmond was a proscribed rebel. There were butcheries on either side, and Lord Grey had absolutely made up his mind to exterminate the native Irish of the south-west, just as settlers have tried to exterminate Red Indians or Australians. He spread desolation before him, but he could not finish his work. Complaints were made in England—complaints with which Spenser had so little sympathy that he represents them as the Blatant Beast, Sir Arthegal's enemy. And Elizabeth recalled the deputy after two years, when *only* 1,485 chief men and gentlemen had been slain, kernes and churls without number, yet all in the belief that justice and order were being established. After his departure, Desmond was hunted down by Ormond, and killed in a cabin, and the Jesuit Sanders wandered about till he was starved to death.

Grants of the desolate lands were made to 'gentlemen undertakers' who were to bring them into cultivation. Raleigh was one of these, and Spenser was another. The latter received Kilcolman Castle, a peel tower near Limerick, where he took up his abode and began the great work of his life, the *Faërie Queene*. Raleigh, however, was seldom on his Irish lands, though he took care to send excellent tenants from Devon and Somerset. He had fallen into the stream of court favour. If the adventure of the laying his cloak before Queen Elizabeth, to cover a miry place, ever happened, it was at this time; and at any rate Raleigh had all the qualities that fascinated her. He was tall and graceful, with a high forehead and haughty arched eyebrows, with a ready wit, high cultivation, and a power of paying her the romantic adulation in which she delighted. His usual manner was proud and reserved, and this made him many enemies. Above all, he was hated by Sir Christopher Hatton, who saw in him a rival beauty. Leicester however patronised him, probably for the sake of the Sidneys.

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TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GREEK TRAGEDIANS.

ÆSCHYLUS—PROMETHEUS BOUND.

'. . . Æschylus, the women swooned
To see so awful when he frowned
As the gods did: he standeth crowned.'
MRS. BROWNING.

IN seeking to bring some specimens from the Greek dramatic poets before those readers who may not have the opportunity of studying them in the originals, a few remarks are due as to the spirit in which the task has been undertaken.

Even those for whom any deeper study of Greek is impossible may find it not without advantage to turn sometimes from the over-luxuriant literature of the present to the simpler and more perfect models of antiquity. They can hardly do so without finding that some fresh light has been thrown upon their general reading; without feeling that their judgment has been strengthened, and their taste purified. But they will gain something more than this. Of Greek literature, as a whole, it may truly be said that it 'was not for an age but for all time.' It is one of those rare possessions, the permanent and living charm of which constitutes them 'a joy for ever.' Thus to read its noblest productions is to enter on no dry study, but to be brought face to face with a world of thought and beauty, almost as fresh and vivid for us now as it was for those whom it first delighted and enthralled. It has been well remarked that the Greek contrasts with modern literature as a statue does with a picture. The latter need not be depreciated, but the former has certain qualities by which it still remains unsurpassed and unapproachable. It is the sense of this, its enduring beauty—a sense almost identical with the taste for literature itself—which has led to the reflection of the Greek poetry in the pages of so many great poets, or to its more immediate reproduction in that long line of translations of which it does not seem likely that there will ever be an end. For every age will have its peculiar mode of thought and expression in treating the same ideas; and thus we have the *Homer* of Chapman followed by the *Homer* of Pope, and this again supplanted by others as dissimilar, which belong almost to yesterday. The number of such translations at the present day is at once a gratifying proof of a widespread feeling for antique beauty among an increasing class, and an incentive to labour in the same field. Much of that field yet remains open. The Greek drama as a whole, owing to the larger space it covers, has not attracted so many translators as the Greek epic, and the numerous fine renderings

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of single plays which have from time to time appeared, lie somewhat scattered for the general reader. Of Euripides no complete version exists that is not more or less antiquated, nor, until comparatively late years, have his greater rivals found either numerous or adequate exponents.* But, apart from these considerations, there still seemed room for a series of translations such as the present; complete as far as possible in themselves, but aiming chiefly at being suggestive, and in no case exhaustive. Many who would not care to read through a whole play might probably enjoy brief extracts, which, through their intrinsic beauty, or in their embodiment of characteristic thought and sentiment, would give some insight into the spirit of the Greek drama, and the genius of the particular dramatist.

On these broad principles the present attempt is based. With merely such brief critical and explanatory remarks as may serve to render the text intelligible, it will seek to give the general reader some acquaintance with the minds of the three great tragedians of Greece—to show him something of the sublimity of Æschylus, the mingled strength and sweetness of Sophocles, the romance and pathos of Euripides.

Many points of interest arising naturally out of the subject must be left for the reader himself to apply. It would have been interesting, to take a single instance, had the plan permitted it, to consider the relation of the ancient poets to their modern successors; to notice, in repeated passages, how, while differing widely from them in mode of thought and belief, they yet sometimes approach them in that region of ideas which is the universal field of poetry, or unconsciously anticipate them in the very words or phrases which might seem to belong exclusively to a later age. There is much in Æschylus akin to Shakespere. The voice of Euripides has a strangely modern and familiar ring.

With regard to the translation itself, the writer can only beg his readers not to confound the aim with the execution. He has sought, while avoiding a so-called literal version, to give more than a merely free rendering, and to present as faithfully as possible the sense, spirit, and—so far as it was feasible—the form of the original. At the same time he fully subscribes to the opinion that all translation—and especially in the case of a dead language—is an 'impossibility,' and that the hope of every translator must be not to fail too greatly. In the choruses, and some parts of the dialogue, rhyme has been employed, in adherence to the principle that when the language is highly emotional such emotion can best be expressed in English, not only by rhythm, but by rhyme.

* This statement, it may be repeated, refers only to *collective* editions. So far as single plays are concerned, it is enough to refer to the fact that the *Agamemnon* has only recently been translated by Mr. Robert Browning. Of complete versions, perhaps the best known are those of Professor Plumptre and Miss Swanwick, for Æschylus; those of Professor Plumptre and Professor L. Campbell, for Sophocles.

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Before the Greek dramatists can be allowed to speak for themselves, some notion, however imperfect, must be obtained of the conditions under which they wrote, and of the place and manner in which their plays were acted.* And much difficulty will be avoided if, from the first, the *religious origin* of the Greek drama be prominently kept in mind. As it sprang from religion, so it retained its religious character in its very latest development.

Of all the Greek gods, none were in closer sympathy with man than Dionysus, god of wine and giver of all joy. From the earliest times there were festivals in his honour, and at these rustics danced round his altar, dressed like his attendant satyrs, and singing a hymn in his praise. Sometimes, in the intervals of singing, the leader of this chorus would roughly personate the god or recite one of his numerous exploits. From this germ sprang Attic tragedy,† which, in its most mature form, was nothing more than a development of this ancient choral song. By the addition of one and yet another actor to the leader of the primitive chorus, *dialogue* was formed; and in time the actions of other gods or their dealings with men came to be represented. The only difference was that, as time went on, the chorus lost its early importance and became subsidiary to the dialogue, and its office, as we shall find it frequently exemplified in the following extracts, was to warn or encourage the actors, or to utter such comments on the events of the play as would be likely to be aroused in the breast of a thoughtful spectator.‡

In harmony with the religious character of the Greek drama was the place in which it was represented. The theatre of Dionysus, at Athens, was in the form of a half-circle, open to the sky, and was situate at the foot of the Acropolis, from the natural rock of which some of the upper seats were hewn. Here as many as 30,000 spectators could find room. The long and narrow stage where the dialogue was held was backed by a high-columned wall, generally representing a palace or a temple. Below this was the *orchestra*, with the *thymele*, or altar of Dionysus in the centre, and this was the station for the solemn dance or song of the chorus. Across this tragic stage moved actors very different from those in a modern play. They were few in number, and their gestures were slow and solemn. They wore masks which concealed all play of feature, and their stature was enhanced by thick-soled boots, called *buskins*. The parts of women were acted

* Those who wish for a fuller introduction to the Greek drama, and to the separate plays, written in a clear and popular form, will find all they can want in the 'Æschylus,' 'Sophocles,' and 'Euripides,' in the Series of *Ancient Classics for English Readers*. The first of these is especially recommended.

† The literal meaning of the word 'tragedy' is goat-song, because a goat was sacrificed to Dionysus previous to the singing of the choral hymn.

‡ We shall, however, find occasion to notice that, concurrently with their expression of noble general sentiments, the chorus were often made the mouthpiece o the timid and selfish morality of the common crowd.

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by men, and little difference was apparent in the dress of each. All complicated effects and animated action were prevented by the narrowness of the stage, and would in any case have been foreign to the spirit of the drama. It was in accordance too with this solemnity, and the moderation of Greek taste, that no horrible event, such as a murder, was permitted to take place before the audience. All such events were related by a *messenger*. To recall a simile already used, the whole aspect of the performance suggested the simplicity of a statue, as opposed to the variety of a picture.

Such, in barest outline, was the Attic drama, in which national enthusiasm, religious earnestness, and artistic imagination met to form a unique whole. We can better estimate the few examples of it that remain, by trying to realize the intense interest it possessed for a Greek. Performed only at rare intervals, as a national act of worship, tragedy represented to every citizen the well-known truths connected with his religion, or the rise of his country's institutions. Gods and heroes moved before his eyes, while every accessory was there which could fascinate his senses or uplift his imagination—the solemn dance, whose meaning for us is lost; the noble music "married to immortal verse." Throughout the whole day drama succeeded drama. Very often three dramas were combined, so as to represent an entire story, and such a group was called a *trilogy*. In some cases there was added a satyric drama, a comic play, more closely recalling the primitive satyr chorus. The four plays then formed what was called a *tetralogy*.

We may now turn to Æschylus. He was born at Eleusis, in 525 B.C., and was the real founder of Tragedy. His greatness consists not in the artistic perfection of his composition, but in an imaginative force, majesty, and epic vigour of style, which tends sometimes to degenerate into bombast. This sublimity is closely connected with his subjects. He has been called the poet of the gods, and the reality of the divine agency is ever present to his mind. In language as grand and figurative, and often as obscure, as that of some Hebrew prophet, he seeks to justify the ways of God to man; to show that there is a connection between the bright gods of Olympus and those more terrible deities of the nether world who inflict trouble and distress on man. The justice and omnipotence of Zeus, his hatred of sin and arrogance, and his visitation of the sins of the fathers even upon the children—such are some of the leading religious notions of Æschylus. In the light of this central idea of an overruling providence, such difficulties as the prosperity of the wicked or the suffering of the good become clear, and the apparent contradictions of the moral world are reconciled. But although Zeus is so powerful, there is something above him. All things, including Zeus, are governed by *Necessity*, and to its decrees even Zeus himself must bow. Thus from Necessity downwards through gods to men, the whole universe forms a chain, in which

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all, voluntarily or involuntarily, must work out the one law of righteousness.

The political views of Æschylus are in harmony with his religious creed, and serve to complete our idea of his character, which—for the rest—may be left to unfold itself more fully as we proceed. He is a thorough Conservative, looking with dislike on all innovations in ancient customs or institutions; with little love for democracy, yet a hater of despotism, and a passionate lover of Athens and her freedom.

Æschylus died at Gela, in Sicily, in 456 B.C. He composed from seventy to a hundred plays, of which only seven have come down to us, but they must all have been imbued with the same character. The first of them which we shall select for illustration, is very typical of the poet. The *Prometheus Bound* introduces us at once to the religious world of Æschylus. The plot, if so it can be called, is as simple as the conception is magnificent, and the genius of the poet, free to expend all its power on the central figure of his hero, has produced a result the sublimity of which has never been surpassed. The story of Prometheus is, from its very nature, invested with an undying interest and significance. It has inspired some of the greatest of modern poets; it suggests questions which touch some of the eternal problems of human thought. But to discuss all the intentions which have been attributed to the poet, in his particular treatment of it, would lead us too far, even in a slight sketch, and we must be content to give a simple outline of the legend. It is briefly as follows:—

Prometheus had assisted Zeus to wrest the sovereignty of heaven from his own brother Titans, in hope that mankind might therefore be benefited. But Zeus, when firmly established, neglected men utterly, and Prometheus in pity stole from heaven, fire, the special prerogative of the gods, and brought it down to men that they might by its use perfect all useful arts and better their miserable condition. Wherefore Zeus, in anger at the sacrilege, condemned Prometheus to be nailed for ever to a lonely rock, where but few came to sympathise with him. Yet for all this was not the spirit of Prometheus crushed; nay more, he declared that he possessed a secret on which the safety of Zeus depended. And because he would not declare this to Zeus, but remained indomitable of will, a vulture was sent to feed perpetually on his flesh, and it was declared to him by Hermes that his suffering should never cease till some god should be willing to go, for his sake, to Hades and Tartarus. And this afterwards, in long time, came to pass.

It must be borne in mind that this story was represented in a *trilogy*, of which the central part only has survived. The first part would have shown the stealing of the fire; in the last, we should have seen the expiation and release of Prometheus, and doubtless been made to understand the justice of the dealings of Zeus. As it is, we have

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only the spectacle of the Greek god who suffered for mankind, nailed to rock, and facing friend and foe with serene courage or lofty scorn.

With these explanations we hope the following extracts will be clear and intelligible.

PROMETHEUS BOUND.

The Scene is a lonely mountain peak in the Caucasus. PROMETHEUS, *who has been nailed by* HEPHŒSTUS *to the rock without uttering a sound, is now left alone.*

PROMETHEUS.

Oh, holy light of heaven, and winds swift-winged,
And river founts, and ever-dimpling smile
Of ocean's hollows! general mother, Earth,
And Sun's all-seeing orb, to you I cry!
Behold what I, a god, from gods endure.
See ye with what bitter pangs,
Withering, my body hangs,
To confront its drear eternity!
In such bonds hath heaven's new-crowned
Monarch me, his captive, bound,
Earnest of my agony!
Ah me! not for this passing pang I groan,
But wistful down the slow years sighs my moan,
If haply rest from this long toil shall dawn for me.
Yet wherefore speak I thus? of what shall be
I have foreknowledge absolute; no ill
Looms for me unforeseen; well then, I'll wear
Lightly my crown of doom, knowing full well
Necessity's stern grip is ne'er relaxed.
Yet how to bear in silence this my fate,
Or give it utterance? Yea, because I gave
Good gifts to men, I, hapless, feel these bonds.
Hid in the fennel's wand I filched by stealth
The source of fire; boon inestimable!
The teacher to mankind of every art.
This was my crime, for which I now atone,
Hung here in bonds beneath the vault of heaven.
Ha! what murmur thus grows?
What fragrance * wafts to me, though vision be none?
Is it mortal, or god, or both natures in one? †
With what purpose possessed have they sought this lone crest,
If it be not at least to exult in my throes.
Behold me in fetters, a god sore distressed;
Enemy of Zeus, abhorred
By all the gods that freely dwell
In his mansion; due reward
For having loved the mortal race too well!
Again, again, that rustling as of wings
About me! with the whirring sound
The bright sky thrills, above, around,
Whate'er it be, deep dread to me it brings.

The chorus of the ocean nymphs appear floating in the air. They hover round PROMETHEUS.

CHORUS.

Nothing fear! thy friends are we
With swift beat of pinions borne,

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* Fragrance was supposed to denote the presence of a deity.

† *i.e.*, a hero or demi-god.

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Onward to this rock forlorn,
In an eager rivalry.
Long we pleaded with our sire,
Ere he yielded our desire!
And the winds were as wafters my * flight that caressed,
To my cave so there rang
The dint of the hammer, and scared with its clang
Maiden fear from my breast;
And in haste, as I was, on my winged car I sprang.

PROMETHEUS.

Alas! alas!
Offspring of Tethys, the mother fair-teeming,
Children of Ocean, who earth doth enfold,
Fatherly clasped with his river unsleeping,
Look and behold!
See the sad watch I shall ever be keeping,
Locked in these fetters of pitiless gleaming,
On this peak's rugged hold.

CHORUS.

Yea, Prometheus, and for dread,
O'er mine eyes, ere I was wist,
Came the tears, a blinding mist
In soft passion o'er them shed;
Seeing thus thy body worn,
Wasting on this rock forlorn,
In torturing fetters, of adamant wrought;
For new helmsmen hold sway
In Olympus, and Zeus in the pride of his thought,
With new laws rules alway,
And the mighty of old he is bringing to nought.

PROMETHEUS.

Would 'neath the earth, yea, and Hades far under,
Realm of the dead, he had hurled me amain
Deep in Tartarean abysses to languish,
Fast-bound in his chain!
Then not to god or another a wonder,
Waif of the airs had I swayed here in anguish,
To my foes a disdain!

CHORUS.

Lives there god so hard of heart,
In thy sorrows to delight?—
Nay, but all weep with thee grieving thy plight.
All save Zeus—he, from anger too slow to depart,
In inflexible might,
Rules the gods with his sway;
And thus it shall be till he satiate his breast with desire, or another by subtlety wrest
His strong sceptre away.

PROMETHEUS.

Yet shall this lord of immortals be driven
Once in his need to seek succour from *me*,
Galled though I be in his fetters fast riven;
To learn the new plot that shall oust him from heaven,
Stripped of his kingship, so fain shall he be!

* When the chorus had to converse with an actor the leader only took part in the dialogue.

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Then not his tongue's honied charm shall enchant me,
Then not with stress of his threats shall he daunt me
This thing to proclaim,
Till he loose these chains' burden and repay me full guerdon
For the wounds and the shame.

CHORUS.

Thou art brave—no pangs subdue
Thy proud spirit to their pain ;
Almost too freely thou vaunt'st thy disdain.
But fear pierces my soul like a keen arrow through,
In what haven of rest
Thou canst shelter thy bark from this storm, for the ways of Kronion* no shadow
of turning e'er sways,
And no prayer moves his breast.

PROMETHEUS.

Hard god I know him, this Zeus, ever wielding
Right as his own, in his prideship of place ;
Yet, 'neath the stroke of this doom, he will chasten
His heart to more grace ;
Then, having ceased from his anger unyielding,
Eager in friendship and love shall he hasten
To my eager embrace.

GERARD W. SMITH.

* *i.e.*, Zeus, son of Kronos.

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THE CAROL OF THE BABE JESUS.

In the bleak December weather,
In the gust and the whirling snow,
There was born a little Baby,
Long, long ago.

She was far from her own poor dwelling,
And all men she might know,
The Maiden that was His Mother,
Long, long ago.

She hid her head in a stable,
Where beasts were tied a-row,
And she laid the Child in the manger,
Long, long ago.

Oh, think of the bitter weather,
The gust, and the whirling snow,
And the Baby laid in the manger,
Long, long ago!

'Now, how did they call this Baby
Was born and cradled so?'
It was Christ Who came to save us,
Long, long ago.

He left His throne of glory,
His awful pomp and show,
For the love of us poor sinners,
Long, long ago.

He lived a life of labour,
And He died a death of woe,
For the love of us poor sinners,
Long, long ago.

Oh, think of the bitter weather,
The gust, and the whirling snow,
And the Baby laid in the manger,
Long, long ago!

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But now He is King of Heaven,
Who was once so poor and low;
Yet He loves us still as He loved us
Long, long ago.

And we pray that His grace may guide us,
And make us holy grow,
As He was, working and praying,
Long, long ago.

And oh, in our Christmas comfort,
As we sit in the light and glow,
We think of that houseless Baby,
Long, long ago.

And we pray for all poor outcasts,
When bitter tempests blow,
To Him Who was born in the stable,
Long, long ago.

Oh, think of the bitter weather,
The gust, and the whirling snow,
And the Baby laid in the manger,
Long, long ago!

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

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A CONVERSATION ON BOOKS.

BY THE EDITOR.

Spider. Dear Arachne, do tell me how to choose some books.

Arachne. What sort do you want?

Spider. Every sort, I think! For the children first—the almost nursery children.

Arachne. *Mary's Holiday Task*[1] is very charming; so is *Sweet William*[2] a delightful story, full of fun and earnestness.

Spider. Don't you like *Pat!*[3]

Arachne. It is much the best of Stella Austin's books—the only one indeed that I wholly like, though the new one, *Our Next Door Neighbours*, is very pretty. *The Langdales of Langdale End*[4] are delightful, and *We are Seven*[5] is another well worth having; also two of Mrs. Molesworth's tales, *Grandmother Dear*[6] and *Hermy*,[7] are both exquisite stories, and there is no story children love better than *A Beautiful Face*,[8] by Elizabeth Harcourt Mitchell. The scene is in some odd realm of romance; not a bit historical, though it is supposed to be in old times.

Spider. I should like to have some really historical tales though, if they are really good, and do not let the history be too heavy for the story.

Arachne. I can give you a choice list. There is Miss Bramston's *Thorn Fortress*,[9] where Gustavus Adolphus comes in so grandly; Miss Holt's *Maiden's Lodge*,[10] a capital story of Queen Anne's time; F. M. P.'s *Little Mother Molly*,[11] giving Plymouth and Dartmoor, places and people, most vividly in an invasion panic; Esmé Stewart's *How they were Caught in a Trap*,[12] describing the life of some of the prisoners detained in France on the rupture of the Peace of Amiens; and her *Belfry of St. Jude's*,[13] which is concerned with the Franco-German war. *Hassan, a Turkish Refugee*, is a delightful biography of a dog. Perhaps I may also add Austin Clare's *Bells of Freiburg*,[14] though this charming story does not belong to any particular period.

Spider. Oh, thank you! And now pray help us to some *safe* tales and novels to order for the drawing-room.

Arachne. First among them I should place that beautiful and wonderful book of Mrs. Oliphant's, *The Beleaguered City*,[15] which is only too true a parable of the state of mind of France, and, alas! I fear of all Europe.

[1] Marlborough. [2] S.P.C.K. [3] Masters. [4] Marcus Ward.
[5] Wells Gardner. [6] Macmillan. [7] Isbister. [8] Masters.
[9] Masters. [10] Shaw. [11] Bell. [12] Marcus Ward.
[13] S.P.C.K. [14] S.P.C.K. [15] Macmillan.

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Spider. Yes; I have read that. It seemed so sad and strange that even the *Maître* himself was not the better for the strange vision!

Arachne. Observe though what poisoned it to him. It was the want of fearless honesty on the *Curé's* part in not checking the miracle-mongers.

Spider. Altogether it is too awful to be quite called a novel.

Arachne. So you may set down for pleasant reading that curious half-Austrian, half-Mexican story *Reata;*[1] also a high-minded, beautiful story, that ought to be more known, named *The Lost Battle;*[2] and a nice, pleasant, innocent novel called *Claude Branca's Promise.*[3]

Spider. Papa and mamma like travels, or something with more information.

Arachne. There is that amusing *Curiosities of Puritan Nomenclature,*[4] which will amuse you all. *Holland,*[5] by Edmondo de Amicis, is doubly entertaining, as the author is an Italian, and you get views of Holland through Southern spectacles.

Spider. And something historical and useful.

Arachne. Suppose you read Mr. Gardiner's *Early English Chroniclers*[6] and Masson's *Early French Literature.*[7] I enjoyed them both very much, and they give the key to many allusions. I also like very much Miss Guest's *Lectures on English History for Working Men and Women.*[8]

Spider. One thing more. I do want a daily text-book, and oh! there are so many. I was quite confused when I looked at the book-seller's table.

Arachne. I should choose one of those that follow the Church's year to those that select at haphazard. Of these *The Daily Round*[9] has excellent original comments attached, but I prefer *For Days and Years,*[10] because it has choice passages from the most noted and deepest writers. And among devotional books I should specially recommend Mr. Berdmore Compton's *Armoury of Prayer.*[11] It contains all his *Prayers for Church Helpers,* with many most valuable forms and suggestions added.

[1] Blackwood. [2] Edmonstone & Douglas. [3] Tinsley.
[4] Tinsley. [5] Allen. [6] S.P.C.K. [7] S.P.C.K.
[8] Macmillan. [9] Rivington. [10] Whitaker. [11] Rivington.

NOTE.—Arachne does not undertake to discuss only those which appear specially to require notice.

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STRAY PEARLS

FROM THE

MEMOIRS OF MARGARET DE RIBAUMONT, VISCOMTESSE DE BELLAISE.

CHAPTER I.

WHITEHALL BEFORE THE COBWEBS.

I HAVE long promised you, my dear grandchildren, to arrange my recollections of the eventful years that even your father can hardly remember. I shall be glad thus to draw closer the bonds between ourselves and the English kindred, whom I love so heartily, though I may never hope to see them again in this world, far less the dear old home where I grew up.

For, as perhaps you have forgotten, I am an Englishwoman by birth, having first seen the light at Walwyn House, in Dorsetshire. One brother had preceded me—my dear Eustace—and another brother, Berenger, and my little sister, Annora, followed me.

Our family had property both in England and in Picardy, and it was while attending to some business connected with the French estate that my father had fallen in love with a beautiful young widow, Madame la Baronne de Solivet (*née* Cheverny), and had brought her home, in spite of the opposition of her relations. I cannot tell whether she were warmly welcomed at Walwyn Court by any one but the dear, beautiful grandmother, a Frenchwoman herself, who was delighted again to hear her mother tongue, although she had suffered much among the Huguenots in her youth, when her husband was left for dead on the S. Barthélémi.

He, my grandfather, had long been dead, but I perfectly remember her. She used to give me a sugar-cake when I said '*Bon soir, bonne maman,*' with the right accent, and no one made sugar-cakes like hers. She always wore at her girdle a string of little yellow shells, which she desired to have buried with her. We children were never weary of hearing how they had been the only traces of her or of her daughter that her husband could find, when he came to the ruined city.

I could fill this book with her stories, but I must not linger over them; and indeed I heard no more after I was eight years old. Until that time my brother and I were left under her charge in the country, while my father and mother were at court. My mother was one of the Ladies of the Bedchamber to Queen Henrietta Maria, who had been enchanted to find in her a countrywoman, and of the same faith. I was likewise bred up in their Church, my mother having obtained the consent of my father, during a dangerous illness that followed my birth, but the other children were all brought up as

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Protestants. Indeed no difference was made between Eustace and me when we were at Walwyn. Our grandmother taught us both alike to make the sign of the cross, and likewise to say our prayers and the catechism; and oh! we loved her very much.

Eustace once gave two black eyes to our rude cousin, Harry Merricourt, for laughing when he said no one was as beautiful as the grandmother, and though I am an old woman myself, I think he was right. She was like a little fairy, upright and trim, with dark flashing eyes, that never forgot how to laugh, and snowy curls on her brow.

I believe that the dear old lady made herself ill by nursing us two children day and night when we had the small-pox. She had a stroke, and died before my father could be fetched from London; but I knew nothing of all that; I only grieved, and wondered she did not come to me, till at last the maid who was nursing me told me flatly that the old lady was dead. I think that afterwards we were sent down to a farmer's house by the sea, to be bathed and made rid of the infection; and that the pleasure of being set free from our sick chambers and of playing on the shore drove from our minds for the time our grief for the good granddame, though indeed I dream of her often still, and of the old rooms and gardens at Walwyn, though I have never seen them since.

When we were quite well and tolerably free from pock-marks, my father took us to London with him, and there Eustace was sent to school at Westminster; while I, with little Berry, had a tutor to teach us Latin and French, and my mother's waiting-maid instructed me in sewing and embroidery. As I grew older I had masters in dancing and the spinnet, and my mother herself was most careful of my deportment. Likewise she taught me such practices of our religion as I had not learnt from my grandmother, and then it was I found that I was to be brought up differently from Eustace and the others. I cried at first, and declared I would do like Eustace and my father, but no one would listen to me, not even my father. I did not think much about it; I was too childish and thoughtless to be really devout; and when my mother took me in secret to the queen's little chapel, full of charming objects of devotion, while the others had to sit still during sermons two hours' long, I began to think that I was the best off.

Since that time I have thought much more, and talked the subject over both with my dear eldest brother and with good priests, both English and French, and I have come to the conclusion, as you know, my children, that the English doctrine is no heresy, and that the Church is a true Church and Catholic, though, as my home and my duties lie here, I remain where I was brought up by my mother, in the communion of my husband and children. I know that this would seem almost heresy to our good Père Chavand, but I wish to leave my sentiments on record for you, my children.

But how I have anticipated my history! I must return, to tell you that when I was just sixteen, I was told that I was to go to my

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first ball at Whitehall. My hair was curled over my forehead, and I was dressed in white satin, with the famous pearls of Ribaumont round my neck, though of course they were not to be mine eventually.

I knew the palace well, having often had the honour of playing with the Lady Mary, who was some years younger than I, so that I was much less alarmed than many young gentlewomen there making their first appearance. But, as my dear brother Eustace led me into the outer hall, close behind my father and mother, I heard a strange whistle, and, looking up, I saw over the balustrade of the gallery a droll monkey face looking out of a mass of black curls, and making significant grimaces at me.

I knew well enough that it was no other than the Prince of Wales. He was terribly ugly and fond of teasing, but in a good-natured way, always leaving off when he saw he was giving real pain, and I liked him much better than his brother, the Duke of York, who was proud and sullen. Yet one could always trust the Duke, and that could not be said for the Prince.

By the time we had slowly advanced up the grand staircase into the banqueting hall, and had made our reverences to the King and Queen—ah, how stately and beautiful they looked together!—the Prince had stepped in, some other way, and stood beside me.

'Well, Meg,' he said, in an undertone—'I beg pardon, Mistress Margaret—decked out in all her splendour, a virgin for the sacrifice!'

'What sacrifice, sir?' I asked, startled.

'Eh!' he said. 'You do not know that *le futur* is arrived!'

'She knows nothing, your highness,' said Eustace.

'What, oh what is there to know?' I implored the Prince and my brother in turn to inform me, for I saw that there was some earnest in the Prince's jests, and I knew that the Queen and my mother were looking out for a good match for me in France.

'Let me show him to you,' presently whispered the Prince, who had been called off by his father to receive the civilities of an ambassador. Then he pointed out a little wizened, dried-up old man, who was hobbling up to kiss her majesty's hand, and whose courtly smile seemed to me to sit most unnaturally on his wrinkled countenance. I nearly screamed. I was forced to bite my lips to keep back my tears, and I wished myself child enough to be able to scream and run away, when my mother presently beckoned me forward. I hardly had strength to curtsey when I was actually presented to the old man. Nothing but terror prevented my sinking on the floor, and I heard as through falling waters something about M. le Marquis de Nidemerle and Mistress Margaret Ribaumont, for so we were called in England.

By and by I found that I was dancing, I scarcely knew how or with whom, and I durst not look up the whole time, nor did my partner address a single word to me, though I knew he was near me; I was only too thankful that he did not try to address me.

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To my joy, when we had made our final reverences, he never came near me again all the evening. I found myself among some young maidens who were friends of mine, and in our eager talk together I began to forget what had passed, or to hope it was only some teasing pastime of the Prince and Eustace.

When we were seated in the coach on the way to our house my father began to laugh and marvel which had been the most shy, the gallant or the lady, telling my mother she need never reproach the English with bashfulness again after this French specimen.

'How will he and little Meg ever survive to-morrow's meeting!' he said.

Then I saw it was too true, and cried out in despair to beg them to let me stay at home, and not send me from them; but my mother bade me not be a silly wench. I had always known that I was to be married in France, and the Queen and my half-brother, M. de Solivet, had found an excellent *parti* for me. I was not to embarrass matters by any folly, but I must do her credit, and not make her regret that she had not sent me to a convent to be educated.

Then I clung to my father. I could hold him tight in the dark, and the flambeaux only cast in a fitful, flickering light. 'O sir,' said I, 'you cannot wish to part with your little Meg!'

'You are your mother's child, Meg,' he said sadly. 'I gave you up to her to dispose of at her will.'

'And you will thank me one of these days for your secure home,' said my mother. 'If these rogues continue disaffected, who knows what they may leave us in England.'

'At least we should be together,' I cried, and I remember how I fondled my father's hand in the dark, and how he returned it. We should never have thought of such a thing in the light; he would have been ashamed to allow such an impertinence, and I to attempt it.

Perhaps it emboldened me to say timidly, 'If he were not so old——'

But my mother declared that she could not believe her ears that a child of hers should venture on making such objections—so unmaidenly, so undutiful to a *parti* selected by the Queen and approved by her parents.

As the coach stopped at our own door I perceived that certain strange noises that I had heard proceeded from Eustace laughing and chuckling to himself all the way. I must say I thought it very unkind and cruel when we had always loved each other so well. I would hardly bid him good-night, but ran up to the room I shared with nurse and Annora, and wept bitterly through half the night, little comforted by nurse's assurance that old men were wont to let their wives have their way far more easily than young ones did.

(To be continued.)

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KEEPING THE VOW.

PART I.

HOW THE VOW WAS MADE.

CHAPTER I.

THE name above the 'low-browed' shop-door was 'David Hepburn,' in letters somewhat tarnished; but brighter gilding would have seemed out of keeping with the quaint, narrow street of Ennerleddie, a town as pleasant for situation as any in all bonnie Scotland. The shop itself, which to our modern ideas would have appeared humble and insignificant enough, was much patronised, not only by the better-class townspeople, but by county families in the neighbourhood; for its proprietor was respected by all who knew him, and was a man in whose history there was a flavour of romance. He had been 'out' with the Earl of Mar in 'the rising of '15,' and had been slightly wounded at Sheriffmuir. In 'the '45' he had taken no active part, being by that time a 'douce merchant,' with a wife and bairns; but it was shrewdly suspected that his house had been a rendezvous for Jacobites of his own class, and its quaint chambers and recesses the occasional refuge and hiding-place of non-juring clergymen and other persons of higher social and political importance. Probably he had helped the cause that he loved best by gifts of money—for, although his business had always seemed large, he had never been counted a wealthy man; and his mode of life, though not wanting in substantial comfort, was now, and ever had been, simple and homely.

For the last five years he had been a widower; and of his children, only one, the youngest, was still spared to him. This child, a girl nearly eighteen years old, had been absent from home for some weeks, visiting relations who lived in Port Henry, a small fishing-town on the north-eastern coast; she had been accompanied and guarded by an elderly woman who had been her nurse, and in whom Mr. Hepburn placed great confidence.

This evening the travellers were expected home, and the shop was closed earlier than usual—a messenger from the harbour, which was about three miles distant from the town, having run up to tell the master that the little trading vessel, the *Bonnie Mary*, was entering the roads. David Hepburn saw his two assistants depart, and then himself locked the door; for his dwelling-house was at some little distance from the main street, near the cathedral ruins, and had, in fact, at one time been a part of the monastic buildings.

The evening was one of those in early summer, the beauty of which

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appears to greater perfection in the north of Scotland than in any other part of Great Britain. There is often a great calm in the sky—blue indeed—but beginning to be touched with the delicate pink flush and undertone of pale gold that, after the sun has really sunk to his seeming rest (rather, thanks be to God, to his ever-renewed awakening), will deepen into the red, rich glory of the 'after-glow'—a glory inconceivable to those who have not seen it illuminate the hills and moors and woods of a Scottish landscape.

Maister Hepburn could not help lingering and letting the cool, yet quiet, air breathe its refreshing influence upon his face, flushed by the day's confinement in a small, close shop. The feelings of his heart were just then very much in accordance with the calm gladness of the summer evening, and so he walked home to meet a great sorrow; and as he went, dreamed of nothing but coming joy. A little surprise did indeed touch his mind that his girl was not at the door to meet him; this, and the hurrying-out-of-sight motion of the younger maid of the house as he crossed the lobby, conveyed their own notes of warning, and mercifully deadened his sensations, so that the coming blow did not fall with such crushing force as it would otherwise have done. Going straight into the parlour, which, as in many old-fashioned Scotch houses, opened into the front kitchen, he called out, forcing his voice to cheerful tones—

'Clemmie, my lassie, whaur are ye?'

There followed a little time of silence—really a short pause—but long enough to be appreciable by the man who waited; and then an elderly woman, still in out-door apparel, came in from the kitchen slowly;—slowly also she closed the door before she turned and faced her master, saying distinctly, and without any perceptible quiver in her voice—

'Clementina is no' wi' me, Maister Hepburn; but dinna ye flyte upo' me; it's no' my blame; I hae dune my vera best.' And now, at last, the old woman's voice trembled, whilst one long bony hand tightened convulsively upon the other.

It was a moment of agony for Maister Hepburn; he closed his eyes, and a little shiver passed over him, so that his stalwart frame seemed to totter and sway as he said, hoarsely—

'What is't, wuman? What's wrang wi' the bairn? She's no' deid—surely ye'll no' be tellin' me *that?*'

'Na, na, she's no' deid; she's as weel in her health as me or yersel, Maister Hepburn.'

Another and different look swept over the old man's face; he put out his hand to grasp the woman's.

'It's no' possible that she's fallen in wi' yon man again—wi' her ne'er-do-weel cousin, Ronald McRonald?'

'Aye, maister, just that; it's a fac'; it was bude to be; and I could na' haud her frae him ony gate.'

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'But, oh! Tibbie, woman, tell me she's mairried wi' him; is't a' richt that way?'

'Whisht, man! ye sudna' be thinkin' o' sic ill-doing things! Aye, she's mairried wi' him fast eneuch. But I maun speak the truth; it was na just a'tegither *his* will that sae it sud be; he had tellt the daft lassie wha lippens till him as gin he were Sanct Peter himsel', that what folks ca' a *Scotch* mairrage (the whilk is a richt doun insult and affront to put upo' the decent country), was a' that was needfu'; but me and Maister Birnie, honest man, got word o't, an' we took them afore the meenister wi'out waitin' for leave o' him, the creature!'

Isabella Allardyce spoke hurriedly — it may be said nervously; and her master understood all too well the terribly sorrowful meaning beneath her words. She, watching him furtively, saw that he did so, and could not help breathing a little sigh of relief on her own account that the worst of her trying task was over, even whilst she keenly sympathised with him in his sorrow. His eyes fell, and his voice was lowered to a whisper as he said—

'Then it *bude* to be; neither ye nor John Birnie could hinder it.'

'Na, maister, ye would na' had us to dae that.'

The father, who had been so happy half an hour ago, and was so sorrow-stricken now, turned away and groaned; he leant both arms upon an old-fashioned, much-carved, many-drawered bureau that stood near, and buried his grey head between them. The face of the woman watching him took a look of tender, womanly anxiety. Going close to him, she said—

'Maister Hepburn, sir, ye mauna tak' it sae sair to heart; the lassie thocht that it was a' richt, ye can weel believe; and there's mony a woman wha contents hersel wi' the like o' that mairrage a' her days.'

'Hisht, woman! a dochter o' mine suld hae kent better, seein' she was aye brocht up i' the fear of the Lord, and the teachin' o' His Holy Church,' Maister Hepburn replied, sorrowfully; then, another thought taking possession of his mind, he asked, eagerly, 'Of course, Tibbie, it was a chaapel meenister ye took them afore; one o' oor ain folk?'

'Aye, surely that; ye could na' think we would hae taken oor lassie afore ony ither!'

'But it was na ane o' thae qualifeed meenisters, as they ca' them, the vera name o' whilk is an abomination i' my ears.'

''Deed, Maister Hepburn, I kept thinkin' o' a' that would hae been your wish i' the maitter, and though there's a qualifeed chaapel i' Port Henry—an' it's whaur Maister Birnie's bude to worship, seein' there's nane ither—yet whiles there comes a gude an' holy man, Bishop——'

'Aye, aye, I ken; Bishop Ross, ane o' the best o' the faithful; leal to his God an' his king. An' was't *him* ye were gettin'?'

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'Just that. We kent—Maistress Birnie did, for she's terrible taen up wi' him, o' his bein' i' the town, hidin' awa i' a bit hoosie doun i' the Sea Gate; an' when 'twas fairly dark, as dark as it can be i' these lang days; eh! I never wearied afore yon day (t'was the achteenth o' June, last month ye ken), o' the bonny blessed licht, when it seemed as gin the gloamin' would na ever come, then we stole awa doun i' couples, first Maister Birnie, and him—Ronald, ye ken—then me an' oor lassie, puir bairn, and we creepit in an' gotten the door snecked, as gin we were thieves an' robbers or plotters o' mischief. The gude wife, wha is ain sister to Maistress Birnie, an' wha luves the Bishop as I loes the vera apple o' my ee, she had made a' ready i' a bit roomie that's gotten a box-bed place intillt that ye wuld na ken frae the wa' itsel, an' whaur the Bishop budes to hide whiles. There was a table wi' a bit decent white cloth, and a glimmer o' licht frae a rush candle to let the meenister see his buik. I can tell ye, I was sair ta'en up wi' *him:* eh! he's a fine man, yon—a *real* pretty man, wi' a pair o' gleds's een i' the heid o' him; but for a thae een, wi' a smile that's gey an' sweet, playin' about his mouth, whiles, when some bonnie thocht i' his soul sends it oot like a flag that's a signal o' gude news. But ye'll be wearyin' to hear tell o' the mairrage itsel'; it was na ower lang o' duin as the Bishop bude to be awa' that nicht, an' there was a boatie waitin' on him at the harbour steps, no sae vera far off whaur his late majesty, King James the Eighth, first set his foot i' his ancient kingdom; sae, when he had shaken hands wi' the young wife an' her man, and wished them gude speed, he went his way, an' we bided till he was weel out o' the road. Then we slipped awa' much as we had come, only noo Maister Birnie was wi' me, an' Maistress McRonald, she gaed wi' her man to their ain lodgin'.'

'An' whaur's the puir misguided lassie the noo?'

'She's nae lassie; she's a gude wife, ye ken. Weel, she's awa' wi' her man to Aberdeen; he's gotten some wark to due i' the new woollen mills just settin' up there; an' we'll hope he'll dae't.'

'Aye, we'll hope the best o' him; but, Tibbie, did na my dochter send ony bit word, or token to me?'

'Aye, did she, Maister Hepburn; she grat sair, an' hung aboot my neck, the puir bit lambie, like the bairn she is, for she's no auchteen year auld yet, an' bid me tell ye that she loes ye sair weel, and hopes ye'll forgive her because she just could na say "No" to Ronald.'

'Puir body! puir lassie! it'll no' be lang afore she finds oot what a creature it is she's ta'en up wi', an' then——'

Maister Hepburn did not finish his sentence; but Tibbie Allardyce understood that he meant that when his girl would need, as she surely would, sooner or later, the shelter of his home, it would be opened to her freely and lovingly; for although his nature was strong, it was not hard, and he had so humble an opinion of himself, that he could not think with undue harshness of the failings of others.

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That evening, which had commenced with such bright anticipations, closed mournfully, and in the sweet early dawning of a fair new day Mistress Allardyce, wakeful and restless herself, heard, in the intervals of her short dozes, her master's step on the floor of the chamber above hers, and every now and then her master's low moan of pain, mingled with words that she was sure were fragments of prayers.

CHAPTER II.

Maister Hepburn had much cause for his grief of heart; he knew the evil of Ronald McRonald's character, and that knowledge was not gained from mere report or hearsay, for he had had him under his own roof for many years; neither was it the result of any unkindly prejudice, for he was his own great-nephew, his only, and long ago dead sister's only grandson, whose young mother had died in giving him birth, and whose father perished six years later in the '45. Naturally, then, he wished to think as well of him as possible, and ever endeavoured to make excuses for his evil conduct; but on the discovery that this ill-disposed youth had won away his daughter's heart to himself, then, indeed, Maister Hepburn found it necessary to take stern measures; he endeavoured to keep the cousins apart, plainly telling Clementina that wild, unsettled, capricious-natured, and extravagant, worse than all, *godless* Ronald McRonald could be no fitting mate for a douce lass, whose whole short life had been spent in the sweet seclusion and sacred shelter of a virtuous and godly home.

Clementina did not rebel outwardly, children rarely did in those olden days; but she drooped and pined, and lost not only her blithe spirit (which her father, strongly sure of the wisdom of his own decision, could perhaps have borne), but also her health, and in order that that might be recruited, he sent her away with her nurse by sea to Port Henry, which had even then a great reputation for healthiness, and is certainly, in its peninsular situation, and exposure to all the winds of heaven, a marked contrast in climate to Ennerleddie, nestling in its long carse that 'slips and slides with pliant grace' under the shelter of low, richly-cultivated hills (and those again guarded by distant higher ranges), down to the shores of one of the bonniest of those inland seas which we call 'Firths,' and which, in its own especial charm of landscape and brightness of colouring, might almost be taken for an Italian lake put down by mistake in our colder North Britain.

Maister Hepburn received letters—two or three, for but few epistles were written in those days—telling him that the change of air and scene, and the bracing breezes of the North Sea (blowing straight across from Norway), were effecting their hoped-for good work, and that his '"ae bairn" was regaining health, strength, and sense;' so wrote worthy

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Maister Birnie, a respectable, retired seaman, and owner of vessels; and so indeed she really was; but the selfish man who had already wrought her much ill suddenly reappeared, took advantage of the surprise to work upon her unguarded feelings, and by fervid appeals against the cruelty and injustice of the hasty dismissal he had received at her father's hands, gained her consent to become his by one of the many forms which the 'irregular Scotch marriage' takes to itself. So bad-hearted was Ronald that, when he made this proposition, he had little, if any, faith in the legality of the act; or, at any rate, argued within himself that an 'irregular marriage' could easily be set aside if it should prove necessary or desirable to do so;—a mistake sometimes made by men of his evil tone of mind, whereas the only redeeming feature of these proceedings are the difficulty of undoing them, and the weight given to hasty, ill-considered words, because of the importance of the acts done under cover thereof.

Before Ronald could contrive to convey Clementina away secretly, as he had hoped to do, her temporary guardians, partly by their own vigilance, partly by her natural innocent openness, discovered what had been done, and immediately upon that discovery had followed that marriage ceremony of which Mistress Tibbie gave her master her graphic description.

There was food enough for painful thought in this story, and Maister Hepburn's heart was full of pain as he set himself in the early hours of morning to the task of writing to his daughter. The letter, in its tender gentleness, its firm unfaltering reproof, its self-forgetfulness, moved Clementina deeply, and so awakened the sense of the real sin she had committed that it could never slumber again, and though it did not shake her love for her husband—as indeed, her father would not have had it do—it yet taught her that she must not anticipate a life of sunshine, and made her understand that its probable storms and darkness would be the natural results of its having been an utterly self-chosen life, chosen without any reference to the guiding of circumstances (the very voice of God to those who will be guided thereby), but, rather with defiant disregard to their manifest disapproval. Under the influence of these newly-awakened feelings, Clementina McRonald wrote to her father a letter which gave him comfort by its tone of true penitence, and its womanly, responsible sense of the duty that she owed to her husband, none the less surely because he never ought to have been her husband. After the receipt of this letter, Maister Hepburn settled himself to face steadily the loneliness of his life, which did not seem to grow less oppressive as time went on. He had occasional letters from his daughter, short and meagre epistles, for, as she could not speak of her husband's daily increasing indifference, and even unkindness (what Scotch woman with anything of the generic Scotch character could have made such a revelation?), she knew not what to write about, and gradually she ceased to write at all; more

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than a year had passed without any direct communication between the father and daughter, when another, and even more terribly sudden blow than that of six years before, fell with overwhelming force upon the former. His son-in-law had some weeks previously visited Ennerleddie upon business connected with the Aberdeen woollen mills in which he was a foreman, and learning from him that he was shortly to proceed to Edinburgh upon similar business, Maister Hepburn empowered him to receive certain sums of money at the bank of the Messrs. F. Brothers, and with them, on his behalf, pay sundry merchants in Edinburgh and Aberdeen, accounts owing to them for goods purchased for his shop.*

One morning about the time when he was looking for the return of his son-in-law, who had promised to bring the receipted bills, and things with the purchase of which he had been entrusted, Maister Hepburn received legal intimation, through his bankers, that Ronald McRonald had presented a paper at the bank empowering him to withdraw the whole of the money standing there in David Hepburn's name, and had received it; for, as he was an accredited agent of the woollen manufacturers in Aberdeen, and had also frequently transacted business for his father-in-law, the suspicions of the bankers had not, at first, been aroused; but the junior partner, a keenly intelligent man, who had been absent on the day when the money had been handed over, immediately on hearing of the transaction divined that there was something wrong, and carefully examining the cheque or paper presented by Ronald, detected that the figures and words had been cleverly altered from eight hundred to eighteen hundred pounds. The bankers wrote, that on this discovery they had, on their own responsibility, without waiting for orders from Maister David Hepburn, sent officers of justice after McRonald, and put out placards offering a reward for his apprehension; but not until they had first searched his known haunts in Edinburgh and sent an express messenger to his employers in Aberdeen to learn if he had returned to them; finding, as they expected, that he had not, and had not been heard of by them since leaving their mills for Edinburgh, they had at once instituted these legal proceedings against him.

Maister David Hepburn, though now seventy-three years of age, and feeling the infirmities which those years warranted his feeling, did not sink helpless and hopeless under this fearful blow; he was sustained chiefly by the thought of his poor daughter and the desire to comfort her. Never doubting that she had been deserted by her husband and left alone in Aberdeen, he joined a company of horsemen

* AUTHOR'S NOTE.—*At the period of time intended in the story—the end of the last century, there were banks in only two towns in Scotland, Edinburgh and Glasgow: and it was a rare thing for persons living in the northern counties to keep banking accounts at all, because of the difficulties of transmitting the money, there being no county-town banks on which drafts could be drawn.*

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who were going thither, and went to seek her with the intention of bringing her home; but he found that she had accompanied Ronald to Edinburgh, and the angry landlady, to whom arrears of rent were due, could not give him a hint respecting her present whereabouts. Now, indeed, the poor old man was nearly prostrate, and the fear of what his daughter might be suffering caused him keener anguish than the loss of his money had done; nevertheless, gathering up his mental and bodily strength, he returned to Ennerleddie, and by the sale of his shop and business, in which for many years he had dealt uprightly, he was enabled to pay the merchants to whom he owed the money his son-in-law had heartlessly stolen, and also the various bills which Ronald had contracted in his name; this done, he stood, almost penniless, but full of honour before the world. The question how he was henceforth to live yet remained to be answered. In his boyhood and early manhood, at the close of the brief soldiering in which he had followed his natural chief and kinsman to the field, he had often amused his leisure hours with weaving with the handloom, an occupation familiar to most of the men of his native county, Banffshire; and with this he resolved to occupy his early mornings and evenings, whilst for the intervening hours of each day, he with rare resolution and courage sought and obtained the office of foreman and chief accountant in his own old shop under its new master, who gave him as liberal a salary as he dared to offer without arousing in him those scruples which some people call 'Scotch pride,' but which are more truly the result of the careful conscientiousness that will not accept as a gift that which has not been justly earned as wages.

One great comfort he had; the faithful devotion of Tibbie Allardyce, who, not only unassisted and unpaid, rendered him every little service that he needed, but also expended the small savings of years of labour in the purchase of fitting raiment for herself, and of many little comforts for her aged master.

The long winter passed thus, and the father and nurse almost despaired of hearing any word of their lost darling; but many a gloomy picture did each secretly draw of the sort of life she must now be leading, the worst feature of its misery being her possible knowledge of her husband's sin against her father. April had come at last, generally in Scotland a cold, bleak month, though with occasional fitful gleams of spring beauty and warmth; and on its third Sunday, which was one of those unusually bright days, David Hepburn went out to walk—for unlike the generality of his neighbours in Ennerleddie, he had a custom of taking a quiet stroll on Sunday afternoons, whenever the weather permitted, and the custom had long been to him as one of those many subsidiary 'means of grace' which each individual Christian, according to his character and tone of thought, is privileged to discover and use. It is often imagined that the world had to wait for our century before people in general learnt to love and

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appreciate nature—her charms and her lessons; but I verily believe that there were very many humble and unknown men and women in past days, even in the despised eighteenth century, who, as well as the few well-known and distinguished poets and naturalists, had their souls fed and comforted by the teachings of nature, and who, though they might not call her manifestations by the right names, nor attribute them to the proper physical causes, yet never failed to see in them a manifestation of the love of God, and to trace them to the one cause of all created things, the fathomless, uncreated, and self-existent heart of the Lord and Giver of Life. Certainly, it was so with David Hepburn, and his Sunday afternoon strolls were firm links between the morning and evening worship in the little homely 'upper room' which in 1770 was all that the Episcopalians of that remote northern town dared appropriate to themselves; but where the Lord met them, and, being in the midst of them, made it by His Presence a glorious temple and the very Gate of Heaven.

This third Sunday in April, the weather being April-like in its uncertainty, and the sky clouded, Maister Hepburn, instead of attempting any longer walk, bent his steps towards the Cathedral ruins, which were within sight and easy reach of his own home; he liked well to go there, and, wandering amongst the weed-grown tombs, picture to himself how passing fair must have been the five-aisled building in the day of its glory and beauty; but this afternoon his meditations were cut short, and thoughts of anything but the living present and its dearest personal interest were banished from his mind. He directed his steps towards the chapter house, the roof of which still remained entire; the air was heavy, and there was no one to be seen in the place; truly, a 'Sunday stillness' reigned around, and yet from the moment of his entrance he felt the indescribable sensation, (which all of us have at some time or other experienced) of not being alone; he *felt*, although he could not see, the presence of some other human being besides himself. With all his real godliness of spirit and considerable mental strength, he yet could hardly have been a north-country Scotchman, of that day and generation, and not have been deeply superstitious; his soul shook within him, the words of Job came welling almost to his lips, and he verily believed that he was about to see a spirit. He sat down in one of the olden monk's canopied seats, heedless of the damp, and of the nettles that clustered round it; and with every nerve strung, but with complete outward quietness, he waited for the vision, or the voice. And that came. He did not wait in vain; a visitant indeed came to him, but a material, not a spiritual one.

(*To be continued.*)

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LITTLE QUEEN MARY.

A FAIRY TALE.

BY THE LATE REV. DR. W. SEWELL. EDITED BY ELIZABETH M. SEWELL.

It was one cold winter evening, when the snow was falling thick, and the wind whistling and howling through every keyhole and window-shutter, that Uncle Peter seated himself in his arm-chair by the side of the fire in his library; and, drawing a table with a lamp upon it close to him, he opened a great book which lay before him, and, resting his head upon his arm, he proceeded to read.

Now Uncle Peter (for he was scarcely known by any other name) was a very grave-looking person. He wore a pair of green spectacles, and a brown wig, and a grey coat, with waistcoat, and knee-breeches, and silk stockings, all of the same colour. And when he walked out he always had a broad-brimmed hat upon his head, and a gold-headed cane in his hand. The neighbours called him a philosopher—for he was constantly reading books, and talking upon subjects which nobody else knew anything about. He understood Hebrew, and Greek, and Latin, and Arabic, and Sanscrit; and one old lady who lived in the next house declared that he knew Chinese, for that he had once translated to her a whole plate, and read through two teacups and saucers in her own house, besides a cracked China bowl, which had been in her family upwards of seventy years. This, however, I do not pretend to vouch for; but I do know that he was constantly reading something, and puzzling himself with difficult questions, to which nobody could give him any answer. But Uncle Peter, though a very grave, was also a very good-natured man; and he was particularly fond of children, and, not least, of his own little nephews and nieces, whom he generally asked to stay with him at his house every Christmas, and did all that he could to amuse them. He kept two little ponies for Willy and Harry to ride on; he bought a beautiful wax doll at the fair for little Mary, and a pretty picture-book for Eleanor; and whenever he came to see them at their papa's own house he was sure to be laden with something nice, which he made them dive into his great old-fashioned coat-pockets to fish out. And so at this particular time (it was Christmas time, remember) he had persuaded his two brothers to come and see him, and bring with them all their children, and was trying all that he could to make them spend their time pleasantly. It was a large house, with a stone-paved hall, in which was a rocking-horse for Georgy; and in the nursery he had ordered his housekeeper to put a beautiful doll's baby-house for Mary and Eleanor, besides all kinds of toys; and sometimes

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in the morning he would come out of his library when they were racing upon the green, and show them how to play Prisoners' Base, or Puss-catch-Corner. Sometimes he would run races with them, but he always contrived to fall lame, so that Georgy, the youngest child, who could scarcely run at all, managed to beat him every time. And sometimes on great occasions, after he had been reading a hard Greek book, he would take them up into a summer-house in the wood, and play a game, which he had taught them, and which they were all very fond of, in which he himself acted the part of the great giant Polypheme with one eye, and Willy was Captain Ulysses, who put the Giant's eye out, and the rest were the sailors, whom the great Polypheme roasted and ate up; all of which, as he told them, they would one day be able to read about in a beautiful Greek book called Homer's *Odyssey*. He also taught them another game called the Taking of Troy; and the children divided themselves into two bodies, one called Greeks and the other Trojans: and after fighting together (only in play, remember), Uncle Peter would pretend to be a great wooden horse, and the Greeks would bring him up into the summer-house in the wood, which then they would call Troy, and then the Trojans would pretend to be asleep; and Uncle Peter, who had carried up both Georgy and Arthur on his shoulders, would quietly put them down, and with little sticks in their hands, which they called swords, they pretended to put the poor sleeping Trojans all to death, and so Troy was taken. This also, Uncle Peter said, they would read about in a Greek book when they were old enough. At other times he would teach them to play the Founding of Rome, in which Willy was Romulus, and Harry Remus. And when Willy had cruelly put Harry to death for leaping over the little fence, which represented the walls of Rome, Uncle Peter took care that Willy should himself be put to death afterwards by all the other children, who called themselves Roman senators; for it was always a part of his games that they should teach something true, and have some deeper meaning than the children themselves quite understood at the time. Thus he told his brother Frederick one day that he intended to teach all the Roman history to the children in this way, at which his brother rather smiled. And another time, after endeavouring to explain some very difficult philosophy to his sister-in-law, Mrs. Robertson, he perplexed her still more by declaring that this was the very thing he had been putting into the children's heads that same morning when showing them a new puzzle. How this was done, no one professed to understand but himself. But then he was a philosopher, and none but philosophers can understand what philosophers mean.

And now, we may think of Uncle Peter as seated in his arm-chair, leaning with his head upon his elbow, and poring over a large book, which, if you wish to know, was written by a great philosopher of the present age, and was entitled *The Metaphysics of Political Deontology*.

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He had not remained long in this posture when his head began to droop, and his arm to slip from under him every two or three minutes. Then he would shake himself, and take a pinch of snuff. Then his head would drop down again; and at last he was startled by a little head peeping up from his lap, and calling out, 'Ah! Uncle Peter, you have been asleep!'

'Uncle Peter roused himself, pulled off his spectacles, and looked up to see who it was that spoke. And who should it be but little Harry, who had crept into the room, and, followed by the rest of the children, had stolen on tip-toe to his chair. 'Oh, Uncle Peter, you have been asleep!' they cried out, one and all; and clambering up, one over the arm, and another over the back of the chair, two others climbing up into his lap, and a fifth nearly strangling him by putting her arms round his neck, they all hung about him like a number of little Lilliputians round Gulliver himself.

'My dears!' he cried out, 'my children! you must get down, or I shall be choked.' And as Uncle Peter was never known to bid them do anything without expecting that it should be done in an instant, they all got down and stood round him in a circle. He was obliged to settle his wig, which Eleanor had nearly pulled off in clambering up the back of the chair; and then putting on a very grave face, and at the same time catching up Arthur, and setting him astride upon his knee, he asked how they dared to come and disturb him in this manner.

'Oh! Uncle Peter!' said Willy, who was the spokesman of the party, 'we know you won't be angry. But we have such a favour to ask. Mamma said we might come and ask you.'

'Well, my boy, what is it?' said Uncle Peter.

'Oh, uncle!' cried Mary, who now came in to Willy's aid, 'we want you to tell us a story. We have not been out of doors all day for the snow; and we have put together all our dissecting maps; and the new books you promised us are not come from London; and we are tired of work, and have learnt our lessons for to-morrow; and mamma says she is too busy to read to us, and she would be very glad indeed if you would tell us a story.'

Uncle Peter looked aghast. He threw himself back in his chair and took breath, as if they had asked him to fly with them to the moon. If they had wanted him to read them a lecture on Deontology, or to tell them all things which had happened to the emperors of China for the last two hundred years, he might have easily done it. He could have talked to them in Hebrew; or have explained all about the sun and the moon, and the fixed stars, or the composition of gases; or he might have repeated to them his theory of Cosmogony; but as for telling a story to children, it was quite beyond him.

'My dears!' he exclaimed after a pause, during which all the little faces waited patiently but anxiously for his answer,—'my dears,

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what will you want next? A story! How in the world could I know any thing about stories. You might as well ask me for the moon!'

'Oh do, dear Uncle Peter!' cried Mary and Willy both; and the rest joined in a chorus—'Please do,—only one story. You know you can if you like.'

'I never told a children's story in my life,' said Uncle Peter; 'I do not even know what it should be about.'

'Oh, about anything,' they all cried.

'About a fairy—a beautiful fairy!' exclaimed Eleanor. 'I should like to hear about a giant,' said Harry. 'No, not a giant,' said Mary: 'but about a queen and a princess.' 'I want to hear of little Julia, whom mamma tells us about,' cried another voice, from the corner of the chair. 'No, no,' cried another; 'it is to be about the knight who cut off the dragon's head and saved the poor lady in the cave.'

'A fairy!' 'A giant!' 'A queen!' 'Julia!' 'The knight and the dragon!' Voice after voice gathered in a little din of sounds, and poor Uncle Peter was obliged to wave his hand and bid them all be silent.

Silent accordingly they were, for with all their spirits they were obedient children; and whether or not they understood the philosophy which Uncle Peter would teach them in their games, they had well learnt one lesson, which he never failed to impress upon them,—that children are to do as they are bid without a moment's hesitation.

He was obliged once more to take breath. And never did a philosopher look more puzzled and perplexed than Uncle Peter, surrounded by his little petitioners, to whom he never willingly refused anything.

He looked round him in despair. 'What shall I do' he said to himself. 'What can I say? What can I tell them about?' And he thought over some of the stories which he had read himself when a boy—some about giants and fairies, and some about ghosts and goblins; and partly he could not remember them, and partly they did not come up to his notion of what they should be—true.

After some moments, however, he took up Arthur on one knee and Georgy on the other, and bade them both sit quiet, without kicking each other; and telling the rest to bring their stools and seat themselves in a little circle at his feet, he proceeded to ask Willy, the eldest boy, what the story should be about.

'If you please, uncle,' answered Willy, 'I should like to hear about a giant.'

'And why, pray?' asked Uncle Peter.

'I do not know,' answered Willy; 'but I like to hear of great men who can do a thousand things which we cannot, and who are brave, and fight for those who cannot fight for themselves, and who

go into great dangers, and escape them all. Did you ever read "Jack the Giant Killer," uncle?'

Uncle Peter answered that he had read it many years back, when he was a little boy, but had quite forgotten it.

'Where did Jack the Giant Killer live?' asked Arthur.

'He did not live anywhere, really,' answered Willy. 'It is only a make-believe story; for you know, Arthur, there are no such things as giants, such as those story-books tell us; only they are very amusing.'

'And are they not true then?' asked Arthur.

Willy was puzzled, and said nothing.

'My child,' asked Uncle Peter, 'did you ever read the fable of the Wolf and the Sheep—how the wolf went to drink, and began talking to the sheep, and the sheep talked again to the wolf; and then the wolf, on some foolish pretence, fell upon the poor sheep and ate him up?'

'O yes,' said Arthur, 'very often.'

'And is this true!' asked Uncle Peter.

'No, uncle, surely not, for wolves and sheep cannot talk.'

'But is it true that bad people, like the wolf, are always glad of any excuse to fall upon and attack those who are weak like the sheep; and therefore that the sheep will do well always to keep out of their way?'

'Yes,' said Willy, 'that is quite true.'

'So then,' said Uncle Peter, 'part of the story is true and part false; and you know at once which part is false, and therefore it will not deceive you.'

'I think I understand that,' said Mary; 'for I was reading the other day in my English history, and it said that King Richard the First was a lion, and King Stephen a fox. Now, uncle, that did not mean, did it, that King Richard really had a rough skin, and claws, and teeth, and a great shaggy mane, or that he fed upon raw meat, and roared like the lion in the Zoological Gardens; only that he was very brave!'

'My dear,' answered Uncle Peter, 'that is quite enough to satisfy me that I may tell you a story about a giant without fear of telling you a falsehood; and therefore I will try at once, and see what can be done.'

'Thank you! thank you!' exclaimed the little audience; and they clapped their hands and settled themselves on their stools with looks of the most fixed attention. But before Uncle Peter could arrange his first sentence in his head, Willy came up, and climbing up on the chair, whispered in his ear—

'If you please, uncle, Mary is eldest. Would you tell her a story about a queen first? and you can tell mine about the giant afterwards.'

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Uncle Peter patted him on the head, and, to Mary's great delight, announced his intention of first telling the story of the queen. 'I suppose,' he said to Mary, 'you would like to be a queen yourself, would you not? and that is the reason why you would like to hear about one?'

'Yes, indeed, I should,' answered Mary. 'I would give anything to be one, or at least a princess. I cannot imagine anything so delightful.'

And Mary—for she was rather proud and ambitious in her little sphere—drew herself up and looked round on the other children with an air of authority, which she was accustomed to assume as the oldest of them all; and at the same time she began playing with her coral necklace, an ornament which none of them possessed but herself.

'Well, then, my love, I will tell you a story of a little girl who was a queen.'

'And it is to be partly true,' asked Willy, 'and partly false, is it not, uncle?'

'Yes,' replied Uncle Peter; 'and I think, if you pay attention, you will all easily see what is true and what is false.'

'And you will put a giant into it if you can?' said Willy; 'please, uncle, if it is only a little one.'

'And won't there be a fairy too?' asked Eleanor, mournfully.

'We shall see,' answered Uncle Peter, 'when we once begin. But now I hold up my hand, and you must all be silent while I am speaking.'

THE STORY OF LITTLE MARY,

QUEEN OF THE GREAT ISLAND OF BRAKARA—KAKARA.

CHAPTER I.

ONCE upon a time, in the days of giants and fairies, which are long since gone by, there lived a widow lady of the name of Bertha—Mrs. Bertha. She lived in a very small cottage by the side of the sea; and though the cottage was very neat and whitewashed, and had some pretty roses and honeysuckles trained over the door, it was evident she was far from rich. Her husband had been dead for some time, and left her one little girl to take care of, who was about twelve years old, and her name was Mary. Little Mary was like many other little girls, as times then were. She was neither pretty nor ugly. She had rather blue eyes and light hair, and her skin was somewhat freckled. But when she was good-tempered, and did as she was told, everybody thought that little Mary was agreeable, and felt glad to see her. And sometimes they would invite her to come and drink tea at their houses. And there were many very large houses not very far from Mrs. Bertha's little cottage; and these houses were surrounded with

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fine parks, with deer in them. And the ladies and gentlemen to whom they belonged used to drive about in gilded coaches, with great prancing horses, and coachmen sitting up on the box in white wigs, and footmen standing behind, who were covered all over with gold and scarlet, and wore great bunches of flowers in the button-holes of their coats, and carried great gold-headed canes in their hands to wait upon their masters and mistresses.

In these grand houses also there lived a number of young children, about Mary's age. And they also used to be taken out for a drive in their papa's and mamma's fine carriages; and they wore beautiful blue frocks with long sashes, and coral necklaces round their necks, and plumes of feathers, some blue, and some white, and others red, in their hats. But what little Mary envied most were their red morocco shoes, which looked so handsome; while poor Mrs. Bertha could only afford to give her little girl two plain brown gingham frocks a year, and one muslin one for company, and a plain straw bonnet with a single white ribbon to tie it. Little Mary also, when she was invited to drink tea at the Castle belonging to the great lord who lived nearest to them, used to drink out of gilded cups and saucers, and she saw ladies dressed in satin, and decorated with diamonds and pearls. And there were rooms very large and high, all gilt and full of pictures and looking-glasses, and the floor covered with soft silken carpets, and crimson damask chairs and sofas so splendid that she scarcely ventured to sit down on them. Besides which she was treated to a variety of sweet cakes and fruits, grapes, and pineapples, and melons; and sometimes when her nurse used to come for her at night, as they were walking home the nurse would say to her that if she were a good girl, who knew but that one of these days she might live in as fine a house as the nobleman, and have servants and carriages of her own. Upon which little Mary would be much excited; and when she lay down to sleep in her little wooden cot, with the white dimity curtains, she would dream that she was in a beautiful palace, and sometimes even that she was a queen.

This went on for some time, and little Mary's head became quite full of such thoughts, so that she could scarcely attend to her lessons. Instead of hemming her frock she would sit at the window fancying how delightful it would be to sit upon a gilded throne, with a crown upon her head and a sceptre in her hand. When her mamma gave her her breakfast of bread and milk, she said to herself how nice it would be to live like a king or a queen upon plum-cake and sweet wine every day. Even when her mamma was teaching her to say her prayers, she could not help wishing that she could have whatever she asked for, and then she would certainly be a queen, or at least a princess, before the day was over. And I am sorry to say that though little Mary before this had been a tolerably good child, now her mamma had to complain of her almost every day. She became

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inattentive to her reading, and slatternly in her dress; her hair was left uncombed in the morning; she became fretful also and peevish; and instead of being satisfied with her plain slice of roast mutton at dinner with a nicely-boiled potato, and bread, and salt, she would complain, and pretend that she could not eat it because it was not served up on a silver dish, as she had seen at my lord's dining-table. And because her frock was of gingham, not of silk, she thought it no use to mend two great holes in it which she had torn by tumbling into a ditch. For one day she had been taking a walk in the fields, and went strolling on without minding where she was going, thinking how fine it would be to be a queen, and wishing that she could meet with a good kind fairy to make her one; and in the midst of these thoughts she found herself flat upon her face in the mud at the bottom of a wet ditch, and with the greatest difficulty in the world Martha, the nurse, pulled her out through the thorns and briers, and led her home all covered with filth, and her face and arms scratched terribly.

As I said before, this went on for some little time. And poor Mrs. Bertha did not know what to do with her Mary. She soon found out, indeed, what she was thinking of and wishing for. And she used to tell her that she was much happier in the little white cottage, and with her gingham frock, than she should be with a crown upon her head in a palace,—that kings and queens had a great many troubles, and did not enjoy themselves as persons thought. But little Mary could not believe it. She had found a beautiful picture of a young queen in crimson robes, and a diamond necklace, driving in her coach-and-eight, out of the gates of a most beautiful palace. And she could not imagine how any one could be unhappy who could do this. And if other persons were unhappy, she was sure that she should not be. If she could but meet with a kind good fairy, one of those who used to take little infants out of their cradles and lay them in the lap of some queen, who mistook them for her own, and so brought them up as princesses till they arrived at an age to marry a handsome young king, or perhaps an emperor, and so to become queens themselves! This was the only way she could think of to become a queen. It was true, indeed, that in former days, when fairies and giants were more plentiful than they were even in little Mary's time, it was a very common thing, if we may believe the stories told of them, for little girls and boys to be brought up in cottages, thinking that they were the sons or the daughters of some poor ploughman, or sick washerwoman; and then all at once it was found out that they were really princes in disguise, and the children of some great king or queen, who sent for them in a hurry to court, where they were received with the greatest joy and wonder, and lived upon queen-cakes and barley-sugar ever after. And Mary sometimes thought that this, perhaps, might be the case with her. Only then she did not like to think of parting from her mamma, who was very fond of her. And in fact

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one reason why she so wished to be a queen was, that she might buy a beautiful gold watch for her mamma, and enable her to have plum-pudding and mince-pies every day for dinner. It was, indeed, not easy to settle what was the most likely way of her thus reaching her wishes. Still she knew that with giants and fairies in the world there was nothing which was not possible: and it was more likely to happen with her, because, close by her mother's cottage, on the grass, just where the door sloped down to the chalk cliff, there was a real fairy-ring—one of those circles on the turf which it is said fairies make at night by dancing round and round. Some persons, indeed, do not believe this, and imagine they are made by mushrooms and toadstools. For myself I do not pretend to settle the question; but if we are to depend upon very clever men who write verses, and upon nursery-maids who tell stories, undoubtedly these rings in the grass are the places of all others where the fairies dance, or used to dance when there were any of them in existence.

Now little Mary's bed-room window looked out upon this fairy ring; and though she was rather afraid, still on a moonlight night she used at times gently to peep behind the white dimity curtain to see if there were any signs of fairies on the grass; and very often in the day-time she would run out and sit down on the sunny bank, looking very steadily on the fairy ring, and expecting to see a little gentleman or beautiful lady about three inches high come up out of the ground, or perhaps, indeed, a great number of them all at once upon horseback, none of them bigger than her finger, but covered with pearls and diamonds, and able to give her anything she wanted. Little did she think how soon she was to have her wish and expectation gratified. Little did she know how easy it was for her to become a queen, not merely a princess, but a real live queen, if she did but obtain the favour of some benevolent fairy.

CHAPTER II.

One very hot summer's day, about twelve o'clock, little Mary, instead of attending, as her mother had desired her, to her lessons, had shut up her book, tossed her work on the ground, and stolen out of the cottage at the side door by the scullery, that she might go and sit upon the sunny bank, and try if she could see a fairy who would at length take pity upon her and make her a queen. She sat down under the old thorn-bush, where the sheep used to lie, and on which they had left many little scraps of wool torn off from their poor backs; and with her eyes fixed upon the fairy ring, she fell into a sort of dreamy state, thinking of her splendid palace, and of all she would do if she were but a princess, and especially of a beautiful white silk frock and silver sash, which she would have made the very first thing.

But she had not sat long, when to her great surprise some one

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touched her gently behind on the shoulder, and looking round whom should she see but——shall I tell you or put it off? Whom do you guess it was? What do you think? It was nothing more or less than a most beautiful fairy. Poor little Mary, what with surprise and joy, and fear and wonder, thought she should have sunk into the earth. She trembled from head to foot. What to do or say she knew not. She turned quite pale, and wanted to run away to tell her mamma; but the beautiful fairy looked at her quite kindly and gently, and calling her by her name, she told her not to be afraid. So Mary took courage and looked up to see what sort of person a real live fairy was.

This fairy was not very unlike the others, only she was at least a nail's breadth taller, for she came from a family which was remarkable for height. Her name was rather hard to spell, and still more for us to pronounce, who are not accustomed to fairy language, in which there are few consonants and no vowels. She was called the good fairy Qmghvrpvrlqbtwwqxqz; but for shortness sake I shall call her by her more common name, by which she was known among her intimate friends, Maga—the good fairy Maga. She was not much taller or bigger than my little finger. But her face was most beautiful. She had long silky glossy hair, black as jet, black eyes sparkling like diamonds. Her teeth were like rows of fine pearls. Her dress was a rich gros-de-Naples of a pale green colour. She had on her head a small bonnet of blue satin with a little plume of feathers in it, with a lace veil. On her feet she wore a pair of black half-laced-up boots and silk stockings; and in one hand she carried one of the prettiest ivory-headed parasols you ever saw, and in the other an exquisitely embroidered reticule, in which were her purse and pocket-handkerchief.

As I said before, she smiled most kindly and even affectionately on little Mary; and after kissing her forehead, she told her that she was perfectly aware how much and how often she had wished to be a queen.

'And now, my dear little girl,' she continued, 'it is in my power to make you one. There is a large island in the Pacific Ocean, the island Brakara-kakara, of which you must often have heard when you were learning your lesson in geography. And this island belongs to me; and the queen of it, the good Queen Baratilda, is just dead. And I am very desirous of placing some one upon the throne who will prove a worthy successor to the late sovereign; for she was a princess of exalted merit, and her subjects will be most anxious to see her place well supplied. So that if really you would like to become a queen it is now in your power without any difficulty; only I am afraid I cannot wait to give you much time to decide. You must come with me at once.'

There was something so pleasing and so gentle in the fairy Maga's

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manner and voice, that all Mary's fear quite vanished; and though she would have liked to have gone back and bade her mamma good-bye, and have packed up her white muslin frock and her best straw bonnet, still as the good fairy assured her that she should see her mamma again, and that there was no necessity to trouble herself about the frock and the bonnet, when she might order anything she liked of the mantua-makers in the island Brakara-kakara, she thought it best not to hinder the fairy, who was very anxious to depart. And accordingly she did not hesitate, but said that she was quite willing to go at once. Maga was evidently much pleased with this ready compliance with her proposal; and smiling on her most benignly, and just rapping the ground three times with the end of her green silk parasol, to call her footman, she bade Mary not be afraid, for that it was only Hubbub-bubaboo coming. Mary was rather alarmed at the name, and could not help thinking that it must belong to some great giant; and though she had never seen a giant, yet she had often read of them, and knew that there were numbers of them in the world, living in the same countries and about the same places with the fairies; only she was not aware that these giants were generally the fairies' footmen, when they could afford to keep any, which indeed was not often the case, for the giants' appetites were very enormous, and thus it was a considerable expense to maintain them. Hubbub-bubaboo was only a slight stripling—indeed he was rather Maga's page than anything else, for she was very economical in her habits; and though she could not very well do without having a man-servant, she endeavoured to make an appearance and keep up a respectable establishment at as cheap a cost as possible. For which purpose she generally took a young boy into her service from the giants' national school, and putting him into a little blue jacket and trousers,—the jacket pimpled all over with sugar-loaf buttons,—she called him her page.

She had no sooner rapped, as I said, upon the ground with the end of her ivory parasol, than there started up out of the earth an enormous figure, twenty-four feet six inches high, and broad in proportion. He had two eyes like the covers of saucepans, and a mouth wide enough to swallow a sheep whole. His voice was like the roar of a torrent, or the discharge of artillery; his hair was brushed up in a peak on his forehead, like a quickset hedge; and he was dressed, as I before described, in a jacket of blue cloth, with three rows of sugar-loaf buttons running down the front, whilst his trousers were strapped tightly down over a pair of Wellington boots. He touched his hat respectfully to his mistress as he appeared; and when she bade him order the carriage, he disappeared again into the ground, looking, as he departed, with some surprise and astonishment at little Mary, who thought she should have died of fright. The good fairy, however, bade her not be afraid, for it was nothing to what she would see where she was going; which information, instead of comforting

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her mind, rather made her doubt whether it might not be better to give up at once all thought of being a queen, and to content herself with the dinner of roast mutton, and the brown gingham frock, if she was to be thrown among such terrible-looking persons.

She had not time, however, to change her mind, since, almost in a minute after the young giant had disappeared, there sprung out of the ground the most beautiful carriage you ever beheld. It was closed, and lined with pale pearl-coloured damask, and had pearl-coloured morocco leather squabs; it had C springs, and a rumble, besides the coach-box, and, in fact, was a regular and most splendid town-built carriage of the newest fashion. Like all other fairy carriages that I ever heard of, it was of course not drawn by horses, but by six most beautiful peacocks, with their tails spread out, and all full of eyes, and glittering in the sun. And as the fairy was fond of music, and had a remarkably good ear, the six peacocks were in the habit of singing to her as they flew along, during the whole of the journey. But what surprised Mary most were the postilions, who were four little pea-green monkeys, with pink eyes and scarlet tails, and white wigs upon their heads, who had been sent as a present to the fairy from the great giant Huckabuck, who lives near the Mountains of the Moon, in the centre of Africa. They were indeed, amongst the greatest curiosities in that country, and were so small that the giant had sent them all together by Pickford's van, packed up in a deal box, with holes bored in it to give them air. And the proprietor of Exeter 'Change (for it was before Exeter 'Change was destroyed that these events took place) had offered the fairy a very large sum indeed to be allowed to exhibit them in London during the season.

It is unnecessary to describe their livery, which was of the costliest and most tasteful description, crimson, and green, and yellow; nor the harness, which was of morocco leather, padded with silk, and covered with the fairy's arms. I will only add, that the trunks and imperials were all ready packed for the journey, and that Miss Quip,* the fairy's maid, who was at least half-an-inch shorter than her majestic mistress, had been lifted up by Hubbub-bubaboo to the rumble behind the carriage, and was already seated there, dressed in a black silk cloak, and straw bonnet with a green veil, before the carriage issued out of the ground.

Hubbub-bubaboo was also there, and, flinging down the steps of the carriage, he threw the door open, and held out his arm for his mistress and little Mary to assist themselves in taking their seats. And as soon as everything had been arranged, and the fairy had ascertained that all the little necessaries she required in travelling had been put into the carriage—namely, her dressing-case, and her writing-case, and the footstool, and the muff, and the two pillows, and the large cushion for the head, and the smaller cushion for the feet, and the

* This is short for the real name, Qpqtkqmq.

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air-cushion, and the hot-water bottle, and the umbrella, and the parasol, and the netting-case, and the drawing-box, and the parrot, and the two canary-birds, and the three pug dogs, and the sandwich box, and the carpet bag, and the bonnet box, and the portfolio, and the five brown-paper parcels, and the sal volatile, and the hartshorn, and the eau-de-Cologne, and the lucifer-matches, and the four blue-paper parcels, and the package covered with brown holland, and the other bandbox, and the large basket, and the smaller basket full of sundries,—as soon, I say, as the good fairy had ascertained that all these were in the carriage, she gave orders to Hubbub-bubaboo to drive on.

They had not, however, gone a few yards before she was greatly distressed, and hastily told little Mary to put her head out of the window and tell them to stop, for they had left Quacko behind.

'Poor Quacko!' said the fairy, evidently much pained. And when the page appeared at the door of the carriage, she gave him a severe scolding.

Hubbub-bubaboo disappeared in a moment under the ground, and returned, bearing a large white cat with red eyes, which the fairy always carried with her in all her expeditions.

Little Mary had never seen so large and so beautiful a cat, and she was quite delighted when the fairy allowed her to take it in her lap; and Hubbub-bubaboo once more closed the door, gave the order to drive on, and ascended himself up into the rumble, where he took his seat by the side of Miss Quip, and assisted her in wrapping herself up more closely against the cold air.

I must confess, that whenever I have examined the original manuscripts from which this history is taken I have found it difficult exactly to explain how the very tall Hubbub-bubaboo, twenty-four feet six inches high, and the little Miss Quip, who was somewhat less than my little finger, could have sat comfortably side by side in the rumble of the fairy Maga's town-built carriage; and I should certainly have feared lest the poor lady's maid might have been crushed and squashed in some sudden jolt of the road by her large companion tumbling upon her. However, we all know that fairies and giants are not at all like other people, and I suppose there was some way in which this calamity was prevented.

It is not necessary to describe all the adventures which befel the fairy and little Mary during their journey, which was very long, though fairies travel much faster than men can do; and the six beautiful peacocks, and the four pea-green monkeys, with pink eyes and scarlet tails, were not at all tired. The fairy was rather sleepy, and laid her head upon Mary's shoulder the greater part of the way; and Mary, though nothing could be kinder than Maga, was so much afraid of her that she did not dare to ask her any questions. Only once, as they stopped at an inn in the middle of the sea to change

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peacocks, she did venture to ask what was the name of the island of which she was to be queen, and where it was situated, for she had quite forgotten it.

'The island Brakara-kakara, my dear,' said the fairy, rather peevishly, and yawning very much.

'And whereabouts is it, if you please, ma'am?' asked little Mary, 'that I may tell my mamma where to direct her letters to me.'

'It is in the Pacific Ocean,' replied the fairy, yawning again more violently than ever, 'just by the Isthmus of Suez, as you go from the Irish Channel into the Black Sea. Have you not seen it in your maps, my dear?'

Mary could only say, 'Thank you, ma'am,' for the fact was she had never been very attentive to her geography; and when her mamma wished her to be studying the use of the globes, she was thinking how nice it would be to be queen of all the countries upon them. So she coloured up a little, and was afraid lest the fairy should find out how ignorant she was. But Maga was very sleepy, and begging that she might not be disturbed again, she took off her blue satin bonnet, with the blue feather, and taking from her bag a lovely lace nightcap, with six dozen rows of lace round it, she put it on her head, and lying down in Mary's lap, was soon fast asleep.

(*To be continued.*)

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HIGH SCHOOLS.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—As a member of the Council of the Public Day School Company, may I be allowed to make a few remarks with regard to certain allusions to High School Education, which occur in the interesting and valuable papers you have lately published in the *Monthly Packet*, under the title 'Note Book of an Elderly Lady.'

These papers extend over many months, and go into many important subjects upon which it is impossible for me even to touch. But in the course of very fair and friendly discussion, I venture to think some false impressions are unintentionally conveyed by the 'Note Book;' and this must be my justification for trespassing on your space.

One or two of the points in question have been admirably met in the October number of 1880, by 'M. Bramston,' but I should be glad to go a little more fully into the matter.

There are five points to which I would draw attention.

I. The High School system is said to be one of *instruction* rather than of *education*.

In the May number of the *Monthly Packet* for 1878, page 410, we read 'Then there is no education in a High School?'—'No education in the full sense of the word. Day schools are schools of instruction rather than of education.'

And again (September, 1880, p. 223), 'What has (a pupil) gained?—little, if anything, probably, in principle and motive, because those are not the direct aim of a day school.'

Now in answer to this, I may quote the words of one thoroughly versed in the subject:—'The theory of the High School is not to give *instruction* only, it is to give *education*.' The prospectus of the General Public Day School Company states that, 'Serious endeavours will be made to train pupils *for the duties of life*;' and the head mistress of every school is 'expected to consider carefully what means are the best suited to train and develop the faculties of every child.' Indeed this may be said to be the aim *par excellence* of the Company.

And surely if a system, which includes religious teaching, which appeals to a child's intelligence, which keeps the faculties alive, which awakens true interest in the subject taught, which allows no mechanical rote-learning, which encourages wholesome emulation, and in its whole principle and practice takes for its watchword thoroughness, accuracy, and 'sound learning,' and for its motto 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might'—if such a system can be called educational in the true sense of the term, then the High Schools are truly educational.

As a matter of fact, in the selection of our head mistresses the most anxious care is taken to choose ladies who can be trusted to

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appeal to high principles and motives in all their intercourse with the children; and no better security can be found for the tone of a school, as is often admirably pointed out by Miss Sewell, than the tone of the head-mistress. At the same time I do not at all deny, on the contrary, I emphatically assert, that school education is *incomplete* in what it can do for a girl. But this is true of all schools; and the deep and wide-spread belief in the importance of *home* life and *home* influence is the main justification of the day school system as compared with others.

II. And this brings me to a second assertion in the 'Note Book,' to which I demur. We read (September, 1880, p. 222), that 'Boarding schools suffer (from the competition of High Day Schools) because the present theory is, that home in a boarding house and instruction in a High School are all sufficient.' Now this *may* be a theory among certain parents and guardians, but I must absolutely deny that it is the theory of the General Public Day School Company. The central idea of that Company may be said to be almost the reverse, being, as I have just intimated, *education* in a day school combined with *home* life.

It is important, as a mere matter of fact, to have it clearly understood that the General Public Day School Company has *no responsibility whatever* with regard to any boarding houses that may have been opened in the neighbourhood of their schools. They have sprung up to a limited extent, to meet a limited demand, but they can in no sense be said to form an integral part of the system of the Company. Miss Sewell would, it seems, place them all under the control of school authorities. But upon parents and guardians rest the natural responsibility in such matters. The managers of day schools do not stand towards their pupils *in loco parentis*, as the mistresses of boarding schools necessarily do, and though of course it is quite open to them to undertake this responsibility, yet it would be a very serious addition to the work with which they are already charged—an *alteration*, not an *extension* of their system.

If I am asked, How, without any such control, do you secure yourselves from the presence in your schools of objectionable pupils—lowered perhaps, both morally and religiously in tone, or injured in health, by the bad influences and unwholesome arrangements of ill-managed boarding houses?—my answer is, We secure ourselves against these evils just as we do against similar evils in girls' own homes (where, alas! they may and do exist), namely, by reserving to ourselves full power of dismissing, or of refusing to admit, any girl, as we may see fit.

III. Another assertion to which I take exception is that High Schools must necessarily tend to the neglect of dull girls (see September, 1880, p. 220). This assertion has been so well disposed of by M. Bramston, that I will only notice Miss Sewell's own words a little

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lower down on the same page. 'Many girls are ignorant because they are dull; *many more are dull because they are ignorant.*' The important fact contained in the words I have italicised is kept in view in our schools, and I feel sure that many of our head mistresses would thoroughly endorse, from their own experience, Miss Sewell's remark on the next page—'I have known what a little help may do for an ignorant girl, I have seen the value of patience with dulness, of encouragement given to a talent that will never rise to eminence.' Of course the question is one of degree. There is a degree of dulness which does disqualify a girl from gaining good at school. I cannot too highly praise the thoughtful and affectionate plea on behalf of such children in the 'Note Book'; but surely their number is few.

So far from special attention being paid to the clever pupils in our schools, all the girls are so distributed in their forms as to prevent the presence of the dull children being felt anywhere. Every child will have *some* point; and, as has been well observed, 'by careful cultivation the intelligence of all is developed, and many will take a good place in some one subject, who cannot excel in all.'

IV. Again, it is assumed in the 'Note Book' that refinement of manners must necessarily be neglected in High Schools. Upon this point we may with some confidence appeal to those who can speak from personal observation. To some extent I may myself thus speak; and I can only say that I have been constantly struck with the good manners of teachers and pupils alike—and this in schools where the large proportion of children from the less refined homes might lead one to expect a very different result. In these cases, the presence of a few children of superior tone no doubt has a good effect, 'a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump.' But it is to the influence of the head mistress that we look in this as in all other matters affecting the school. Great importance is attached to gentleness and good manner in the selection of the head mistresses, who in their turn influence the assistant teachers, and thus refinement of tone becomes the atmosphere of the schools.

In this connection, I must protest against the notion (see May number, 1878, p. 411) that 'in High Schools, whatever may be the talent or the goodness of the lady at the head, she must, from the very fact of the numbers . . . delegate her authority, *and therefore in a great degree her influence*, to sub-governesses.' No head mistress of real power and excellence can fail to make her influence felt throughout the whole school.

V. Lastly, with regard to examinations, the 'Note Book' has some ideas which are surely mistaken. In the March number for 1880, p. 221, we read: 'High Schools and local examinations—which confound all ranks and classes in a common herd, and drag girls, willingly or unwillingly, into publicity—will soon do away with any appreciation of little niceties of manner and tone.' Again (in the September

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number, 1880, pp. 223–225) much is said implying that examinations are in various ways detrimental. Now I will not deny that there are risks and anxieties connected with competition, probably greater with girls than with boys. To counteract such risks, we look to the wisdom and good sense of both parents and head mistresses. But before we condemn the system, let us consider for a moment what was the state of girls' education before these schools were opened. According to the Report of the Schools Inquiry Commissioners, it was superficial and showy; and it may truthfully be said, that much of the subsequent improvement has been due to the more solid teaching found necessary to enable girls to pass the University examinations.

Nor is it at all correct to say that the High School system exposes girls to undesirable publicity, or impairs their delicacy of tone or manner. During school hours they are fully and quietly occupied with their lessons, and are constantly under the eye of their teachers; while the examinations, which appear to be such a bugbear as to their effect upon girls, consist in the main of paper work. As regards refinement, I can only repeat my own testimony, confirmed as it is by the decided opinion of others, whose opportunities for forming a judgment have been far greater than my own.

In conclusion, I would refer once more to the last pages of the 'Note Book' (September, 1880, pp. 222, 223). Miss Sewell says: 'It is this all-important training or *education*—as distinguished from *instruction*—which is fast passing out of the hands both of parents and of the school authorities.'

Now if parents are indeed renouncing their primary duty of 'training' their children, we are in the presence of an evil which can hardly be exaggerated. But on such a question, *it is to the parents, and to no one else*, that we should appeal. Boarding schools and day schools alike, though in different degrees, undertake only a *share* in the important work of education. Doubtless the boarding school mistress undertakes a very large share. But are home influences during the holidays to go for nothing? And if parents even in these cases retain much responsibility, how much more responsible should they feel themselves to be when their children are in school during lesson time only? Who that has ever watched either boys or girls grow up, whether educated at home or at school, but can bear witness to the immense influence for good of a good home? And surely a parent who, under whatever inducement, can send his young daughter to a distant boarding house and trust her to some stranger, without fully satisfying himself as to the religious, moral, social, and sanitary conditions that will surround her—is false to his highest duties.

But it does not follow—far from it—that his neglected duty is to devolve upon others, or that this could be done with really satisfactory results.

Apologising for the length of these remarks, I am, &c.

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A TANGLED TALE.

KNOT IV.

OUGHTS AND CROSSES.

'Look here, upon this picture, and on this.'

'AND what made you choose the fast train, Goosey?' said Mad Mathesis, as they got into the cab. 'Couldn't you count better that *that*?'

'I took an extreme case,' was the tearful reply. 'Our excellent preceptress always says "When in doubt, my dears, take an extreme case." And I *was* in doubt.'

'Does it always succeed?' her aunt enquired.

Clara sighed. 'Not *always*,' she reluctantly admitted. 'And I can't make out why. One day she was telling the little girls—they make such a noise at tea, you know—"The more noise you make, the less jam you will have, and *vice versâ*." And I thought they wouldn't know what "*vice versâ*" meant: so I explained it to them. I said "If you make an infinite noise, you'll get no jam: and if you make no noise, you'll get an infinite lot of jam." But our excellent preceptress said that wasn't a good instance. *Why* wasn't it?' she added plaintively.

Her aunt evaded the question. 'One sees certain objections to it,' she said. 'But how did you work it with the Metropolitan trains? None of them go infinitely fast, I believe.'

'I called them hares and tortoises,' Clara said—a little timidly, for she dreaded being laughed at. 'And I thought there couldn't be so many hares as tortoises on the Line: so I took an extreme case—one hare and an infinite number of tortoises.'

'An extreme case, indeed,' her aunt remarked with admirable gravity: 'and a most dangerous state of things!'

'And I thought, if I went with a tortoise, there would be only *one* hare to meet: but if I went with the hare—you know there were *crowds* of tortoises!'

'It wasn't a bad idea,' said the elder lady, as they left the cab, at the entrance of Burlington House. 'You shall have another chance to-day. We'll have a match in marking pictures.'

Clara brightened up. 'I should like to try again, very much,' she said. 'I'll take more care this time. How are we to play?'

To this question Mad Mathesis made no reply: she was busy drawing lines down the margins of the catalogue. 'See,' she said after a minute, 'I've drawn three columns against the names of the pictures in the long room, and I want you to fill them with oughts

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and crosses—crosses for good marks and oughts for bad. The first column is for choice of subject, the second for arrangement, the third for colouring. And these are the conditions of the match. You must give three crosses to two or three pictures. You must give two crosses to four or five——'

'Do you mean *only* two crosses?' said Clara. 'Or may I count the three-cross pictures among the two-cross pictures?'

'Of course you may,' said her aunt. 'Any one, that's got *three* eyes, has got *two* eyes, I suppose?'

Clara followed her aunt's dreamy gaze across the crowded gallery, half-dreading to find that there was a three-eyed person in sight.

'And you must give one cross to nine or ten.'

'And which wins the match?' Clara asked, as she carefully entered these conditions on a blank leaf in her catalogue.

'Whichever marks fewest pictures.'

But suppose we marked the same number?'

'Then whichever uses most marks.'

Clara considered. 'I don't think it's much of a match,' she said. 'I shall mark nine pictures, and give three crosses to three of them, two crosses to two more, and one cross each to all the rest.'

'Will you, indeed?' said her aunt. 'Wait till you've heard all the conditions, my impetuous child. You must give three oughts to one or two pictures, two oughts to three or four, and one ought to eight or nine. I don't want you to be *too* hard on the R.A.'s.'

Clara quite gasped as she wrote down all these fresh conditions. 'It's a great deal worse than Circulating Decimals!' she said. 'But I'm determined to win, all the same!'

Her aunt smiled grimly. 'We can begin *here*,' she said, as they paused before a gigantic picture, which the catalogue informed them was the 'Portrait of Lieutenant Brown, mounted on his favorite elephant.'

'He looks awfully conceited!' said Clara. 'I don't think he was the elephant's favorite Lieutenant. What a hideous picture it is! And it takes up room enough for twenty!'

'Mind what you say, my dear!' her aunt interposed. 'It's by an R.A.!'

But Clara was quite reckless. 'I don't care who it's by!' she cried. 'And I shall give it three bad marks!'

Aunt and niece soon drifted away from each other in the crowd, and for the next half-hour Clara was hard at work, putting in marks and rubbing them out again, and hunting up and down for suitable pictures. This she found the hardest part of all. 'I *can't* find the one I want!' she exclaimed at last, almost crying with vexation.

'What is it you want to find, my dear?' The voice was strange to Clara, but so sweet and gentle that she felt attracted to the owner of it, even before she had seen her; and when she turned, and met the

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smiling looks of two little old ladies, whose round dimpled faces, exactly alike, seemed never to have known a care, it was as much as she could do—as she confessed to Aunt Mattie afterwards—to keep herself from hugging them both. 'I was looking for a picture,' she said, 'that has a good subject—and that's well arranged—but badly coloured.'

The little old ladies glanced at each other in some alarm. 'Calm yourself, my dear,' said the one who had spoken first, 'and try to remember which it was. What *was* the subject?'

'Was it an elephant, for instance?' the other sister suggested. They were still in sight of Lieutenant Brown.

'I don't know, indeed!' Clara impetuously replied. 'You know it doesn't matter a bit what the subject *is*, so long as it's a good one!'

Once more the sisters exchanged looks of alarm, and one of them whispered something to the other, of which Clara caught only the one word 'mad.'

'They mean Aunt Mattie, of course,' she said to herself—fancying, in her innocence, that London was like her native town, where everybody knew everybody else. 'If you mean my aunt,' she added aloud, 'she's *there*—just three pictures beyond Lieutenant Brown.'

'Ah, well! Then you'd better go to her, my dear!' her new friend said, soothingly. '*She'll* find you the picture you want. Good-bye, dear!'

'Good-bye, dear!' echoed the other sister. 'Mind you don't lose sight of your aunt!' And the pair trotted off into another room, leaving Clara rather perplexed at their manner.

'They're real darlings!' she soliloquised. 'I wonder why they pity me so!' And she wandered on, murmuring to herself 'It must have two good marks, and——'

LEWIS CARROLL.

NOTE.—Answers to be sent to the care of the Editor before February 1st. They will be noticed on March 1st.

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DISTRICT VISITING.

(The substance of a paper read in the Vestry of S. Peter's, Eaton Square, at a Meeting of Visitors.)

THE subject of this paper is district visiting, or in other words, how best to help the parish clergy to know and reach the people committed to their charge, by systematic house to house visitation.

None of us, I suppose, really doubt the value of district visiting, nor those amongst us who have tried it, its difficulty; but there are opponents of the Church's work and influence who would fain destroy her parochial position, and who, with an instinctive feeling of the power which effective visitation puts into her hands, violently decry its exercise, as an impertinent and inquisitorial intrusion into the dwellings of the poor, whose houses—equally with those of the rich—are their castles.

An objector once asked an active visitor with some bitterness, how she would welcome the domiciliary visit, one busy morning, of a grand lady, in all the plenitude of fashionable array, to investigate the thorough ventilation of her nurseries, and cross-question her on the economy of her household management? If this were a true analogy the question might be difficult to answer, but it is not. Our noble inquisitor, though possibly far above us in station, would most likely be only our equal, or it might even be, our inferior, in information on such subjects. Her visit therefore would be a real intrusion, for she would have no claim to impart what we had not already had opportunities of acquiring.

But with our poorer neighbours, the case is far different. Our main reason for going at all is, that we are not empty-handed, that *we have something to impart;* the blessings of the Church's life to offer to those who are ignorant of, or alienated from her ministry; the sympathy we can give to fellow Christians in their times of affliction or conflict; the help and counsel that flow from higher education; the fruits of the cultivation, and experience which God has put within our reach, and which we desire to place at the service of those with fewer advantages in the acquisition of knowledge. Every district visitor should fully recognise this position. If she has *nothing to offer*, she utterly fails of her purpose and mission. Let her credentials also be fully and clearly known. She is not an amiable lady, with indefinite purposes of philanthropy; nor is district visiting a harmless occupation for the idle and generally incapable members of society. Visitors are persons commissioned by their parish priest to go out amongst his people, to tell them in his name how gladly he would come and make

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personal acquaintance with his parishioners, but since that, in the case of most town and city parishes, is impossible, he sends them to assure all of his readiness to serve and help them, and to be pioneers of the Church's ministry and life. But to such opponents and detractors there is also another, and an all-sufficient answer—'Ye know not what manner of spirit we at least desire to be of.'

Not as *patrons*, but as *servants* of the poor we desire to go forth to minister unto them. This must stand ever on the threshold of the subject. We had better keep away from the houses of the poor altogether, unless we have thoroughly embraced that position—'Ourselves your *servants* for Jesus' sake.'

Much scorn and ridicule have been cast by the world on the follies and mistakes of district visitors, and since 'ridicule,' as has been well said, 'is the devil's keenest sword,' many have been deterred by it from joining themselves to their ranks. Yet I know of no work for God that more calls into exercise whatever powers, gifts, or graces we may possess. Intelligence, tact, sympathy, sweetness of address, courtesy, cheerfulness, sound common sense, penetration, perseverance, and devotion, all find a sphere of action in this difficult and important work.

Important? yes, one can hardly exaggerate its importance, for a good district visitor is eyes, hands, feet, and tongue to the mostly over-worked parish priest. It is true that she is ever making him fresh work; but then she so sifts, and sorts, and arranges it to his hand, that the labour is half lightened ere it reaches him.

No work of *real value*, in whatever sphere, is easy to do, and this is no exception to the rule. Difficulties and perplexities beset it on all sides, failures and disappointments hang around its path.

What aim, or clue, are we going to take to guide us through the labyrinth? or in other words, what *ideal* have we formed of what a good district visitor is—for the *real* can only be wisely used by possessing a sound *ideal*. The ordinary one is easy enough to grasp. An active amiable woman, with a fund of energy and common sense, anxious to spend and to be spent for her poorer neighbour's good. This is well as far as it goes, but it only covers half—and by far the least important half—of the ground. We must go deeper down than this, and ask, Are you going to work to help the bodies only, or to try and win the souls of these people?

Remember it is a law of God that nothing can change. *Nature* speaks to *nature*, but only *grace* to *grace*. Your position, your education, your pleasantness, your philanthropy, your generosity, your cleverness, cannot carry you over the barrier that divides the *natural* from the *spiritual*. If you are content with nature, if you shelter yourself behind the old worn-out plea, 'It is the business of the clergy, and not mine, to speak to people's souls'—very well. I do not say you will do no good, for God accepts every act of ministry, even

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the 'cup of cold water' given in the name of Jesus. But quite understand that you are missing altogether the higher aim of reaching, and speaking to, and helping the life of the soul. You are contenting yourself with the care of the shell, and leaving the substance untouched; patching up the tenement, and leaving the sick tenant alone in his need; letting the forces of evil, the infidel newspapers and teachers, the assaults of open vice, and the chill of deadly indifference, flood the minds and souls of those unprotected by education and teaching; while you never lift a finger to stem the torrent which is carrying them away!

Fully then to embrace an idea of what a district visitor should be, we must consider two points.

First, the necessary preparation, for such an office and work.

Secondly, the best way of doing the work itself.

After what has been said already of the spiritual side of the subject, we cannot fail to see that the preparation which is at once the foundation and the crown of the work, is the personal surrender and submission of the will to Him, Who sent out His disciples two and two, 'into every city and place, whither He Himself would come.' There must be no uncertainty here, no twilight teaching. Our creed must not be an ecclesiastical symbol merely, but a living reality. The hope we try to implant in the hearts of others, must be the hope of our own life; the consolation we offer, the same by which 'we ourselves have been comforted of God'; the Gospel welcome to the sinner, must be the very same by which our own soul has been sought and healed by the Sin-bearer.

Why does what is called 'goody' talking, for the most part, utterly fail to move the hearer? Why? because it generally consists of strings of fluent, familiar sentences, current coin worn smooth by passing from lip to lip, without being minted afresh in the fire of the soul's personal experience. The source of all true power in influencing others must spring from the unseen world above and around us. First let our own inner life be *real*, and then we may try to draw others to share its sweetness, its comfort, and its battle. The poor want for their spiritual needs exactly what we want for ours, and in proportion to our experience of its blessings, and its peace, will be our power of helping their feet to tread the path that leadeth to Life.

In secular matters, every district visitor beginning to visit in a parish, should make herself fully acquainted with all the machinery of that parish. She should know the times, and fees, of the day and night schools. The particulars of Sunday schools, mothers' meetings, Bible and communicants' classes for men and women, the lending library, penny bank, shoe or coal clubs, the maternity society, the proper times for baptisms and churchings, and when the clergy can best be seen. She should be able to give information as to hospitals and dispensaries for both general and special cases of sickness, so

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that when she comes across people new to the neighbourhood she can make them feel themselves in a centre of friendly provision for their help and benefit, instead of—as in their loneliness and strangeness they are sometimes apt to imagine—in the midst of a peopled wilderness. I have often known Church people from the country, when in London, send their children to a dissenting day, or Sunday school, simply because it chanced to be the nearest, and they knew of no other.

Every visitor should also know something of the common laws that govern health; the importance of cleaning out water cisterns and keeping on their covers; the necessity of having dust-bins frequently emptied, and closets plentifully flushed with water; the best way of ventilating rooms, by opening an inch or two at the *top* of a window, as well as a space at the bottom (a great many people besides the poor often forget that foul air must have an exit, as well as fresh air an entrance, thoroughly to purify a room).

Let the visitor ascertain who is the officer of health for the district, and the inspector of nuisances. Of course I do not mean that they are to go their rounds like one of these officials, searching into yards and drains; but if they know about these things, and are alive to their importance, they will be able to give help and advice when occasions arise. An energetic parochial once found the tenant of a top back room using the roof of the house to keep rabbits on; and upon inquiry and inspection, discovered that the hutches had been washed in the cistern from which eight families drew their water supply.

Again, how helpful is a little knowledge of the physical laws of infantile life. I believe that hundreds of babies die annually from improper feeding; not from want of food, but from ignorance of its suitable quality and thickness.

Then, in sickness, how few people can make a good poultice, or know that in that most fruitful source of death to children in this climate, bronchitis, it should be shaped like a bib, and put over the collar-bones, and not in a square heavy lump on the chest alone. Miss Nightingale's *Notes on Nursing*, and any good practical treatise on the health and management of children, may be read with advantage by every visitor.

In entering upon the second division of our subject—the work itself—it will be well to divide it into several heads, and to say a few words on each. For example—Relief; Courtesy; Time of visits; Frequency of visits; How to make a beginning; How to introduce religious subjects; Prayer.

The administering *promiscuous relief* is a quicksand in which so many visitors are engulfed, that we must press it as the first thing to be avoided. It disgusts the deserving, hardens the clamorous beggar, and offers a premium to hypocrisy. It effectually hinders spiritual work, for the visitor whose appearance is usually the signal

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for the arrival of a ticket or half-crown is looked upon more as a pleasant relieving officer than as a Christian friend and adviser. No relief should be given but after full and careful investigation of the circumstances of the case, and then with every safeguard against possible misappropriation.

But though the evil of promiscuous money-giving is very great, we must not forget the value of little acts of sympathy to those we seek to win to friendliness and trust. A cheap paper fan given to a feverish sufferer in a hot room; a green eye-shade, of our own make, for a weak or strained eye; a pair of knitted boots for the babe, or spectacles for the granny; woollen knee-caps or elbow-caps for rheumatic joints, or some such tiny comfort, lovingly offered, will help to win us a welcome, and show that our sympathy is not in word merely, but that we are willing to take trouble and to find time and thought for the needs and sufferings of our poorer friends. That is a significant blessing which is attached to him who '*considereth* the poor and needy.'

It will not be out of place to relate one instance of helpfulness that came under my own notice, not as holding it up for imitation, for perhaps there are few who could wisely follow such an example. A visitor, late one afternoon, found one of her poor friends working with feverish haste on some shirts, with an old piece of ribbon tied tightly across her forehead, to still the throbbing temples. 'Forgive my not leaving off, miss,' she said as the lady entered; 'I must get these shirts in to-morrow morning, and my head is so bad I can hardly see the stitches.' The visitor quietly took off her bonnet, and settled herself down to work. With great difficulty she induced the weary woman to lie on the bed, where she soon fell asleep, and her friend kept on at the unaccustomed task till the long night had passed into early morning, and the shirts were duly done, and ready to be taken to the shop.

The next point is *courtesy*, and I think it is difficult to over-estimate either its importance or its good effects. We should allow ourselves no liberty in the houses of the poor which we should hesitate in taking in that of an equal. We should never open a door without knocking, or till permission to enter is given. We should never intrude at meals, or sit while the owner of the room is standing. A delicate attention to little points of politeness is highly appreciated by the poor, when their pride (and those best acquainted with the London poor know how *very proud* they are) resents anything approaching patronage or intrusion. Their refined appreciation of cultivation and courtesy, as shown by their emphatic approval of a true gentlewoman is full of teaching—'She's a *real* lady, she is,' and their estimate is not often wrong. Again, it is well not to ask too many questions of new acquaintances. We must be content to gain information gradually; when we have won confidence it will come fast enough. Some little time since, an over-zealous visitor, desirous of furnishing ample

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statistics to her clergyman, was rather surprised at the end of a long list of queries, when her catechumen quietly asked, 'Last week we had the gentleman about the census, please what is *this* for?'

Our next care must be to *time* our visits wisely, and this will no doubt vary in different parishes. But by all means avoid *washing* days! Those who know experimentally how much good management a wash requires, can appreciate the sinking of heart at the arrival of a visitor just as the copper is 'on the boil,' or the clothes are waiting to be 'sudded in' or 'hung out.' Generally speaking, the afternoon, from two to four or five, is the best time to get at the mother of the family; dinner is over, children sent to school, and whatever chance of quiet *ever* comes into her life comes in then. On the other hand, the morning, which is a bad time for ordinary visits, as it interferes with the preparation of the mid-day meal, is the best time for seeing *sick* cases; they are then most fresh, and able to attend to reading or prayer, while later in the day they may be weary or dozing.

Men of course can only be seen in the evening, and few ordinary district visitors would then be free, or able to approach them; but to the few who have both time and courage for the task, let me recommend the wisdom of first making friends with the wife, and advertising her of the intention to pay her husband a visit. She will tell you the exact hour at which he will have washed and had his tea, and be most open to your friendly overtures. If you mean to speak to him plainly and boldly on spiritual subjects, ask her to find some excuse for leaving the room when you come, that you may be alone with him. No man will bear to be personally exhorted in the presence of his wife or children, and we should be neither wise nor right in attempting it.*

Lastly on the subject of time, it is the experience of all who collect deposits for clubs or benefit societies that the earlier you go on Monday morning the more chance you have of getting savings paid in. In most cases the wages are spent by the middle of the week.

The *frequency* of visits is also to be considered. Unless there is sickness, or some special cause for your going, and if your district is large, you might fix once a month as a maximum interval between your visits, though in a great many cases circumstances may induce you to go more frequently. Of course there is much greater pleasure in paying a visit where we are sure of a warm welcome, than where the inmates are cold, or shy, or suspicious of our motives. But we must be on our guard against the temptation to make *pets* of the pleasant people, and so raise the jealousy of others, to whom our exhortations and influence may be much more necessary. Or again, we must be careful not to spend a large portion of the time at our

* Throughout this paper the unhappy preponderance of women over men in district visiting obliges one to take for granted that we are speaking mostly to ladies; but the necessity for, and the excellent results that have followed, evening visiting, show how much work there is that can only be done well by men.

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disposal in chatting with the genial and sympathetic, when we ought to be doing the harder work of breaking fresh ground with new people, or disarming the prejudices of the antagonistic.

The next, and indeed the principal point in the whole subject is, when, in the right spirit, and at the right moment, you have got into a house, *What are you going to talk about when you are there?*

Some think tract-lending offers a useful beginning, and I know very good and efficient visitors who say that a coal or provident club, to which to invite depositors, or the canvassing for competitors for a window flower show, has often won them an entrance into houses otherwise closed against them. This introduction of ourselves to strangers is a point where tact and good breeding will have most opportunity for exercise.

On no account let yourself be made a *confidante* of the sins and shortcomings of the neighbours; this is very difficult to avoid, for detraction of others often comes in the guise of frankness and friendliness to yourself, and an expressed desire that you should not fall a victim to the deceit of the dweller in the next room or floor. Put a stop to it at once, and let it be clearly understood that you never come to discuss other people's faults. You may possibly be longer in forming a true estimate of your friend's characters, than if you picked up all the floating stories about them; but far better for it to be so, than that you should be the receiver and encourager of scandal and gossip. The difficulty of getting at lodgers may be often overcome by remembering that there is a recognised system of knocking or ringing followed in all London houses, and, I believe, wherever there is much sub-letting:

Once, for the landlady;

Twice, for the first floor;

Three times, for the second floor.

The question has often been asked, 'How shall we deal with Dissenters? Shall we pass them by in our visits, and avoid them?' By no means. Go into their houses—provided they are willing to receive you—and do all you can to cultivate a kind and friendly feeling with them.

You can never tell how much prejudice and bitterness God may help you to put away by so doing. Go to the root of the Church's relation to them, at least in your own mind, even if no opportunity occurs in conversation with others of so doing. Nearly every form of Dissent witnesses to some point in the Catholic Faith, often in a distorted and exaggerated manner; but still the element of truth is *there*, and should be owned and recognised.

The Wesleyan witnesses to the truth of conversion to God; the Quaker to the power of the Holy Spirit; the Irvingite to our Lord's second coming, and so on. Frankly and lovingly let us own and welcome the one truth they have, and then, as God gives us oppor-

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tunity, gently bear our witness to that which they have not received. Let us join hands with the earnest Wesleyan in his love of the Free Grace of God, and then tell him of the blessing of the Church's discipline and order. Let us honour the Holy Ghost with the member of the Society of Friends, while we bear our testimony to the truth that God's promises are given to a *visible*, and not to an *invisible*, body—His Church—and that the sacraments are present realities, not past symbols.

Sometimes we may be conscious that we have spoken more emphatically than love might warrant, and then it is well to ask them to kneel with us in prayer for a few moments, to testify what spirit we desire to be of.

The ice being broken, a beginning made, and friendly feeling established, how shall we get to the heart of the subject? for after all our talk of schools, and sanitary matters, of parish helps and machinery, the real longing of an earnest faithful visitor is to *win souls*, to witness for the power and love of Jesus, to gain an entrance for His Word and knowledge, into sinful, weary hearts. How shall we do *that*? How shall we, at any rate, begin to try? The *power* to do it can be gained by no mental effort, or profiting by the experience of other workers. We must get it *on our knees*, and draw it from the living source of our own spiritual life. Make it a strict rule never to go into your district without prayer before setting out, and asking God for special help and wisdom in all you may do or say there. But, given the power, it is worth any amount of careful anxious thought and study how to make that grand Gospel message attractive to those, who—having never tasted of its sweetness, or been kindled by its fire—turn listlessly away from its invitation. Now in going forth to this work we may fall into one of two errors, both of which we must strive to avoid. On the one hand, keenly feeling the importance of the spiritual over the material truths, we may force ourselves into religious talk on every occasion, without any intelligent effort to ascertain how far those to whom we speak are fitted to receive the jewels we cast at their feet. The Gospel is not to be hurled at people's heads. On the other hand—and I fear this is by far the most frequent snare—we may be so timid of not treating so noble a theme in the best way, that we leave it altogether, and never bear witness for God at all. Both are great evils; the last certainly the worst.

In the London Mission, a young man who had undertaken to visit a row of houses, called on a person who was known to be an infidel, and a discourteous one. His wife, a Churchwoman, welcomed the visitor gladly, and wisely left him alone with her husband. The young man was so afraid of awakening the anger and opposition of which he had been warned, that, seeing a tool on the table, he led the conversation to some matters of mechanics,

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into which the other entered with keen and intelligent interest. Absorbed in secular subjects, the mission visitor found no opportunity of speaking a word for his Master, and at last took leave, salving his conscience with the thought that at least he had made a favourable impression. When the wife returned, her husband scornfully asked, 'Is *that* one of your Churchmen? Why, from his talk, I shouldn't have known him from one of my own mates!'

Opportunities must not only be *sought*, but *seized*. Do not fear, words that come straight from the heart of the speaker must strike on the heart of the hearer. Never be content to go from house to house, and from room to room, without speaking a word of Jesus and His mighty love.

There are a thousand ways, if you seek them, in which to speak of Him will come simply and naturally to your lips. As you stoop over the babe in the cradle, how the thought of His Incarnation swells up in a full tide of wonder and adoration, sanctifying for ever all the joys and sorrows of maternity. How the Scripture print upon the wall, or the dusty Bible on the shelf, will give you a theme, or suggest a question to lead away from the power of the present to the heavenly realities of the unseen.

All parents are proud of their children's attainments, however poor and limited they may be. Take a child on your knee, and ask for its last learnt hymn, or offer to teach it one verse to be remembered when you come again—there is a text ready to your hand! It may be you are a mother, if so, tell your poor sister, tenderly and gently, how you are trying, by God's grace, to train your own children, not for Time, but for Eternity, and invite her to the same aim. If you have no such ties, go back to your own mother's training, and recall how by it you were first marked for God; or on the other hand, perhaps, how, in spite of its worldliness, the Holy Spirit has sought and found you. Such touches of sympathy and reality will never be forgotten by your listener.

Do you feel you are too nervous and timid for such effort? Two of the most practised of our political orators, the late Lord Derby and Sir Robert Peel, acknowledged that they never succeeded in conquering the nervous timidity which they felt on having to speak on any great occasion; and one of the first of living missioners declared that he never began to plead with any one about his soul, without having to break through a certain crust of shyness and reserve that restrained him. So that it is possible to be nervous, and yet to do what we attempt, very well.

Now, lastly, as to what should always follow faithful speaking—Prayer. After one or two visits have established a little friendly sympathy, we ought by all means to make an effort to get some prayer with our new acquaintance. A few minutes spent in a simple, earnest, warm outpouring of real wants to God, will do more to help a soul

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than many half hours of mere exhortation. Prayer shows to the ignorant and unconverted that the way to God's throne is open. It helps the realisation of His presence and nearness. It gives courage and boldness to ourselves to bear witness to our Master. We should strive after great simplicity in prayer, and intense reality. We should pray for those with whom we kneel, to help them to know their own needs. We should pray for ourselves, that those whom we are striving to lead to God may see that we are looking only to Him for wisdom and direction, and that our message is not ours but His. Do not let yourself off by thinking that a simple invitation to people to 'come to church,' is doing all you ought to do for their souls. I believe many persons think district visitors a kind of ecclesiastical 'whip,' employed to swell the numbers of a congregation. As a fact, the very ignorant, and hardened, and sinful, are not likely to receive benefit from coming to church at all, unless it is when a 'mission' is being preached.

The church is the place for worship, and we must know something of God before we can worship Him. It has often aroused persons to think and to ponder what the strange request could mean, by emphatically asking them *not to come to church*, at least not in their then state of soul. But when there is a service of an evangelising character, specially provided for the awakening of the careless and the ungodly, we should of course do all we can to induce them to attend it.

Do not be ashamed of the grand invitation of infinite love you are commissioned to carry. Do not be unbelieving as to its mighty power.

There are many worn and weary mothers plodding through their daily drive of work and worry. What a burst of sunlight into their lives it would be, if they realised His love, Who dwelt in a poor home, and knows its toil and its care. There are many hearts heavy with the weight of unrepented sin, how often has *one word*, spoken in the power of the Holy Ghost, broken through the chilling frost that bound them, and led them for pardon to the feet of the Crucified. If once you have realised the sweetness of speaking to souls; if once you have shared the blessedness of him who found his own brother, and brought him to Jesus, you cannot satisfy yourself with a lower aim in your work. It is said 'There is no royal road to learning.' Thank God, there *is* a royal road to grace; for the King Himself is 'the way, the truth, and the life.' When we have yielded our *own* hearts to Him—when His forgiveness has lighted the flame of love and gratitude in our own souls, then there flows forth the power of awakening the latent spark in others. But in this way, and in no other, can this work be done.

It is not cleverness, nor clearness of doctrine, nor natural gifts, but the fire of a *personal* love to a *personal* Saviour, burning in our own hearts, that becomes a source of light and heat, radiating into the souls

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of others. Do you remember that passage in one of the conferences of the Père Lacordaire?

'We meet Jesus Christ here below as we meet another man; one day, at a corner of the street, in a solitary path we halt, we listen, and a voice in our conscience says to us—"Behold Jesus Christ." A heavenly moment, when after so many beauties which it has tasted and which have deceived it, the soul steadfastly sees the beauty which never deceives. This may be accused of being a dream by those who have not seen it, but those who have seen it can never more forget it.'

Now, finally, are we to expect success? Undoubtedly we are, while the Lord's promise to every believer stands as it does—a promise, remember, not confined to saints or apostles merely, but pledged to *every one that believeth.*

'And these signs shall follow them that believe; in My name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.'

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THE WAITING NATIONS.

BY SELINA GAYE, AUTHOR OF 'SKETCHES FROM HUNGARIAN HISTORY,' 'SMUTS AND DIAMONDS,' &c.

Another man there was, a Swabian priest,
Who knew the maladies of man and beast,
And strove to gain the precious draught whereby
Men live midst mortal men, yet never die;
Tales of the Kaiser Redbeard could he tell,
Who neither went to heaven nor yet to hell,
When from that flight upon the Asian plain
He vanished, but still lives to come again,
Men know not how or when; but I, listening
Unto this tale, thought it a certain thing
That in some hidden vale of Swithiod
Across the golden pavement still he trod.'

The Earthly Paradise.

ANY ONE who has thoughtfully considered the records of the past must be ready to admit that, from the day when the gates of Paradise closed against him till the present hour, man has ever been waiting, longing, yearning for, and expecting a reversal of his sentence of banishment. That he *has* been banished, or that some part of his original birthright has been withdrawn from him, he has never doubted; and there is probably no race, however low it may have sunk in the scale of humanity, but has some tradition more or less dim of a better past, if even it have not energy enough left to hope anything from the future.

Everywhere there are traditions of a golden age, when sin and death were not, and no curse had as yet fallen upon the happy earth. The Tibetan and Mongolian, for example, believe in a time when the inhabitants of the earth were as gods, and the Pârsî looks fondly back to the rule of King Yima, when men and cattle were immortal, when the streams never dried up and the trees never withered, when food was plentiful and the temperature never too hot nor too cold, and when there was no such thing as envy or old age. Nor is this all; for through all the religion * of the ancient Persians runs the liveliest expectation that this happy state of things should one day return; that a time should come, sooner or later, when every poison and every poisonous weed should be expelled from the earth, when there should be no more ravening beast or fiery simoon, when streams should break forth in every desert, when the bodies of men should cast no shadows, when food should be no longer necessary to sustain life, and poverty, sickness, old age, and death should for ever be abolished.

Nor was this expectation by any means confined to ancient times or the Persian nation—far from it; one meets with it continually, now in

* *Hulsean Lectures for the year* 1846. Richard Chenevix Trench, B.D.

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one form, now in another, in the west as well as in the east; nor has it altogether died out even in these matter-of-fact modern times. The ancient Greeks and Romans expected the golden age of Chronos or Saturn to return when the fixed stars should have completed their long revolution eastward; and throughout the middle ages, Merlin's prophecy of the return of King Arthur, and with him of a time of material prosperity, was implicitly believed from one end of Europe to the other. And although, in these days, Merlin is no longer familiarly quoted, the hope of better things to come has not yet died out of the hearts of the people. The expectation of King Arthur's return is said still to linger in some parts of Wales; the Irishman still expects to drive the Saxon from his island; the Moor still hopes to be restored to his beloved Spain, his 'rightful inheritance'; the Servian and the Roumanian expect to see the Turk driven away and their ancient kingdoms restored, while the Brahmin waits for the time when the earth shall be purified from sin, and the Portuguese expects his country to be the head of a universal empire; and the Brazilian, more moderate in his desires, looks only for the prosperity of his own land, and the Mexican confidently expects to see gold and silver once more abounding, and the earth restored to its pristine state of beauty and fertility.

It is only the *popular* belief on this and the kindred subjects that we are now proposing to consider; yet we can hardly fail to be struck with the fact that those who smile most contemptuously at the popular faith are themselves looking eagerly forward to some golden future of their own devising, more in harmony with their own particular views and wishes. They will not admit that the human race has sprung either from gods or heroes; they will allow man no more dignified ancestor than the ape or the monad; but they are quite ready, nay anxious, to say to him, 'Ye *shall* be as gods,' for their faith in his perfectibility is simply boundless. Education and the progress of science are expected not only to improve his physical constitution and lengthen his life almost indefinitely, but they are to develop his intellectual faculties, cultivate his mind, and raise the whole tone of his moral character. Oppression and misrule are to be done away by the formation of the states of Europe into a great Republic, in which all men, without respect of nationality, shall be as brothers.* The society of Jewish culture and science at Berlin was formed, as said the president, Edward Gans, to hasten the time when men shall no longer ask in Europe, who is Jew and who is Christian; and he adds, 'I see in the sure fraternisation of such choice spirits the dawn of the Messianic time of which the prophets have spoken.' Others are found expressing their conviction that 'the signs of the times herald the approach of the happy day when sects and parties shall be done away with, and strife and doubt shall cease;' while another says to us, in his own peculiarly emphatic language, 'Yes, friends, hero-kings, and a whole world not unheroic

* *Life of Heinrich Heine.* Stigand.

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—there lies the port and happy haven towards which, through all these storm-tossed seas . . . . , that make the heart sick in these bad days, the Supreme Powers are driving us.' *

Indeed, we may say with the author of *Eruvin*, 'that the expectation of a period of greater felicity to be hereafter enjoyed by mankind on earth is now the general expectation of educated mankind.' †

But to return to the hopes and imaginings of *un*educated mankind, which we are now proposing to consider.

Closely connected with the belief in a lost Paradise one day to be restored, was the idea that though lost it was not actually withdrawn from the earth, but only mysteriously hidden from the eyes of man. Somewhere, in the midst of the great ocean, 'at the back of the north wind,' where dwelt the Hyperboreans, in the Atlantic, in the Fortunate Islands, in Italy, or the island of Leuce, there must still be, it was believed, a land of perpetual youth and happiness, where the bowers were ever green, the air soft and temperate, and the birds always singing,

> 'Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
> Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
> Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns,
> And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea.'

There, in a separate elysium, apart from the common herd, dwelt the bravest of the brave, the most illustrious of the ancient heroes; there Achilles celebrated his nuptials with Iphigenia; and there Chronos slept, watched by Briareus, until the time for his awakening should come. Nor was it considered utterly impossible for mortal men to discover these Isles of the Blessed; and Ulysses, grown weary of his monotonous existence in Ithaca, thus addresses the ancient mariners, who have 'toiled and wrought and thought with' him in years gone by—

> 'Come, my friends,
> 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
> Push off, and sitting well in order smite
> The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
> To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
> Of all the western stars, until I die.
> It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
> It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
> And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.'

All through the middle ages, many a wild adventurer went forth in search of the land, 'which is not found when it is sought'; and exciting tales were told of certain favoured mortals, who had been successful in their search, and had returned home after long years of absence with wondrous accounts of their sojourn in the 'earthly Paradise.' Of all these, that of S. Brendan and his seven years voyage in search of the 'land promised to the saints,' took the

* *Past and Present.* Carlyle. † *Eruvin.*

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firmest hold of the popular mind.* S. Brendan, the sailor-monk of the sixth century, was incited to set out upon what to him and his Irish Celts was an expedition full of terrors, by a holy hermit of the royal race of Neill, who told him how a nephew of his had fled away to be a solitary, and how he himself had gone to see his nephew and had sailed with him to the eastward, to an island which was called 'the land of promise of the saints,' wide and grassy, and bearing all manner of fruits, wherein was no night, for the Lord Jesus Christ was the light thereof; and how they abode there for a long time without eating and drinking, and when they returned to his nephew's monastery the brethren knew well where they had been, 'for the fragrance of Paradise lingered on their garments for nearly forty days.' Thus encouraged, S. Brendan set forth, and after much sailing hither and thither, and various marvellous adventures too long to detail here, he came, one day at evening, to a great darkness which lay round the Promised Land. But after they had sailed through it for an hour, a great light shone round them, and the boat stopped at a shore. And when they landed, they saw a spacious country, full of trees, bearing fruit as in autumn-time. And they walked about that land for forty days, eating of the fruit and drinking of the fountains, and found no end thereof. Then S. Brendan was told that he must return to his own country, taking with him fruit and precious gems as much as his ship could carry; but that after many days that land should be revealed to his successors, and should be a refuge for Christians in times of persecution. Then S. Brendan asked if that land would ever be revealed to men, and he was told that when the most high Creator should have put all nations under His feet, then that land should be manifested to all His elect.†

Early in the fifteenth century a certain Don Fernando de Alma set forth from Lisbon in search of this, the Island of the Seven Cities, as it was also called, where seven bands of Christians, each headed by a bishop, were believed to have been living ever since the eighth century, when they fled thither from the Moors. He, too, was to a certain extent successful in his search; he reached the island, and was received with eager hospitality by the inhabitants, who addressed him in the old Castilian tongue; but, on returning to his ship, after a pleasant evening spent at the court-house, he fell asleep, and when he awoke again, it was to find himself on board a strange vessel, the captain of which informed him that he had been picked up senseless from a wreck, out of sight of land. On returning to Lisbon, he found that his one evening in the island had been a strangely long one, for he had been absent three generations.

Throughout the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, down to the year 1721, expeditions from time to time went forth into the Atlantic in search of this mystic land, but none of them seem to have attained

* *The Hermits.* Rev. Charles Kingsley.

† *Chronicles of Wolfert's Roost.* W. Irving.

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even the partial success which rewarded Don Ferdinand. The Irish peasantry indeed believe that the island is submerged in the ocean, and they even profess to have seen its towns and villages beneath the waves. 'On a certain day in the year,' says M. de Latornaye, 'the old men take the young people to the top of a mountain, and pointing across the sea, say to them, "Our country will re-appear one of these days."' *

So lately as the year 1668, one Murogh O'Ley professed to have been carried off to the mystical isle of O'Brazil or Begara, which, as the Irish legend tells, rises above the waves once only every seven years, and then only appears to the inhabitants of the South Arran Isles. Of this island Martin says, 'Whether it be real and firm land kept hidden by the special ordinance of God, as the terrestial paradise, or else some illusion of airy clouds appearing on the surface of the sea, or craft of evil spirits, is more than our judgment can sound.' ‡

Another name for this mystic land is Tir-na-n-Oge, the Land of Youth, which is supposed to lie in the bed of the Shannon, and, like that of O'Brazil, to be visible every seven years. Thither the son of Fionn was borne across the Atlantic waves after the fatal battle of Gavra, by the Lady Niav, with whom he spent a hundred and fifty years; thither also was conveyed Finntan, of the family of Seth, who escaped to Ireland from the Noachian deluge, and there in Tir-na-n-Oge he has remained ever since, returning to the upper air occasionally to visit and inspire the Irish bards. On one occasion he is said to have appeared in an assembly of *fileas* (bards), and to have told them the history of God's dealings with man and the exploits of their ancestors. He likewise foretold the coming of S. Patrick, who was discovered that same evening, being Beltiné, the Eve of Sun's Fire. § Fionn, too, king of the Feinne, uncle of that 'peerless Fenian' Diarmaid, the Lancelot of the Western Highlands, is popularly supposed to be still living in the 'Green Island' or Celtic Paradise, whereof the chief products are 'Avlan' apples, whence it is also called Avalun, or the Vale of Avalon. And this naturally brings us to the legend of our own famous King Arthur, whom Saxon and Norman alike have adopted, in curious oblivion of the fact that his return, so confidently expected for centuries by the Celts of England and Wales, was always associated in their minds with the expulsion of all *foreigners* from Great Britain. The Celt looked back with passionate regret to the reign of his hero-king, as the time of Britain's greatest glory and prosperity, when the country, as Geoffrey of Monmouth says, 'had attained such a pitch of grandeur that in abundance of riches, luxury of ornaments, and politeness of its

* *Fairy Legends and Traditions of South Ireland.* Crofton Croker.
† *Weeds and Wild Flowers.* Lady Wilkinson.
‡ *Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts.* Patrick Kennedy.
§ *Popular Tales of the West Highlands.* J. F. Campbell.

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inhabitants it far surpassed all other kingdoms.' King Arthur was glorified in his eyes as a being of mysterious origin, half-divine, the champion of Christianity, the very ideal of a righteous king. It could not be that he had died at that fatal battle of Camlan; rather he was gone to Avalon to be healed of his wounds; aye, and though a Henry II. might pretend to have discovered his tomb at Glastonbury, where was the Celt in Britain or Bretagne who did not know that Arthur was still alive, waiting only till the time foretold by Merlin was come, when he should return to his people more glorious than ever, and restore the ancient kingdom? The finding of the tomb and its inscription was in his eyes a mere trick intended to counteract the deep impression produced on conquered and conquerors alike by that strange *History of the Britons*, translated or composed by the Welsh ecclesiastic, Geoffrey of Monmouth, about the middle of the twelfth century.* Long before Geoffrey's time, indeed, the exploits of King Arthur had been annually recited in the acts of the life of S. Dubritius, and the author himself declares that, when he wrote, 'the expectation of Arthur's return from the Fortunate Island was engraved in the memories of many nations'; while Alanus de Insulis, a contemporary, says, 'If any was heard in Bretagne to deny that Arthur was then alive, he would be stoned. Who does not speak of him? He is even more known in Asia than in Britain, as our pilgrims returning from the East assure us. But East and West talk of him; Egypt and the Bosphorus are not silent; Rome, the mistress of cities, sings his actions; Antioch, Armenia, Palestine, celebrate his deeds.'

Geoffrey, gathering up the legends and traditions current in his time, and feeling himself gloriously independent of such trifles as historical and geographical facts, tells his uncritical readers that, King Arthur's fame having spread all over the world, he proceeded to carry out a design he had formed for the conquest of Europe, and, after subduing Norway, Dacia, Aquitaine, and Gaul, held his court in Paris.† Wace, who lived nearly twenty years later than Geoffrey, and founded his metrical chronicle, the *Brut d'Angleterre*, on the latter's history, attributes the fabulous appearance of the Arthurian legends to their extreme popularity. Wace wrote in Norman-French, but his work was translated and amplified by Layamon, the Priest of Earnley, the son of Leovenath, who enriched his chronicle with many legends from Welsh and other sources not used by Geoffrey; and these are the words he puts into the mouth of the wounded king, when, after the last 'weird battle of the west,' he calls to him the Duke of Cornwall, and gives him his parting charge:—'Constantine, thou art welcome; thou wert Cador's son. I give thee here my kingdom, and defend thou my Britons ever well by thy life, and maintain them all the laws that have stood in my days, and all the good laws that in

* *Early English Metrical Romances.* George Ellis.

† *History of English Literature.* T. B. Shaw, M.A.

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Uther's days stood. And I will fare to Avalon, to the fairest of all maidens, to Argante the queen, an elf most fair, and she shall make my wounds all sound, make me all whole with healing draughts. And afterwards I will come again to my kingdom, and dwell with the Britons with mickle joy.' 'The Britons,' adds Layamon, 'believe yet that he is alive and dwelleth in Avalon with the fairest of all elves, and the Britons ever yet expect when Arthur shall return. Was never the man born, of ever any lady chosen, that knoweth of the sooth to say more of Arthur. But whilom was a sage, hight Merlin; he said with words—his sayings were sooth—that an Arthur should yet come to help the Britons.'

And, again, a dream of similar purport is vouchsafed to Cadwalader in Brittany, at the court of King Alain, to whom he had fled for refuge after the defeat of the Welsh by Oswald, A.D. 635. Cadwalader had been proposing to return to Britain, and on his asking for a sign from heaven, the following words are addressed to him:—'Awake, Cadwalader, Christ hath thee dear. And make ready thy voyage, and go quickly to Rome; thou wilt find there a pope, priest with the best; he shall shrive thee of thy worldly life, that all thy sins shall fall from thee, and thou shalt become clean, all through God's doom, of all thy misdeeds, through might of our Lord. And afterwards thou shalt die and go to heaven: for nevermore must thou possess England, but Allemainish men shall have England; and nevermore may British men possess it, ere the time come that was whilom declared, that Merlin the prophet foretold with words. Then shall the Britons soon come to Rome, and draw out all thy bones from the marble stone, and carry them with bliss forth with themselves, in silver and in gold into Britain. Then shall the Britons anon become bold; all that they begin to do shall be after their will; then shall in Britain bliss become rife, fruits and weathers prosperous after their will.' 'His bones are locked fast in a golden chest, and there they shall remain until the days are come that Merlin in old days fixed with words.'

In spite of his Saxon parentage one fancies that the sympathies of the English Layamon were rather with the conquered Britons than with his own victorious fellow-countrymen; but then the latter had been conquered in their turn, and possibly Layamon had some vague notion that, since they had ceased to be heathen, even the British Arthur would not dispute the Saxons' right to dwell in a land which they had occupied ever since he passed away, nigh upon seven hundred years ago. Gerald de Barri, his contemporary, Celt though he was, seems to write less sympathetically of the popular faith; but then he was a Court chaplain, and wrote, not in homely Saxon, but in the fashionable, vivacious Latin of the day. Says he:—'And so these romantic Britons and their bards were wont to imagine that some fantastic goddess, to wit Morganis, had borne Arthur's body to the Isle of Avalon to heal his wounds, and when they are cured he will

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return, a valiant and powerful king, they say, to rule over the Britons; and so they still expect him to come, even as the Jews expect their Messiah.'*

Merlin's famous prophecy to King Vortigern,† as reported by Geoffrey of Monmouth, reads for the most part like a farrago of nonsense, and is quite beyond interpretation; but it contains such passages as the following:—'Then shall break forth the fountains of Armorica, and they shall be crowned with the diadem of Brutus. Cambria shall be filled with joy, and the oaks of Cornwall shall flourish. The island shall be called by the name of Brutus, and the name given it by foreigners shall be abolished. . . . A people in wood and in iron coats shall come . . . they shall restore the ancient inhabitants to their dwellings, and there shall be an open destruction of foreigners. Gold shall be squeezed from the lily and the nettle, and silver shall flow from the hoofs of bellowing cattle . . . the ravenousness of kites shall be destroyed, and the teeth of wolves blunted.'

These and similar prophecies had kept the hopes of the Celts alive for centuries, and when a son and heir was born to Constance of Brittany the Bretons insisted on his receiving the name of Arthur, in the hope that he was destined to restore their ancient glories; for according to some beliefs Arthur was to return to his kingdom as a child. So firmly were they possessed by this hope that thanksgivings were offered in all the churches of the duchy, and the altars and shrines were adorned with wreaths of flowers. And although these hopes were speedily and cruelly disappointed, still the Celts nowhere lost heart or courage; and during the long reigns of the two Llewellyns, 'which all but cover the last century of Welsh independence,' it almost seemed as though Wales might succeed in throwing off the Saxon yoke.‡ Her hopes rose higher and higher with each triumph of Llewellyn ap Jowerth, the lord of Snowdon, and the bards in their fierce wild verses urged him on to fresh victories and slaughter. He was the 'great Cæsar,' who was to restore the fortunes of the Celtic race. The supposed verses of Taliesin, constantly borne in mind, expressed the undying hope of a restoration of the Cymry. 'In their hands,' it was said, 'shall be all the land from Brittany to Man . . . a rumour shall arise that the Germans are moving out of Britain back again to their fatherland.' Cadwallon, the last conqueror of the Celtic race, was spoken of as still alive and fighting for his people, though he had fallen in battle centuries before (A.D. 635), and Geoffrey had told in his history how the body was embalmed and placed 'with wonderful art in a brazen statue, which was cast according to the measure of his stature. This statue they set up with complete armour, on an admirable and beautiful brazen horse, over the western gate of

* *Giraldus Cambrensis.* † *Geoffrey of Monmouth*, vii.

‡ See *A Short History of the English People.* J. R. Green, M.A.

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London, for a monument of the above-mentioned victory,—that which he had won over Penda, King of Mercia—'and for a terror to the Saxons. They also built under it a church to S. Martin.'*

'Think you,' said Henry II. to a Welsh chieftain, who had joined his host, 'that your people of rebels can withstand my army?' 'My people,' replied the chieftain, 'may be weakened by your might, and even in great part destroyed; but, unless the wrath of God be on the side of its foe, it will not perish utterly. Nor deem I that other race or tongue will answer for this corner of the world before the Judge of all at the last day, save this people and tongue of Wales.' So ran the popular rhythm—

'Their lord they will praise,
Their speech they shall keep,
Their land they shall lose—except wild Wales.'

Henry might find a stone coffin at Glastonbury with the inscription, '*Hic jacet inclytus Britonum rex Arthurus in insulâ Avalonis sepultus,*' as Matthew Paris and other later chroniclers pretended; but the people were not to be thus easily cheated of their hopes, for, says Sir Thomas Malory,† writing about A.D. 1470, 'Some men yet say in many parts of England that King Arthur is not dead, but had, by the will of our Lord Jesu Christ, into another place; and men say that hee will come againe, and hee shall win the holy Crosse. I will not say that it shall be so, but rather I will say that heere in this world hee changed his life. But many say that there is written upon his tomb this verse:—'*Hic jacet Arthurus, rex quondam, rexque futurus.*'

This was the popular belief, which no opportune 'discoveries,' genuine or otherwise, were allowed to shake; and when at last a Welshman, Henry Tudor, actually sat on the English throne, and his eldest son, born at Winchester, the ancient Camelot, was named Arthur, after the hero of the Breton and Welsh legends, in which his father delighted, no wonder that the Welsh bards burst forth into rapturous prophecies that this child was destined to be even more famous than he of the round table.

But we must not linger longer over the Celtic legends, fascinating as they are, for there are other traditions which claim our attention. Almost every country, indeed, has its 'King Arthur,' some heroic soul inseparably connected with its dreams of past or future glory; for it is a noticeable fact that 'the help that is coming to the world it has ever seen incorporated in a person.‡ The generations of men, weak and helpless in themselves, have evermore been looking after one in whom they may find all which they seek vainly in themselves and in

* This seems to have been done in allusion to Merlin's prophecy that he who should overcome the Saxons should 'put on the brazen man and upon a brazen horse should guard the gates of London.'

† *La Mort d'Arthur.* Edited by T. Wright.

‡ *Hulsean Lectures for* 1846. Richard Chenevix Trench, B.D.

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those around them—redressers of the world's wrong, deliverers from the world's yoke, vindicators of the honour of the race, souls of heroic stature, in which all the features of greatness that are imparted with niggard hand unto others shall be found gloriously and prodigally combined. Such in almost every religion men have learned to look back to, as having already come; such we find that they are everywhere expecting as yet to appear.'

Certain it is that throughout all the regions of Higher Asia there prevailed in ancient times a belief that in the course of ages there should arise a deliverer, whether Osiris, Hercules, or Creeshna; and the Brahmin still looks for the return of the latter, as the tenth and last great Avatar or incarnation of Vishnu. He believes in ten great and innumerable lesser Avatars of Vishnu, who is represented as saying of himself, 'as often as there is a decline of virtue and an insurrection of vice and injustice in the world I make myself evident, and thus I appear from age to age for the preservation of the just, the destruction of the wicked, and the establishment of virtue.'

Four times he descended in the golden age, which seems rather inconsistent, as at that time there was universal purity of manners; justice, truth, and philanthropy prevailed, and plenty reigned everywhere; three times he came during the silver age; twice during the copper age, the last time as Buddha, the reformer of doctrine; and during the present corrupt earthen age earth is to be honoured only once with his presence, when he will appear as an armed warrior, mounted on a white horse, with a scimitar blazing like a comet in his hand, and will mow down all incorrigible and impenitent offenders. In the *Zend Avesta*, the sacred books of the Persians, traces are to be found of a resurrection and judgment-day, to be heralded by the appearance of Sosioch, the son of Zerdusht or Zoroaster, who is to come as the Messiah or Prophet of Ormuzd, to convert the world and slay the arch-fiend, Ahriman, or, as another account says, to purify the earth by fire, consume all evil, and bring forth from the ashes a new heaven and a new earth. To Zerdusht also is ascribed a prophecy concerning 'A sacred personage to be born of an immaculate virgin, whose coming was to be heralded by the appearance of a brilliant star, which would guide the Persians to the place of his nativity'; and it seems to have been a traditional dogma among the Eastern Christians that these words referred to the Saviour Himself, for in the spurious *Gospel of the Infancy* occurs this passage:—'Behold Magi came from the East to Jerusalem, *as Zoradascht predicted*,' the latter words being an interpolation introduced into the Arabic version. How far this and the other prophetic sayings, mentioned by Suetonius as current about the time of the Saviour's advent, were derived from study of the Hebrew Scriptures, or from a dim tradition of the great original promise of a Deliverer made to our first parents, it does not now concern us to inquire. Nor does it matter for our purpose whence Virgil

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drew his inspiration for his famous and mysterious Fourth Eclogue addressed to the Consul Pollio;* for, to quote once more the author of the *Hulsean Lectures*, 'however little interpreters are at one concerning the wondrous Child, the kindler of such glorious expectations, however unsatisfying the common explanations of his words must be confessed to be, yet this much is certain, that the poet could not conceive or dream of a merely natural golden age: it must centre in a living person, and unfold itself from him'—

'Now has come the last age of the Cumæan prophecy; the great succession of ages begins afresh. Now the Virgin† returns; the reign of Saturn begins anew. Now a new offspring is sent down from the high heaven. O chaste Lucina, do thou favour the child now born, in whom the iron age will end and a golden race arise throughout the world. Even now thine own Apollo reigns.'

So, too, in the northern mythology, though Baldur the Beautiful, the beloved of gods and men and all created things, who left his home in heaven to dwell among men, is smitten by a dart from the hand of his blind brother Hödr, and must die and abide in Helheim because one old hag, and she alone of all creation, refused to weep for his untimely decease, still it is not for ever. A time will come, the twilight of the gods, when the gods themselves shall be destroyed, though victorious in their final contest with the powers of evil; and when a new earth has arisen from the deluge, Baldur, the God of Peace, shall come and rule over the new-born regenerate world.

As in the east so also in the western hemisphere. The golden age of Anahuac was connected with the sojourn among men of the tall, fair god, Quetzelcoatl,‡ with the dark hair, long flowing beard, and shining raiment, who preached against human sacrifices, practised peace, administered justice, and instructed the natives of Mexico in the mining and working of metals and in the arts of agriculture, though his counsels seem to have been altogether superfluous in the latter department, since in those golden days the earth needed no cultivation but brought forth of herself both fruit and flowers in abundance. Then was the time when a single ear of Indian corn was as much as one man could conveniently carry; then the cotton was to be seen growing on the trees ready dyed of the loveliest tints; then the air was filled with the most exquisite perfumes and the sweet melody of birds. This blissful state of things could not indeed continue, for Quetzelcoatl was compelled by one of the superior deities to abandon for a time his beloved Anahuac; but it was only for a time, for, before he embarked

* According to Justin Martyr, the Cumæan Sibyl, on whose prophecies the Eclogue is supposed to be founded, was the daughter of Berosus, priest of Belus in Babylon, and hence might have had some acquaintance with the Hebrew Scriptures and tradition.

† Goddess of Justice.

‡ *Conquest of Mexico.* Prescott. *The Native Races of the Pacific.* H. H. Bancroft.

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in his wizard skiff of serpent-skins on his journey across the great ocean to the fabulous land of Tlapallan, he promised his despairing followers that he and his descendants would surely revisit them. The promise accordingly was never forgotten, and while some looked and longed for his return, others dreaded it; but, whether they desired it or the contrary, all were agreed in confidently expecting his coming. When, therefore, Montezuma became oppressive and tyrannical, it was not surprising that his subjects should be ready to welcome Cortes and his Spaniards as the promised deliverers, nor that he himself should first endeavour to avoid receiving within his walls the divine hero, whose right to the throne was more ancient than his own, and then, finding his attempts ineffectual, should blindly resign himself to his fate. No sooner was the unfortunate monarch dead than there seems to have been a revulsion of feeling in his favour; for his subjects had by that time discovered their mistake with regard to the new comers, and one of the native historians winds up his history of the mournful tragedy with the words:—'Thus died the unfortunate Montezuma, who had swayed the sceptre with such consummate policy and wisdom.'

According to Mr. Bancroft the name of the monarch seems to have been carried into Arizona and New Mexico by the Spaniards or their Mexican attendants, and, becoming associated in the minds of some tribes with the departed grandeur of their race, was adopted by them as the name of their favourite hero, who was speedily credited with all the attributes and achievements of their lesser demi-gods. Some regard him as the creator, others as the ancestor of the Montezuma Indians; but all look on him as their prophet, priest, leader, and legislator, and he is generally considered to be half or wholly divine, of miraculous birth, and endowed with supernatural powers. Many places claim the honour of being his birthplace, and he is regarded as the very embodiment of truth, and incapable of deceiving his people, whose protector he has been ever since the creation. At Pecos is a large Mexican temple, three stories high, called Montezuma's Church, and said to have been built by himself. Here he lighted the sacred fire, and bade them keep it burning night and day until he should return, warning them at the same time that its extinction would be attended with fatal consequences, but promising if they kept it alive men with pale faces* would come from the east and drive away the Spaniards; then he himself would return and build up his kingdom, and the earth would once more be fertile as of old, and gold and silver would be plentiful. This sacred fire is said to have been burning within the memory of some still living, and though it is now extinguished the Indians have not given up their hope. 'The Spaniards,' say they, 'made Montezuma's heart cold to them for the time, but the Great Spirit will rekindle the flame in his heart.' Their misfortunes they consider as a punishment for allowing the sacred fire to burn

* Supposed to be fulfilled by the coming of the Americans.

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dimly; but they still look for Montezuma's return, and meantime they annually invoke his blessing on their corn-fields and offer to him the firstfruits of the green maize.*

Matevil, another divine hero, who used to dwell with the Mojaves, and is honoured by them as their creator, and Mathowelia, another demi-god, are confidently expected to return in the latter days. Bohica, a white man with a beard, appeared in bygone ages among the Mozca Indians, and, after settling the government and teaching them various arts, retired from public life to return again at the end of two thousand years. Tlolpintzin, another king, after sustaining a crushing defeat on the field of battle, fled southward towards Tlapalla, saying, as was reported, 'I have retired towards the east, but will return after 5012 years to avenge myself on the descendants of my enemies.' In point of fact Tlolpintzin died in Tlapalla thirty years later, but a belief was long current that he was still alive and dwelling with Nezalhualcoyotzin and some other brave kings in the cave, Xicco, whence he would come some day and deliver his people.†

In North America the Indians still talk of the time when Tarenyawago came and dwelt among the Six Nations, teaching them how to grow beans and the golden maize, and how to heal the sick.‡ According to the Iroquois version of the legend, Tarenyawago cleared the rivers and fishing-grounds, and helped the Indians to get the mastery over the great monsters infesting the forests; his wisdom was as great as his power, and the people listened to him with admiration and followed his advice gladly; for, of all eloquent speakers, he was the most eloquent, of all brave warriors he was the bravest, and of all cunning hunters he was the most cunning. Moreover he gave his people wise instructions concerning the laws of the Great Spirit; and at last, having determined to lay aside his higher powers, that he might show them not only by precept but by example how they ought to live, he dropped the name of Tarenyawago, which he bore as a subordinate power of the Great Spirit, and took instead that of Hiawatha, 'a person of very great wisdom,' which the people spontaneously bestowed upon him, for indeed they respected him scarcely less than before; and, finally, when he believed his mission to be ended, having given a last charge to the tribes among whom he had laboured so long, he announced to them his departure

'To the islands of the Blessed,
To the kingdom of Ponemah,
To the land of the Hereafter,'

went down to the shore and entered his mystic canoe, which immediately rose with him in the air, and ascending higher and higher at last

* *The Marvellous Country.* S. W. Cozzens.

† *The Native Races of the Pacific.* H. H. Bancroft.

‡ *Algic Researches. History, Condition, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes.* Schoolcraft.

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vanished from their sight amid sounds of sweet music. Under the various names of Michabou, Chiabo, Manabozho, Tarenyawago, and Hiawatha he is still revered as a prophet, teacher, and benefactor, though apparently not worshipped; and he is expected one day to reappear and exercise an important influence upon the final disposition of the human race. But the Indian looks out upon the world with a saddened gaze; and, as he sees himself driven day by day further westward, he has little heart to dream of a possible future, and prefers instead to soothe his wounded feelings by dwelling on the more certain past, the inalienable heritage of which no white man can rob him.

Returning to Europe, we find that the Roumanians have made a hero of Decebalus, the last king of their Dacian ancestors; and adopting an old legend to the effect that, instead of being slain in the battle fought with the Romans near Sarmisegethusa, he had really fled with enormous treasures across the passes, they believe him to be still living in retirement among the mountains and waiting for the right moment to come forth and put himself at their head and make Roumania once more a powerful kingdom.* In like manner the Servians expect their Prince Lazar, who, after professing himself a vassal of Sultan Murad, paying him yearly tribute, and furnishing him with a contingent of troops, joined the Prince of Bulgaria in an attempt to throw off the Turkish suzerainty. Two years later (1389) he was utterly defeated, and betrayed by his son-in-law into the hands of Murad, who caused him to be strangled. It is difficult to see why the Servians should have chosen Lazar as their hero, as he does not appear to have possessed any heroic qualities, and was ready to serve Christian and Turk by turns, just as seemed most likely to be profitable. They have, however, another more romantic though apparently not a very stout-hearted hero, concerning whom the following story is told.† It is called 'A Tale of the Hero who will save us.' A man of the Herzegovina was on his way to a neighbouring town to buy some wine wherewith to celebrate the Jurjew-dan, or feast of S. George, when, as he was passing through the mountains, he espied a cave in which he determined to pass the night. In this cave he found the ancient hero, Marko Kraljevich, and his famous war-horse, Scharaz.

'O Marko,' said he, 'we thought you were long dead.'

'That I am not, my son. But when guns came into the world I retreated to this cave; for I have seen that a gun can conquer the greatest hero, and as long as there is a gun there will be no heroes among the youths. But now I shall soon go out of this cave to destroy the accursed Turks.'

* *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages.* Rev. S. Baring-Gould.

† MSS. legend found in the Convent of Sutiska, twenty-four miles from Serajevo or Bosna Seraj. See *Daily Telegraph*, September 20, 1875.

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'When will that be?' asked the man.

'Seest thou this sword which hangs on the wall over me?' returned Marko. 'Not the breadth of two fingers more is wanting till of itself it is entirely drawn out of the scabbard. But when once it is entirely out I will mount Scharaz, and God will give me eyes' (he was blind, and had no more his long beard), 'that I may conquer the Turks and restore our kingdom.'

This legend is said to be firmly believed, not only by the Servians themselves, but also by the Turks, who quite expect Marko one day to restore the old Servian kingdom. In fact, there seems to be a feeling among the Mahometans generally that they will one day have to relinquish their conquests in Eastern Europe; witness the tradition respecting one of the gates of Constantinople, which is kept walled up, because through it, as is said, the Christians are to re-enter the city. Yet it would not be by any means safe to conclude that this feeling about Constantinople and the Servians is due to any instinct or superstition, on the part of the Mahometan, that the Crescent is doomed to wane before the Cross. On the contrary, whatever he may feel as to his chances of retaining European Turkey, the Mahometan has his own dreams of future triumph, like the rest of the world, as we shall see in due course.

Turning meantime to Germany, we come to the legends of Kaiser Karl, Barbarossa, and Charles V., with which most of us are familiar. Many places claim the honour of being the chosen retreat of one or other of these heroes, and Nürnberg boasts that the Great Karl (whom one can hardly help calling Charlemagne, in spite of modern historians) sits concealed beneath her castle, whence he has watched over the destinies of the Fatherland these thousand years and more, while his beard has grown completely through the stone table before him.

But it is the Untersberg, or Wunderberg, which is the real shrine of the old Kaiser, whom, because he did his best to spread the light of Christianity among the heathen, God has preserved for all these centuries past, and will preserve to the end, to protect the faithful from the unbelievers and to restore the honour of His name before the Last Day.* The Untersberg lies a little German mile from the town of Salzburg, by the side of the unfathomable Moos, where Helfenburg is said to have stood in former days. The mountain is a mere shell, being quite hollow inside, and containing churches, monasteries, gardens, and fountains of gold and silver. The treasures are guarded by dwarfs, who in former days used frequently to go into the town of Salzburg at midnight and attend service in the cathedral.

Many distinguished persons dwell in the Wunderberg, and in their midst sits Kaiser Karl, with a golden crown on his head and a sceptre in his hand. He was rapt away from the Walserfeld, near Salzburg,

* *Deutsche Sagen.* Grimm.

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and retains exactly the same form and features he had when he lived above ground. His beard has grown long and grey, and entirely covers his golden breastplate. On high days and holidays it is parted in two and twined about with costly pearls. The Emperor has a shrewd, thoughtful-looking countenance, and is friendly and sociable to those about him, who spend their time in walking up and down a beautiful meadow. Why he stays there and what he does is more than any mortal man knows; it is among the secrets of God.*

Some say that the Emperor who dwells thus mysteriously in the Wunderberg is Friedrich Barbarossa; others that it is Charles V. Whichever it be, he sits at a table round which his beard has already grown more than twice, and when it has completed the third round the last days will begin, and the Emperor will come forth to do battle with Antichrist on the plain of Wals.† Another legend declares that many ancient emperors, kings, princes, bishops, and Christians of all ranks are at present dwelling in the Untersberg, and will come forth at the last to defend the faith. There are six doors in the side of the mountain, leading to Berchtesgaden, the cathedral of Salsburg, and various neighbouring churches. There is an old withered pear-tree on the Walserfeld, which has frequently been cut down, but has always grown again. Some day it will blossom and bear fruit, but that will be when the Emperor and all his knights come forth to do battle for the faith. In those days there will be no brotherly love. When the tree begins to grow green the time of woe is near at hand, and when it bears fruit the battle will begin and the Prince of Bavaria will hang his shield upon it. At sacred seasons the great Emperor, attended by all his courtiers, or the monks of S. Just, goes to the cathedral of Salzburg at midnight to hear mass sung by the prior of S. Just or some other great prelate. The martial music accompanying the Emperor's procession is sometimes heard in the neighbourhood, especially before war breaks out.

* For further detail, see also *Traditions of Tirol*, by R. H. Busk.

† *Volkssagen*. Ludwig Bechstein.

(*To be continued.*)

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Spider Subjects.

ONLY two Spiders have attempted the laws of punctuation. Of these Waikatu is the more historical, Spinning-Jenny the more complete.

EXPLAIN THE LAWS OF PUNCTUATION.

WHEN we consider the object of these laws, for the benefit of what kingdom they were framed, and the consequence of breaking them, we see what importance attaches to them. The object for which they were framed is the preservation of order, method and time in the kingdom of words; the consequence of breaking them is confusion—confusion both of the literary and the spiritual part of the citizens of that kingdom. Suppose we regard our word-citizens as regiments of volunteers; and their arrangement into sentences as the marshalling of our troops in preparation for review. We will call each sentence a detachment. If the sentence be laconic—in which case the word-soldiers must be simple and hardy—the preparatory inspection may be made by a single *coup d'œil:* 'Obedience is the bond of rule.' Here the period (*περίοδος*) is completed at a glance; we roll a cannon ball up to the side of *rule*, and so bring the voice of that commanding officer—the reader—to a full stop. The knight of the pen, however, in making his round of inspection in preparation for the criticism of the reviewing-officer, has often to perform little *coups de main* also, which we call commas (*κόπτω κέκομμαι*).

Rule I.—The comma should be used to separate nouns in apposition when they are accompanied by adjuncts. *Observance of the Rule.*—'How doth the royal merchant, good Antonio?' Here the holder of the pen wields his weapon with as much satisfaction as Shylock would have done his.

Rule II.—Let the comma be used to separate the simple members of a complex sentence unless they are joined by the conjunction 'and.' *Observance*—

> 'And being young, he changed and came to loathe
> His crime of traitor, slowly drew himself
> Bright from his old dark life, and fell at last
> In the great battle fighting for the king.'

Here we see that, unless literary punctility be observed, the reader would find as great difficulty in separating Edyan from his crime as he had in drawing himself from it.

Rule III.—The comma should be used to separate parenthetical and explanatory phrases, certain adverbs and adverbial phrases from the rest of the sentence. *Observance.*—'But, behold, as he came to the spot whence first the city could be discerned, he beheld a whole host pouring forth from it—not, however, armed.' A popular lecturer once compared the two commas between which *however* always appears, to two policemen.

Rule IV.—Use the comma between words of the same part of speech, following each other, without a conjunction, in the same sentence. *Observance.*—Holly, ivy, bays, juniper, &c., &c., and sweet marjoram warm-set. We were tempted to give this example by the recollection of the approach of the season when we 'wreathe the holly' and 'twine the bay.'

Rule V.—Separate words denoting the persons or objects in a direct

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address from the rest of the sentence by a comma. *Observance.*—'And Enid answered, Yea, my lord.' In presence of Enid who could refuse obedience?

Rule VI.—Show by a comma that the verb is to be understood. *Observance.*—'To err is human, to forgive, divine.' The deplorable consequence of a fracture of this law who shall divine? Though, doubtless, it has been broken over and over again in days of old in copy-books. Sometimes literary etiquette requires the punctilious inspector to stop short in his periodic march, and divide his detachment into distinct parts; hence the stop he makes between the members is called a colon: (κῶλον) a member.

Rule I.—Let the colon be used to separate a remark or illustration from that preceding part of the sentence, which is complete in sense and construction without it, unless it be introduced by a conjunction. *Observance.*—

> 'To-night ungathered let us leave
> This laurel, let this holly stand:
> We live within the stranger's land,
> And strangely falls our Christmas Eve.'

Even were the colon not apparent, the reader's voice would naturally pause before passing on to the latter part of the sentence; for the adjuration is complete in sadness, without the added reason.

Rule II.—The clause, upon which a series of distinct propositions depend, must be separated from these by a colon: *Observance.*—'That the diamond should be made of the same material as coal; that water should be chiefly composed of an inflammable gas; that acids should be almost all formed of different kinds of air, and that one of those acids, whose strength can dissolve almost any of the metals, should be made of the same ingredients with the common air we breathe: these surely are things to excite the wonder of any reflecting mind.'

Rule III.—Use a colon before a direct quotation. *Observance.*—'We have better oracles: "Be ye angry and sin not."' Here the exhortation has greater force by reason of the short stop cutting it off from the introduction.

It is apparent that, even when these laws are obeyed, there yet will be left detachments of words marred by a certain confusion, although pointed with comma, colon and period. A skilful arranger of ideas, clothed in word-uniform, will see need for a sign of separation larger than the comma, smaller than the colon, one that will oblige the reading-officer to pause longer than at the stroke of the comma, but yet will not force him to take as much breathing time as the colon. To supply this need he makes a point combining in appearance the comma-stroke and the period-roll, and calls it a semi-colon.

Rule I.—Separate the members of a complex sentence by semi-colons from each other, when they are independent of each other, but have immediate reference to the subject: *Observance.*—'But one may not take up the third sword, which is Mahomet's sword, or like unto it: that is, to propagate religion by wars, or by sanguinary persecutions to force consciences; except it be in cases of overt scandal, blasphemy, or intermixture of practice against the state.' Lord Bacon's *words* may be said to *point* a moral.

Rule II.—Separate antithetical clauses by a semi-colon. *Observance.*—'The wicked flee when no man pursueth; the righteous is bold as a lion.'

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Rule III.—Separate by a semi-colon a clause added to another to explain or illustrate it, not to complete the sense of it. *Observance.*—'Never speak anything directly tending to thy praise or glory; that is, with a purpose to be commended, and for no other end.'

Besides these points, concerning which the broad, plain rules have been given, the pen-warrior has orders to execute a sort of flourish—a 'little crooked thing that asks a question'—at the end of an interrogative sentence; to make a figure like a falling tear at the close of an exclamatory one; to dash a horizontal stroke in the very midst of a sentence, when the reading-officer's voice is required to pause abruptly, when intensity of feeling is best described by an unexpected silence, as: *Observance.*—

'She dared not sign, she dared not speak—
Oh! if one page's slumbers break.'

He also has licence to enclose a clause, phrase or word, which might have been omitted without loss to the sense of the sentence, within a bracket enclosure called parenthesis (*παρεντίθημι*).

SPINNING-JENNY.

THE history of the Star Chamber has been fully and carefully studied out by Ierne, Mara, Meg, Waikatu, Nightingale, and Bubbles. Well condensed by M. C. P. and A Bee. Also answered by Philippa, Kentish Cherry, Prince Rupert, Grizel, Ila, Don Quixote, Tacita, Marsh Mallow, Smut, Ruby. Ierne argues the case best, therefore she is chosen, though she does not give, as most do, the conjectural (and improbable) derivation, Shetar, the Hebrew for bond, because the bonds of the Jews before their banishment were stored there.

THE COURT OF THE STAR CHAMBER.

A history lesson. The subject having been studied in Hallam.

Governess—*Fräulein A.* Pupils—*B* and *C.*

Fräulein A. What was the Court of Star Chamber?

C. It was the *Concilium regis ordinarium*, or general council of the king, and was composed originally of all the peers of the realm. The name Star Chamber was given to it because it held its sittings at one time in the *Camera Stellata* at Westminster.

Fräulein A. When was it established?

B. In the reign of Henry VII., who formed——

Fräulein A. Think a little; is this so?

C. No, though there was some confusion among historians on this subject. The Star Chamber existed as one of the oldest of English Courts, and in several reigns, especially in that of Edward III., statutes were framed to abridge its oppressive jurisdiction.

B. Now I recollect. The Star Chamber had fallen into disuse during the Wars of the Roses, and Henry VII. formed a smaller court, consisting of the lords chancellor, treasurer, and privy seal as judges, with a bishop, a temporal lord, and two chief justices—or in their absence two other justices—as assistants. This court was sometimes called the Star Chamber, but in reality it existed as a distinct court even after the *Concilium ordinarium*—the true Star Chamber—was restored, and the president of the council was afterwards added to the number of judges.

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C. The court of Henry VII. seems to have been a sort of committee of the older court, in which it was afterwards merged, some time in the reign of Henry VIII., whether by Wolsey does not appear.

Fräulein A. What were the cases of which it took cognisance?

C. Both courts tried the same kind of cases. Among civil suits were included those between English and alien merchants, between corporations, testamentary causes, &c.; but these were gradually transferred to the Admiralty and Chancery courts.

B. The Star Chamber possessed also a criminal jurisdiction, and it was this that occasioned the general hatred to it. Among criminal cases, those brought before it were perjury, forgery, fraud, libel, conspiracy, and generally those which no other court could try.

Fräulein A. Did any advantages follow from having a court of appeal as independent as the Star Chamber?

C. Many; especially in the earlier times, when justice was apt to be perverted in the local courts. For example: if an instance of injustice was brought against a great landlord, his influence in his own neighbourhood would be so great that no jury would convict him; then the case might be brought before the Star Chamber, and justice enforced.

Fräulein A. Was the power over juries ever abused?

B. Sometimes. If a jury gave a decision against the wish of the crown, the members of it might be summoned before the Star Chamber, and fined if they refused to own themselves wrong. There is an instance of this under Queen Mary.

C. Sir T. Smith, writing in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, speaks in terms of high praise of the action of this court under Henry VIII., when it was employed to overawe the turbulent northern barons.

Fräulein A. It seems to me that as justice was generally better administered the advantages of the court were no longer felt, and the evils of its irresponsible authority were more clearly seen. But before we speak of its oppressive jurisdiction under the Stuarts, tell me what was its method of procedure.

C. Generally by information at the suit of the attorney-general, sometimes at that of a private person. Depositions were taken in writing, and the accused was examined before the court. More rarely the accused was examined privately, and even tortured, and sentence pronounced on his confession.

B. The punishments inflicted were usually fines, but the court had power to sentence to imprisonment, whipping, the pillory, and, in short, any punishment except death or confiscation.

Fräulein A. From what has been said, it would appear that when Charles I. used the Star Chamber as an engine of arbitrary power, he was only advancing a degree further than his predecessors?

C. Certainly. The power of the court had advanced gradually during the reigns of the Tudors. Servile parliaments had not dared to question its power, as in earlier days; so when Charles found parliament refractory, he naturally endeavoured to enforce obedience by means of this court.

Fräulein A. Why was the Star Chamber particularly acceptable to Charles and his ministers?

B. On account of its power to inflict fines. Parliament had refused to grant supplies, the exchequer was empty, and the fines were necessary to fill it.

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Fräulein A. Were the whole body of nobles summoned to attend the Star Chamber at this time?

B. No; it appears as if only those who were also members of the privy council were summoned.

C. Hallam gives a graphic description of the Star Chamber in this reign. He represents the judges sitting 'like famished birds of prey, with keen eyes and bended talons, eager to supply for one moment, by some wretch's ruin, the craving emptiness of the exchequer.'

Fräulein A. Tell me of some of the fines inflicted.

C. One gentleman was fined 12,000*l.* for marrying his niece.

B. Which was less than he deserved!

C. One who sent a challenge to the Duke of Northumberland was fined 5,000*l.*; another was fined 4,000*l.* for saying that the Earl of Suffolk was a base lord; and numbers were fined as heavily.

Fräulein A. Were other punishments inflicted?

B. Yes; many were sentenced to the pillory, to having their ears cut off, &c. Notably, a certain sturdy Puritan lawyer, named Prynne, who was accused of circulating libels against the queen, and was condemned to be put in the pillory in two places, to have his ears cut off, to pay 5,000*l.*, and to be imprisoned during life.

C. Such being the use to which the Star Chamber put its authority, it is not surprising that it had incurred great odium, and no act of the Long Parliament was more welcomed than that which abolished both it and the Court of High Commission.

Fräulein A. When?

B. In 1641, immediately after the execution of Lord Strafford, before the king had recovered from his dismay at what had been extorted from him. He seems to have passed this and several other bills curtailing his prerogative almost mechanically.

C. Poor King Charles! It was but the beginning of the end.

Fräulein A. Ah, *meine Liebe*, I never can comprehend your affection for that king. But at least you must own that the Long Parliament was right when it abolished the court of the Star Chamber.

C. and *B.* We do. So perish all illegal courts, whether ancient or modern!

IERNE.

SPIDER QUESTIONS FOR DECEMBER.

Give the story of the *Æneid.*

The pros and cons of fancy-work.

HANDWRITING EXERCISE.

Write a bill of fare for a dinner party of eighteen.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

Lactuca, *Crepis*, and certain allied families, comprising the October subject, have been attempted by twenty-one members—a rather disappointing retrogression from previous months. A very marked improvement is, however, noticeable: the high standard of those members who from the first have been distinguished for their excellent work, having produced its natural effect in stimulating the efforts of most of the others.

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In wishing the members a (botanically and otherwise) 'Happy New Year,' *Vertumnus* takes the opportunity of expressing his sense of the kindness and good humour with which his botanical criticisms (and even occasional *snubs*) have been uniformly received, as well as of many other marks of confidence which have reached him during the year. He regrets that it is not possible to increase the number of members, though there are always candidates awaiting election. May *Vertumnus* venture to express a hope that the actual members will regard this last-mentioned circumstance as an incentive to increased diligence. The Society ought to have no 'sleeping partners.'

SUBJECTS FOR THE MONTHS OF 1881.

(Notice will be given of any modification.)

JANUARY.—Give some account of the most prominent British botanists of the eighteenth century.

FEBRUARY.—Compare the Natural and Linnæan Systems.

MARCH. — Families of *Draba*, *Capsella*, (why separated from *Thlaspi*?) *Cardamine*, and any other *Cruciferæ*.

APRIL.—*Adoxa*, *Paris*, *Lathræa*, *Narcissus*.

MAY.—*Primulaceæ*.

JUNE.—*Rosa*, *Alchemilla*.

JULY.—*Potentillidæ* (Strawberry group of *Rosaceæ*).

AUGUST.—*Hypericum*.

SEPTEMBER.—*Boragineæ*.

OCTOBER.—*Mentha*, *Calamintha*, *Scutellaria*.

NOVEMBER.—*Polypodium*, *Cystopteris*.

DECEMBER—A subject to be given in the October number of the *Monthly Packet*.

Notices to Correspondents.

QUOTATIONS WANTED.

Who is the author of

'The Loosing of the Four Angels'?

M. R. B.

Could any of your readers kindly tell me where I can obtain the whole of the parody of which the following is a verse?

'Old John Wesley had a horse,
It was so very thin,
He took it to the river side
And shoved the beggar in'?

Baisbrow.

'That peaceful grave,
Where even the great find rest,
And blended lie
The oppressor and the opprest.'

S. E. G.

Whence is this quotation—

'Light sorrows speak, great grief is dumb'?

A. P. H.

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Can any one tell *E. H.* who wrote the following lines, beginning—

'I stood at an open window
And gazed out over the sea.'

The second part begins—

'In the after years of sorrow
I mourned for the selfishness.'

Who was the great French king who spoke thus—

'Souvent femme varie,
Bien fol est qui s'y fie'?

A. P. H.

QUESTIONS.

E. H. will be obliged to any one who can tell her the title, publisher, and price of a book published two or three years ago giving an epitome of six old standard works, of which *Gil Blas* is one.

May will be greatly obliged to any one who will kindly give her the name and address of a society that rewards servants for long service.

A Governess.—Is there a society in London which furnishes periodicals, books and music to governesses at a very reduced rate; also a centre in town were they can look into books of reference? Can any reader of the *Monthly Packet* give any information concerning it to those of your readers interested in teaching?

To what do the following refer:—1. 'Hellish Ourali,' in Tennyson's new volume; 2. 'The Ausonian King,' in his *Palace of Art.*—*M. S.*

Can any reader of the *Monthly Packet* tell us what is the political secret spoken of by N. Hawthorne in his *Transformation?* Also who Miriam and her 'Shade' are intended to represent? — *Two Ignoramuses.*

1. How comes it to pass that Martinmas is so generally the time when servants, at all events in agricultural districts, change their situations? 2. How is it that in the north of England there is an intimate connection between the Gunpowder Plot (November 5), and some preparation wherein treacle plays an important part, as parkin and toffee?'—*R. Bramley.*

ANSWERS.

A. P. H.'s other quotation is from Job xxxiv. We are always grieved at questions that show that people are not familiar with Holy Scripture.

M. L. B.—*Translation from Madame de Guyon* and in Upham's life of that lady.

'A little bird I am,'

R. F. L.

Swanage.—

'I saw a peacock with a fiery tail,
I saw a blazing comet pour down hail;
I saw a cloud wrapped with ivy round,
I saw a lofty oak creep on the ground;
I saw a pismire swallow up a whale,
I saw the sea brim full of ale;
I saw a Venice glass fifteen feet deep,
I saw a well full of men's tears that weep;
I saw wet eyes all of a flaming fire,
I saw a house bigger than the moon, and higher;
I saw the sun even at midnight,
I saw the men that saw these awful sights.'

Author not known.

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M. M.—District Visitor's Note-Book, published at 3*s.*, offered at 1*s.* 6*d.*, at J. Bosworth's, Second Hand Bookseller, 198, High Holborn, London, W.C.

The Muffin Man thinks the following may be interesting about the favourite quotation, 'Be the day weary,' &c.—

'O! mortall folke, you may beholde and se
Howe I lye here, sometime a mighty knight;
The ende of joye and all prosperitie
Is death at last, through his course and myght.
After the day there cometh the dark night,
For thoughe the day be never so long,
At last the belles ringeth to evensong.'

It is said to have been written in 1506 by Stephen Hawes, and can be found in 'The Pastime of Pleasure' in Southey's *Early English Poet.* [We still believe it also occurred in Skelton's *Epitaph*, but cannot find it.—*Ed.*]

Allegra.—Bürger's poem *Lenore* has suggested the subject of Raff's symphony *Lenore*, which contains a march and the movement described by *Allegra* as 'Death Galop.' The whole symphony, arranged by the composer as a pianoforte duet, is published by Robert Seitz, of Leipzig, and may be had in London, price 14*s.* net.—*Penserosa.*

H. D.—1. The secretaries of the Society of Watchers and Workers are Miss E. Jacob, Crawley Rectory, Winchester; and Miss G. Jacob, 12, Queensbrough Terrace, W. 2. *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 276. —*Miss B. M. Lewis*, *Mrs. Twitch* in the *Monthly Packet.*

The words quoted by *Elizabeth* in the December number of the *Monthly Packet*, according to an article in the *Mirror* for 1828, entitled 'Recollections of Melrose Abbey,' form, in different order and with slight variation, an epitaph on a very ancient tombstone in Melrose Abbey.

'The earth goeth on the earth,
Glist'ning like gold;
The earth goes to the earth
Sooner than it wold.
The earth builds on the earth
Castles and towers;
The earth says to the earth,
All shall be ours.'

C. T. P.

Answered also by *Tweedside* and others.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Sisters of S. Laurence Priory.—Parcel from E. C.

Bishop Wilberforce Confirmation Memorial Window now erected in S. Mary's, Southampton.—Miss L. Phillimore (5, *Arlington Street, S. James's*), acknowledges, with her best thanks, for the above memorial —Per Miss E. Holton, 10*s.*; C. C. R., 2*s.* 6*d.*; C. L. M., 5*s.*; H. C. S., 5*s.*; per Miss M. K. Witts, 2*s.* 6*d.*; Miss Raikes, 2*s.*; Miss Bignels, 2*s.* 6*d.* 419*l.* received; only 47*l.* required. Further offerings gladly received as above.

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THE

MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

for Members of the English Church.

FEBRUARY, 1881.

THE ARGUMENT FROM NATURAL BEAUTY.

II.

THE essays of *Elia* used to be found delightful reading till a few years ago. I am not sure whether the present generation goes on perusing them as the last did, and it seems doubtful if any book is now read over and over again as in past days. But most old Oxford men continue the study of the essays, if it is only for the praise of Alma Mater in long vacation. What a Fellow Lamb would have made in the old days! how he would have tickled his common room, and how all his sayings would have run the round; not but that he might be happy enough now, and perhaps happier, in Magdalen or some of the more peaceful and sylvan abodes. But nobody ever felt or described the repose and summer picturesqueness of the old place better than he; and it is no wonder he felt like a genuine resident, as he says. Such persons are best able to appreciate him in vacation, as the hurry of term, to those who share its labours, is hardly less distracting than the steady roll of London work and traffic. One can then really 'feel to' possess one's soul, in steady equitation on some hobby of one's own, forbidden in the day of pupils and university politics. And at such times, when he has been long 'weary of his stall,' and comes out with free field all to himself, a hobby becomes a perfect hippogriff.

At least, that was Charles Cawthorne's expression when he came up to S. Vitus's College one long vacation to decorate the new chapel all his own way. He was rarely and happily like-minded with his friend Toddles, the architect, in his taste for Romanesque or Early English; for round arches, massy short columns, thick walls, mosaic decoration, and story all right on story. He said, a long vaulted place where the arches sprung low reminded him of the catacombs, and suggested its

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own style of ornament for itself, even to the subjects. He was a thoroughly educated but not surgically-scientific painter, preferring life-study to dissection, and that peculiar manner of studying anatomy which Gustave Doré enjoined in the memorable advice, *Il faut fourrer la main dedans*. But nobody denied that he could draw; and he had a good gift of colour; with originality enough to forget himself in his work, to which he grew more devoted as life went on and a certain measure of success came to him. He did not like repeating himself, or doing 'the same another way' for the market, and that was against him; but people bought his landscapes and higher *genre* subjects nearly as fast as he could paint them. Still he complained that the more 'stuff' you put into a picture the longer it takes to get rid of it. He was quite comfortably off and independent, but grew keenly and even uneasily interested in his labours as he went on. He wanted at least to be 'in it,' as men say, or to have a real position in the graphic work of his day; and still more, he had a shy haunting wish to do some undefined good in his generation, which painting fulfilled but with difficulty. The consequence was that he was always exercised in mind about not unduly humouring the public, or painting for the fashion or demand. A good deal of tiresome and perhaps needless casuistry surrounds this question, and haunts a man during those long reveries, and processes not to be hurried, which are required for solid painting. So it was that he had not yet made a regular or persistent essay at Sacred subjects—to which his wife May always wanted to get him. She has been duly described, and their loves quite sufficiently chronicled, in other books; in this it need only be said that they will continue their perhaps humble course of usefulness by talking here as they have talked before. For the present they were comfortably established in two large sets of college rooms, having left their boy and girl at home at Red Scaurs, under the somewhat indulgent reign of grandmamma, Lady Susan Cawthorne. Sometimes May 'wanted' them; sometimes she said what a relief it was to get rid of them and the housekeeping, and have nothing to do but tease Charles. She had quite skill enough to be of considerable use to him in his work, and he had always had a way of talking all things over with her; so that the teasing process aforesaid was useful enough to him at times. It may be said that he generally did as she told him; and they had both taken the invitation of the Governing Body of S. Vitus's to paint their chapel as a kind of call to paint subjects which Charles had scrupled at before. He did not like mixed motive; and doing what is called 'sacred' work with a view to glory, if not money, had grated on his taste or conscience, and stood in his way. But now there was no more money offered him than fairly paid for his time, and a college chapel cannot be considered a great advertising medium, though it fulfilled his particular fancy for having his pictures looked at again and again, attentively or inattentively, so as to become part

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of the life of a few people. So that May's great wish for him came about quite naturally.

He had been hard at work on full-size cartoons for mosaic and fresco; the walls were dry enough to admit of their being set in their places; the authorities and a certain number of friends had come, seen, and approved. The apse and chancel were to be done in mosaic, the rest of the church in dry-fresco of faint hues and broad masses, not in monochrome, but with colour subordinate to the richer tessellation. The pavement again was to be 'opus Alexandrinum;' all black, red, and white, with half-symbolisms of doves and peacocks, drinking birds, palms and olives. All the forms were rather severe, but in correct outline, and maintained that character of the primitive or classical-Christian age, which all practical workers will find highly suitable to the strong Roman element of Norman or Early English architecture. His kindly little jury were mostly gone, and the desert of Oxford was left to its peace; but two or three remained to enjoy a week or so of deep summer in the ancient gardens and cool thick-walled college rooms, whose owners were, as usual, dispersed to the ends of the earth. The Herons were come home from their wedding tour, and threatened a descent on old haunts; Highcliffe, the great Fellow of S. Homonovus's, and editor of the *Oxford Quarterly*, was writing history in his rooms, and had got, as he said, 'embedded' in his survey of arts beyond extrication, unless Cawthorne would help him. So he sat with Charles for hours, in studio and on platform, picked his willing brains, and gave him ideas and wrinkles enough in return. Also May and the Provost had had committed to their joint chaperonage at the Lodge a certain Miss Creyke, of Creykerne, a Northern beauty, who had developed a great taste for painting, gained sundry prizes she did not want, and begun to study under Charles; she had sprung eagerly at the distinction of helping in his backgrounds. Highcliffe and she had met at Kirk-Otterscope, Hugh Heron's Yorkshire place, and it was now and then surmised that the formidable Countess of Wharfedale, the Provost's daughter, was at her old tricks again, with May aiding and abetting as usual. There seemed little or no symptoms, however, of further *rapprochement* between the parties immediately concerned, beyond their present footing of easy acquaintance and half-friendship, which was now an affair of months, or even years.

Between history and archæology with Highcliffe, painting and design with Carry Creyke, governing body, architect, and general criticism, Charles got into a state of fatigue and collapse. He had gallops on Port Meadow in the early morning, rowed the ladies about of evenings, and took all the exercise he could; but he was very anxious indeed about his work; he said his life seemed slipping from him, with nothing done. He generally went into despondency before dinner; reaction set in with his soup, and his spirits commonly recovered their tone about the period of cheese and college proof ale, a

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diurnal ration of which liquid was allowed him by the authorities, as to a person temporarily attached to the Foundation. They all met at dinner at the Provost's, or had Hall or Common-room banquets in a modest way. They all talked art with all their might except just at dinner; after which they never sat long, as in that glorious summer weather the Provost's garden was pleasanter than any room. But there coffee and conversation, not altogether untainted by suspicion of cigarettes, went on till one can't tell how late.

It fell out that Charles was particularly inclined to mope and growl one evening. Some fresco colours had failed to stand lime; he had had a furious No-Popery letter, and his wife and the Provost thought it was time to begin to administer tonics, or rather, after the fashion of Oxford, counter-irritants, by questioning the use of Art altogether. So May went at him as follows:—

May. I think this is the third time you have observed that all is vanity, my dear Chawls. Of course you don't mean me; but art, and your hitherto misspent life, generally speaking.

Charles. Do include yourself in the results of my misspent time and trouble—and the children.

Provost. Now be good to May, sir; and May, we don't allow curtain lectures in college. But, Charley, you must believe in yourself and your work a little more; the religious and irreligious world are both turning against you; and what's more, they are at us too.

Charles. I mean to paint on; ask Highcliffe if I don't.

Highcliffe. Well, but the Provost is under suspicion for giving you walls to paint on, by the Protestant world; and all the scientific race are girding at him, for not spending the money in dissecting-rooms and chemicals.

Charles. Why, Cliffe, *you* ought to say something. My business is to paint, not to talk about it. I don't mean to argue my own *raison d'être*. Perhaps I'm not too sure I have one. What a set of Job's comforters you are—wife and all. Only the faithful Caroline——

May and Caroline. Now we won't stand any nonsense. You've had ever such a dinner, and ought to rest and be thankful, and mind your Provost.

Charles. Do tell me what's what at once, Provost; and let not the Heavens hear these tell-tale women rail on the——

May and Caroline. Fiddle.

Provost (judicially). I do want you, or Highcliffe as spokesman, to magnify your office a little. It seems to me that the whole cause or case of art, as an important thing of the spirit, or as a worthy intellectual occupation, has to be set forth again. It was meant for great thoughts, and ideas, and aspirations, and expressions of things, in fact, unspeakable; and it has all come down together, poetry and painting. Colourless costume, and ballades in blue china, that's about the whole result worth mentioning, and excluding things not fit to mention. You

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must speak for yourselves, or the whole generation will go by you. Forty years ago, when Ruskin began to write on art, we thought of high things, and purity, and rejoicing in the works of God's hands; and now we've come to rejoicing in crockery, and Japan screens, and twiddling rhymes.

Charles. Well, that's somebody's fault; but whose? Is it your world's—the religious, and theological, and respectable? or Highcliffe's and mine? I don't mean that you really included us in the irreligious world just now; but both our tastes are considered secular and freethinking.

Highcliffe. These things are everybody's fault, you know. It's demand and supply, after all. The religious world thinks (wrongly, I say) that it can do as well without art as with; the other side can do best with the lower end of art. Neither want pictures as a thing of the soul or spirit. And, emphatically, the unspiritual side of art is not good. But please, Mr. Provost, go on. You know you had not done.

Provost. Now can't you make head, between you, against the—well, the severe side of religion, and the—well, the dogmatic side of irreligion? Both of them denounce art and culture and everything else now. There are colleges started to bring boys up on nothing but mathematics and sciences.

Highcliffe. Lop-sided lot, I should say, the results will be.

Provost. I hope they won't make new discoveries in morals, as well as physics. But Professor Storks allows French and German to prevent 'lop-sidedness'—which is his word, by the way.

Charles. It will hardly do that, if the young physicists only read French and German about physics; and what else will there be to interest them?

May. But they are to learn drawing, and all that.

Charles. Utilitarian drawing; freehand, shading, perspective, and geometry; either for lecturing's sake, as a convenient language of expressive symbols, or with a view to carpet and wall-paper designs. That's for a help to the artizan, not a fine art, and they don't know they can't have original patterns without fine art.

May. I'm sorry to hear the words 'culture' and 'fine' already, because I'm sure somebody will have to try to tell us what they really mean; and Carry and I were agreeing how we detested them both.

Caroline. I think 'fine' is the worst. Somehow they seem to me like *fallen* words, that meant good things once. But, Mr. Provost——

Provost. We are not badly off the rails yet, my dear. I was meandering up towards the assertion that art and culture are on our religious, or theological, or orthodox side, as they were in the days of Pheidias and of Sandro Botticelli. Yes, Charles, I know Savonarola burnt some pictures in the bonfires of vanity; and so would you have

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done; so you said they ought to do with some things in the Uffizii now.

Charles. And with others much nearer home. But do go on, Provost; you are in accordance with Scripture, I hope, and very full of comfort at all events. I'll tell you afterwards about the letters I've got, and the No-Popery tracts, and idols portrayed on the wall, and inquiries how many souls I expect to save, or the contrary, by anti-Christian dilettantism; and how far will perspective avail me in the day of final account? It really is formidable, you know. Opinion is opinion: these people say I do them harm: they're not very wise, but they *are* people—they are—Christian donkies, I mean: and it's unpleasant working to their scandal. Can you really make anything of their reasons, Provost?

Provost. I think what Cliffe and I have been talking of would reply well to them. That's what I was coming to when we went off the scent at—where, my dear Caroline?

Caroline. I should say at Savonarola and the Bonfires of Vanity.

Charles. Well done, good young lady! *she* has it. Forra'd, Provost.

Provost. Highcliffe, you go on for me. I don't like lecturing so much, and you're young and secular.

Highcliffe. What we came to before was this—that not only sacred art was naturally connected with, and good for teaching, Theology of Revealed Religion; but that naturalist Art, even to pure transcript of natural Beauty, was a part of the evidence and testimony of Natural Religion or Theism.

May and Caroline. O prove that for us!

Highcliffe. We came to this, *viâ* Mozley's 'Sermon on Nature,' and it struck me what masses of illustration there are to that, in very perfect language (and all based on personal observation, so as to be in a real sense scientific), in *Modern Painters:* enough to make a very strong case to anybody who will fairly consider the data. Then it struck me that many instances in *Modern Painters*, Vol. IV., where beauty is shown to result from physical contrivances for men's welfare, further connected the Theistic argument from Beauty with Paley's Theistic argument from Contrivance. And that connection I found dwelt on in Sir Edmund Beckett's small book. Paley's argument will hold water perfectly well; he's only wrong in his natural history now and then. There's a new edition, all posted up to present discoveries, and they make no difference whatever in the fact that nature and the earth have been prepared with purpose for the children of men; for their life and for their admiration.

May. And have you written us anything about that?

Highcliffe. We are at it now, and I think it ought to comfort your heart to contribute to the body of testimony which natural beauty really affords. Write that down in symbol, and he may run who reads. The sermon-argument is that God made all things beautiful in appeal

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to man, as a Reason to a reason. The picture-argument is that man sees the signs of such making, with his reason as well as his eyes, and to the delight of both. Art expresses that delight primarily. The Provost's writing us a paper about it all; or it may run to a number of them. But just now, till it's ready, I vote we analyse Charley and his troubles. *Modern Painters* is too big a book to have on the table with claret and coffee: we might have an afternoon over it in the shade here.

Charles. I can't spare a whole one now. But tell me—why is science against culture, and religion against both, and all of them against my 'picters' in S. Vitus's Chapel? Nobody says they aren't good work; and I get praise enough for *Lethe*, and the *Last Faun*, and the *Nympholept*, and all the half-heathen things.

Provost. We've fallen on a half-heathen world.

Charles. That may be; but I thought the Christian part of it would like me better.

Provost. Well, you know, Art is claimed on both sides, and suspected on both sides, and when one side gets a hold on her, the other says she is worth nothing. It is just the same with culture, of which she forms a part. *We* used to say all true culture depended on religion, because that aimed highest for man, and gave him something to grow to. Now they've cut it off from that stem, and call for French sweetness and light; as if out of Heine had come sweetness, and Sainte-Beuve had first said, 'Let there be intellectual light.'

May and Caroline. We are in for culture now; do tell us what it is.

Highcliffe. Culture means ploughing and sowing, and making to grow that which ought to grow, just as edification means building up. Only people are not quite agreed as to what ought to grow, or be built.

May. That's what the *word* means; but somehow the word is not a nice one. Will you go on about the *thing*? Do you really like it or not? It seems to me—really—the best part of culture is mere charity, and good manners, and reticence.

Highcliffe. Quite so; and I quite agree that the sweetness, or moral part of it, is in fact Christian, here, among Christian people. But there is another part called light, or clearness, or the being accurately right as to facts; and first of all, exactly knowing what you know, and what you mean. That was the way in ancient Athens, and that is the real reason why they talk about Hellenic culture. It was not popular there because it enforced self-examination, because its professors were always saying τί λέγεις σύ;—what do you really mean?—do you understand what you are saying? That offended people sadly in those days.

May. Well, I hope we're not to have Athens over again. I've heard—it's in Mr. Mahaffy—that people's wives were not allowed any culture there; but were shut up indoors without any books. They say men only allowed education to—single persons.

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Charles: Well, you have it all your own way now; and, do you know I think you have rather too many books. Of course, I don't mean you or Carry; but the skimming so much print has produced a sort of general inattention, and haste to be clever, or to talk clever. People don't read at all; or don't take time to mark and learn.

Highcliffe. Perhaps ladies are worst that way; but men are very bad, in not reading books through, and never really perusing a good picture.

May. I'm afraid Charles and I have galloped over some of the French galleries. But you know many books and pictures are about worth a glance; such a look, I mean, as gives one a chance of remembering when one is reminded. Conversation is necessary to us, and one is forced to run over things, if it's only to know what others are perhaps really interested in.

Caroline. And I think one does gain a certain quickness—and do you know, one's first impressions are always worth something. You don't mean, read every word or not at all?

Charles. Well, that depends. You are one of us, and can see at a glance whether a picture is composed anyhow; and if the man's a colourist; and any great mistake. But one must read through *Paradise Lost.*

Carry. Now, good my master, *have you?*

Charles. Yes, I've read it *all*—never consecutively through, but all—and much over and over again. That's one thing, that the habit of reading books worth reading till one knows them is gone out.

May. Knowing a book—that's an Oxford expression. What is it really to know a book, Mr. Highcliffe?

Highcliffe. That's as may be. Horace or the Georgics by heart, so that you can construe to a pupil without the book. Tragedians one needn't be able to say right off; but one should know where every line is in a play. One must know Butler's *Analogy*—well, where every linked idea fits; one ought to know where every line of Shakspere is. Tennyson and the singers one remembers by the rhymes. Aristotle, like Butler. Plato one reads and reads: the Bible one never knows.

Provost. I'm afraid inattention's beyond cure. I see Professor Seeley says it is just as bad in schools as anywhere else. Boys come from school literally unable to read a book, because they have not been taught even to ask themselves the meaning of words.

Charles. And men—why one's bad enough, oneself—one's always skimming books for hints and epigrams and catchwords, and reading in one's own notions between the lines. As for pictures, all agree they're only for pleasure, just like puddings.

Highcliffe. I think Mrs. Cawthorne's right in saying—no doubt with a view to the exaltation of her own sex—that many important results of intellectual culture come from a moral source. I've thought lately

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that she and Miss Creyke are often good critics, quite subtle judges of meaning, because they're tender-hearted—charitable—sympathetic—some word of that kind.

Caroline was a silent shy person on the whole; but she yielded to her feelings about this time, so far as to dart a sprig of jasmine, which happened to be between her fingers, with some precision at the speaker. It went first into his eye, and then into his coffee, and caused some slight confusion (particularly to the aggressor, who, of course, shuddered at what she had done as soon as the deed was irrevocable). But Charles went back to his old complaint that culture did not seem to make people care for things—not for great things; and what was most exasperating was that they all pretended to care for them.

Provost. Well, pretence or humbug is the real evil, as in most things. I'm afraid that cram education, cheap knowledge without trouble, review-reading instead of book-reading, have reached a really vicious extreme. It cannot be right to go about exchanging sham knowledge as if it was genuine. It's an act of deceit to pretend to have read a book when you have only seen a point or two of it—as bad as wearing sham ornaments. I don't mean that there is any harm in running through a book for conversation's sake; that may be a kind of duty to society. But it's not a good habit; and assuming enthusiasm about books one has hardly read is very affected and wrong. One ought not even to feel generously without reason.

Charles. But then—I think—one often does read enough of an author to like him sincerely—and then—yes, I see—one is apt to mistake appreciating *him* for knowing his subject. Dear, how we used to talk about painting at school, out of Ruskin, before one of us had read one volume of him through, or learnt to draw a good line.

Highcliffe. Just the same in our time here, about poets. One reading of *Œnone* and the *Lotus Eaters*, and perhaps *Locksley Hall*, made a Tennysonian. And that persuasion vexed the Browningites, and the Browningites oppressed the Wordsworthians, till the Swinburnian hordes, or Kaffir invasion, carried the whole lot away into darkness. But we did admire sincerely;—we didn't mean to be humbugs—perhaps hardly any of us.

Provost. Not at first, I know; but crudity and rushing at conclusions involved you in confusion of thought. A little knowledge here is a dangerous thing, because it may commit you to party. Then you have to follow your party's ways, and lose singleness, and learn to say what you don't mean. People take sides prematurely from personal admirations, and so on: and think they are committed, and lose their free judgment and conscience together. Parties in literature alone are bad enough, for young people.

Charles. But one's always young about pictures and verses. A man's taste for poetry really means his admiration of somebody whose

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verse appealed to him in his youth. And when you're old—why, you go back to that man, because he was part of your youth.

Provost. I'm old—and you're a scamp; but you agree about social skim-literature not being the real dairy; a kind of imposture, and bad for real knowledge or culture. It's harmless by way of persiflage, but wrong in as far as it makes people affect knowledge; or enthusiasm, which they have no right to without knowledge.

Highcliffe. But what's that to do with Dionysus? I mean with Charles's pictures?

Provost. Why, sham thought and feeling make able people cynical and incredulous about genuine thought and feeling. A crowd of silly people talking the same remarks, not their own, can't attend to a person with a real idea, even if he quite knows and believes what he says.

Charles. I don't think art can be done in a crowd. That seems to me a curious difference between Art and Religion in practice, though they have so much in common. A large congregation say the Creed together, and there is a feeling of unity and mutual support in it, I'm sure; but a roomful of painters and critics, talking about Beauty, only irritate each other. They seem to trample their subject down, like a lot of sheep folded on a piece of clover. It was nice, and they make it nasty.

May. I'm afraid it must be so whenever culture is talked of in society. One has not time to think; it is crowded, and hurried, and insincere, from pure flutter. Perhaps you wouldn't like it, Charley, if religious art was the fashion, like religion itself at Court in the Louis Quatorze days.

Charles. When "the Marshals of France were much in prayer"? What a description that is of Macaulay's. No, I don't care much for the fashion; people are often sensible enough when they get out of the crowd. I'd as soon have *that* against me. But I don't like making these good people set religion against us.

Provost. That can't be helped. It has been so since the Renaissance, and still more since the later Reformation. Hand me up *Modern Painters* * and *Stones of Venice.*† What is said there comes to this, and it's historically true, Charles, and we must all put up with it. There is an indictment against Art. She was bribed in the Renaissance by influence, pleasure, patronage, money, the world, the flesh, and the devil. Painters were tired of the old Gothic-Christian ideals, and were only too willing to fall away from sacred subject to classical. Their science and their pleasure alike went after mythology instead of sainthood. They could not keep up with their art unless they studied the figure, from nymphs and Apollos and Apollinos, and from nature too. The Reformed life of devotion liked that no better than Angelico would have liked it. Artists' minds got thoroughly filled with pagan ideas and ideals, and all Christian people were trying back for the

* III. pp. 51—60. † III. pp. 100—108.

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life of the Faith, and new hopes, and purity, and discipline; and the Titianesque gods and goddesses seemed against it all. It isn't that Titian was a heathen, or a persecutor, or a bad man at all; but like so many of the painters, he stood aside, and kept out of vital questions, which didn't affect Venice so much as the rest of Italy; altogether his works weren't on the side of the new discipline of Christian life. And all the great people he served were directly against the new teaching of Christian faith. With Rafael it was worse still. Dürer and Holbein were very different in the German air.

Highcliffe took Charles's hand, and kicked his shins, after his fashion when he meant to be amiable. Then he said, 'I think you'll see, if sacred art is worth anything, it's worth being bullied about a little. But the pictures themselves will satisfy these people quite well when they see them; you've only to get them done. How satisfied all Oxford Protestantism was, and is, and will be, with the Keble mosaics. Any historical painting from Scripture will do for them, and do them good. It's another kind of Protestantism that is really against you—one that doth protest too much, for me or any of us. The regular *denying* men begin to see that art and poetry and culture are both things of the soul, and inseparable from religion, and they've begun to throw them all over together.'

May. But we won't talk about them now. The Renaissance was of Greek art and literature a great deal, wasn't it? It seems as if Carry and I should want you to tell us about Athens and Hellenism, and the Parthenon, and all that.

Highcliffe. Not just now, my dear Mrs. Cawthorne. First let's ease your husband off about his Puritan critics; then let's show him how he is taking part in the great Theistic argument—Christian, in fact. Then we'll consider if the old Greeks, Pheidias and Pericles at least, were not in the same story too, according to their lights.

Charles. All to-night? I can realise the possibility of our all contracting extensive colds in the head before Athenian orthodoxy is demonstrated.

May (*sleepily*). I've always thought moonlight garden conversations —rather gone off—since I was married; but that won't apply to—others.

Provost. You are not to have it all to-night. The Herons will be here soon, and my daughter, and I should like a full symposium over some of this stuff. But I must say, as against our Protestant critics, that the whole question of Church decoration by pictures and mosaic is settled and granted on our side in the Church of England. It should not be raised again on general grounds, when the Primitive Church did in fact allow pictures, mosaic, and relief-sculptures, considered as pictures. That is quite certain, and people ought to own it. It has always gone against the Church in England, that people want to have their way with her by dint of sheer ignorance; and can't.

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Then, in our own time, we've always had pictures in windows, and why not on walls? What's the difference between transparent glass in mullions and tessellated glass inlaid?

Charles. I believe there's an unexpressed feeling that windows are so easily smashed as hardly to be worth protesting against.

May. Wall paintings are earlier than windows I know, but about how much?

Provost. Six or seven centuries before *figured* windows with regular pictures of subjects in them; but mere coloured glass is much earlier,—as early as Prudentius, who I suppose died not very far from the death of Stilicho, in 413. He must have seen the end of the first cycle of catacomb painting in Rome in 410, when so many things were wound up. I think the Church had been so used to wall paintings by that time, that the architects never thought of anything more than colour or transparent mosaic patterns in the windows.

May. I think Charles only takes gloomy views when he's tired out. Let's go to Nuneham to-morrow.

Charles. I don't mind. But still, as my friend here says, painting profits not in the Day of Wrath.

Provost. Nor prayer either. 'Riches' is the original word, and I dare say he does not think money an unmitigated evil. One may say that all three are good for human life and its needs, and end with it.

Highcliffe. I wish people would not realise the Day of Wrath so entirely to suit their own wrath—and it would be such a thing if they would remember that, on that occasion at least, they will have to mind their own business.

Provost. But you must not try to *demonstrate* that painting is good. The Puritan prejudice against it stands on facts—that it has been turned to Roman purposes; that it has been rather vicious, and may be both again. But that is equally true of wine, women, and washing:—

> 'Balnea, vina, Venus corrumpunt corda virorum;
> Sed quid, si deerunt balnea, vina, Venus?'

May. I hope Carry and I mayn't find it necessary to scream, Provost. Luckily we can't construe that quotation.

Provost. It's all right. Somewhere in Martial—all *mots* are in Martial. But it's quite true, May. You can prove no more of painting than of man. It should be very good, but it is under corruption, and to be dealt with, like other good things, under strict inward rule. But Church painting is almost as old as the Church, and we must not let Rome or Cromwell warn us off it.

Charles. It remains that nobody cares about it. I can't help it, and I'm afraid I must own that all is vanity for the fourth time, and that my own vanity is involved in all these repinings. Somehow one does like to be thought of. It is so difficult to believe in oneself under atmospheric pressure of indifference. It's more than pressure, it takes

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the life out of one. It's like sleeping a night on wet ground. You have the great globe itself against your little breath of caloric; it is dead and cold, and draws you to itself in the same condition. And then one is promised eternal caloric on the other hand.

Highcliffe. Well, if that's all, we are all more or less anathematised by all sections of the human race—Christians as well as others. But now I tell you what—I sometimes think our civilization's bad enough; but I doubt if you are much worse off than Pheidias in Athens.

Charles. I don't know what's to be said for us; there's a good deal of force, and people can make money, and would perhaps fight for it. But they don't know how to spend it; it all goes in luxury, or else in gambling, which is the only resource of mindless luxury. All our industry and all our sports run to nothing but gross eating and drinking, and rooms and dress in all tastes at once. It's neither Athenian nor Byzantine; it's the late Imperial stage; like Rome under Antoninus, gorgeous and distressed, rather diseased and very dull—with an uneasy public consciousness that Faustina is rather fast.

May. I don't know if that has a hidden meaning; but it's time for Caroline and myself to go to bed. You won't be very late, Charles?

[*Exeunt ladies.*

Provost. Come into the library one minute. I've got Mahaffy and Grote, and Lloyd's *Age of Pericles*, and all the older books. My lamp's lit always. Now hear what Highcliffe says. You are not much worse off as to your public than Pheidias. You've never been imprisoned or poisoned, as he was. And I should say with you, that the Romans cared as much, and no more, for art than we do; but also that the Greeks cared no more, for their own artists and their works—they took it all as a matter of course.

Highcliffe. If there ever was a period of national passion for art, shared by a whole people, it was that of the earlier Pisan or Florentine Renaissance. I hardly think it was quite national then or there, down to the people. But I must grant to the Provost, that that time and the Pheidian time were times of the closest known contact between Art and Religion. But one civilization's enough for one evening. Go on, Provost, and tell him about Athens.

Provost. They never had amateur artists in Athens; they never had a gentleman workman like you. It was all in the hands of a caste, not highly regarded in the social scale. Plato cuts artists off from poetry and thought, and exiles poets bodily. He takes the same line as our Puritans. Thucydides, who saw the Parthenon built, never says a word about it, and only mentions the great Agalma because the gold on it might be taken to pay the naval estimates. Pericles was the only man who really cared for Pheidias; Pheidias was done to death, and his patron was not only hated in politics, but voted a bore in society.*

* See Mahaffy, *Social Life in Greece*, p. 434.

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Charles. Well, I never: I'll look at the books some day, but now I do not mind taking your word that there was a Philistine indifference to great art in its greatest time.

Provost. Nobody wasted a thought or a word on it, in society which talked literature all day; looked at it pretty much like Macaulay I suppose.

Charles. But Provost and Cliffe—it seems out of the way, but was there any religious objection to it then? I know there was no science to run it down, and it was part of technical education—and I've heard how much it had to do with Greek nature-worship and the higher Pantheism. But do you know of any narrow, hard and sharp, quasi-religious party then, that was against Pheidian art in its best days?

Provost. Well, first, all the level Olympian orthodoxy of Athens was against *him* as a friend of Anaxagoras, or one of his set, you know. He did probably believe in Zeus and Athene in his own monotheistic sense. I think Zeller makes out that. But if he had been thought a distinguished servant of theirs, he would not have been imprisoned for Asebeia. Then there was a great fetichistic or magical interest—the Eumolpidæ or hereditary priesthoods, who had queer old images of their own, and secret rites, and minor mysteries—who said they knew the backstairs of Olympus. Of course they did not appreciate the great Chryselephantine Ideal, of a God just and wise, who could not be come over, or incantated, or got anyhow on the wrong side. There certainly was a superstitious objection to Pheidian art in its own day, and the worse because related to imposture. And there is a religious nervousness and scruple about it still, because of its use on the Roman Catholic side; and I can't say it is absolutely unreasonable; at least it is accountable.

Charles. But as to moral objections to its real or supposed licence?

Highcliffe. Pheidian art was much stricter than the standard of Pheidian life. And when it degraded with Praxiteles, life was growing much more immoral along with it; it never was much troubled about morality. But you may think you would not be much more thought of as a successful painter in old Athens than in modern London. You're not worse off than Pheidias as a national artist; and a court-painter like Apelles you don't want to be. So on you go again, I hope.

Charles. All right; but now, Provost, finally and to conclude. What are you and your Fellows really looking for *at best*, in having me to paint these things? Do you really look beyond decoration, and having the place as it ought to be?

Provost (after a pause). Yes, I think—yes; we do look individually for a certain edification. You have done your best, and put your thought and life into these subjects, and they are your sermon to us: the speech of a Christian mind. That is something, but it is quite enough motive for us or you, that 'having the place as it ought to be,'

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making glorious the chamber of special Presence—symbolically, of course, but with the best things we can get. If your brains and hand-work are not the best of all, they are, in fact, the best at present accessible. And you must stand to it with us now, in this pictorial or illustrated age. Its illustration is done in a rather mindless or mechanical way. The demand for coarse unmeaning showy things is terrible. Photograph, chromograph, lithograph, *omne quod exit in* graph—we want a certain originality or personality in our Church work. Get it or not, we do want it. I think you work pretty much as the genuine old scribe-painters did their Bibles or Evangeliaries. I hope you'll make S. Vitus's a book-temple. And the illuminated books were either service-books, or were done for the great only; they weren't for the people. Now for at least half the day all the decent world may come in to see your work. I don't say there will be many, or very devout; but the work is there for the people, higher and more popular than the best calligraphist's. It *may* be scampered over, and carelessly looked at—that's the careless people's fault; but when it is given a chance, it does impress ideas as nothing else does. It will not do for us to be behind, or omit this means of teaching, which all others use.

Charles. Well now, once more against myself. Doesn't all this make young people wonder, and forget the service? I'm sure ceremonial and furniture tell against it sometimes—people won't mind their Prayer-books. May said the other day she was so vexed with herself for thinking about the flowers, and how bad the contrasts of colour were, all through the Lessons.

Highcliffe. Might it not be better, in some places where their views are rather Protestant, to have no symbolisms at all but the great symbolisms—the font, and altar, and vessels? It might be all as rich as you please, marble and serpentine *ad libitum*, and no end of flower-carving.

Provost. Cawthorne's brains and fingers are, in fact, cheaper to us than marble and serpentine; and a church with nothing but flower-carvings would not do; look at the nave of S. Paul's with Grinling Gibbons's wreaths all over it. All the great French and Venetian tree and flower work is associated with figure sculpture. After all, people need not look at the pictures during service; they are there for meditation when service is done. And they are precious while thought is precious; they show that man's imagination pleads with him for the world of spirit, and speaks some words for God when arguing has done its best and worst. Half-past eleven—what will May say?—*Claudite jam rivos, pueri;* let's all go to bed, and breakfast in Hall by way of change and cool retreat to-morrow.

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CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CLXXIII.

THE RAID OF RUTHVEN.

1579—1583.

It must have been no small delight to the young King James of Scotland when his cousin Esmé Stewart arrived in Scotland. He was the son of John Stewart, brother of James's grandfather, the Earl of Lennox, and had been bred up in France, where he held the lordship of Aubigny. Graceful, lively, and winning, he soon gained the heart of the boy of fourteen, who had been continually brow-beaten and threatened; and he brought two companions with him—Montherneau, a Frenchman by birth, and Henry Kerr, another Frenchified Scot.

The King would not stir without D'Aubigny, and insisted on his having apartments in Holyrood when he moved thither for his Parliament. The citizens of Edinburgh had arranged a wonderful pageant, in which Dame Music led the four cardinal virtues, a little child came out of a silver globe with the keys of the city, Religion led the King to the High Church, and Bacchus presided over fountains running with wine.

There was, however, great distrust and discontent, especially when James presented his cousin with the earldom of Lennox, which of course had devolved on himself by the death of his grandfather, raising the title to the ducal dignity. The new Duke was known to have been intimate with the Duke of Guise, and it was strongly suspected that he was come to talk James over to his mother's cause; nor were the suspicions lessened by his sudden conversion from Romanism by the arguments of the young King. Indeed, this change was thought to be only a stroke of policy. Elizabeth and her Court were much alarmed, and set spies on the alert, offering bribes to James's various instructors; bribes accepted by Buchanan, but refused by Peter Young.

It was strongly suspected that Lennox intended to carry the young King off to France, and that James was far from unwilling to exchange his dull life for the Court which had proved so fascinating to his grandfather, James V. He actually did open a correspondence with his mother, and Elizabeth and her ministers feared that Scotland would slip from their grasp. throw itself into the hands of Guise, and demand Mary's liberation in the name of her son! What brilliant hopes must not have arisen before the captive!

Walsingham's hope was in the opposition of the Scots themselves.

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The grim old Earl of Morton naturally abhorred the stranger, and Sir Robert Bowes was sent to deal with him, so that a counter-plot was soon on foot by which Morton and his friends were to make away with Lennox, like Rizzio before him, and carry James to England. However, Elizabeth would not sanction this murder, and knew that to steal the King would throw Scotland into the arms of France. So she recalled Bowes, bidding him first administer a good scolding to the young King for his ingratitude, and to tell him that he would soon learn what it was to prefer a Duke of Lennox to a Queen of England!

Lennox had, however, made up his mind. Morton must fall or he must. He secured the co-operation of another Stewart, James, the second son of Lord Ochiltree, a man who had served in various armies half over the world, and was now a captain in the royal guard. Moreover, that double-dyed traitor, Sir James Balfour, who had been the actual agent in Darnley's murder, and had since betrayed Kirkaldy's brother, was available as a witness. Henry of Darnley had been a Stewart, his son was now come to years of discretion, and it was the Stewarts' business to avenge him. Morton was warned, but the proud old Douglas nature scorned to flee, and he took his seat as usual at the council table, with the King at its head.

There was a knock at the door. James Stewart was admitted, and fell on his knees before the King. When bidden to speak, he declared that he was come to declare a crime too long kept secret, and forthwith accused Morton to his face as the murderer of the King's father. Morton rose indignantly, declared that he had punished all the murderers, and that the accuser was too mean for his attention, and that it was for the King to punish those who had set him on.

Stewart swore that no one had suborned him, and asked Morton what he had done with his cousin, Archibald Douglas, who was well known to have been one of the conspirators, but to be now in high position.

Morton drew his sword, Stewart sprang to his feet. Two other lords separated them, and the Earl was imprisoned. Elizabeth was at first angered, and sent Randolph to threaten James, and to raise a party in Scotland to release the Earl; but Morton's iron rule and grasping avarice had made him so much hated that no one was willing to raise a hand to save him, and the English envoys perceived that Elizabeth's interference would only make matters worse, and after five months in prison the Earl was brought to trial.

James Stewart had been made Earl of Arran on the death of the imbecile head of the ruined Hamiltons. There was an old prediction that Morton should fall by Arran, and when he heard the title read out at the head of the accusation, the Earl exclaimed, 'Then all is over! I know what to look for!'

A jury of sixteen peers were empannelled, and before them he was

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indicted for the murder of 'our sovereign lord's dearest father,' with 'William Taillen, and Andrew M'Aige, his cubiculars,' also that they 'brint his haill lodging, and raisit the same in the air by force of gunpowder.' The evidence has not been recorded; but Morton owned that he had been aware of the purpose of the murderers, and on this he was convicted of being 'art and part' in the murder. 'Art and part!' he cried, striking his staff on the ground, 'God knoweth the contrary,' No doubt he meant that though consenting to the murder, he had no share in the actual contrivance.

He was sentenced to death, and was visited in prison by sundry ministers who were satisfied with his penitence, although it seems to us to go a very little way. 'The slaughter of Davie,' as he called the murder of Rizzio, perhaps seemed to them as meritorious as it did to him, and they, as well as he, were persuaded that he was in a state of grace. He was led to the scaffold, and there lay prostrate, sobbing, and his body heaving, while a minister prayed for him; but this was imputed to piety, and when he rose his face and voice were firm. He died by the maiden, a guillotine of his own invention, and with him fell the last glories of the fierce old house of Douglas.

Burleigh and Walsingham were hotly angry, and vowed that Queen Mary's head should pay for Morton's; but Elizabeth still withheld her consent. Still it was an unfortunate moment for poor Mary, who was crippled with rheumatism, and whose hair had turned grey at thirty-seven, to write to beg for a coach to take the air in, and for the society of her faithful friends, Lord Seyton and Lady Lethington. Castelnau, the French ambassador, backed her application with all his might; but if the Scottish were no longer adverse to her, and if her son were in communication with the Guises, who should say what might be the consequence? And thus the indulgence was denied. At the same time, Elizabeth's naturally avaricious disposition, made her foolishly affront James by her unwillingness to yield up to him the English estates of his grandparents. The French influence began to tell more on him. A priest was brought to his Court to teach him Italian, as it was said. Lennox and Arran were his favourites, and he was in correspondence with Guise on the one hand, and on the other with Queen Mary, through her faithful George Douglas of Lochleven; and one Crichton, a Scottish Jesuit, who communicated with Father Parsons, an English one.

James was fifteen years old, and he seems to have been considering of acting a manly part, and demanding justice and freedom for his mother; and on her side, she made up her mind, on the advice of her brother-in-law, Henry III., to acknowledge her son as King on condition that she should be associated with him on the throne. The proposal was actually made to Elizabeth, but was not answered. Indeed, the perception that she was in communication with Scotland, France, and Spain, was so alarming, that Walsingham sent his brother-

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in-law, Beale, to Sheffield Castle to discover what he could about the means by which she heard. He could learn nothing, but he was convinced that she was suffering much, and obtained for her the use of a carriage.

Meantime, conspirators were meeting at Rheims, with the Duke of Guise at their head, arranging for an invasion of England, and for Mary's being demanded by the Scots to reign jointly with her son. Her consent was given, and La Mothe Fénélon, formerly the French ambassador in England, was sent to Scotland, much to James's gratification, since he had never before been acknowledged by the French.

Alarm made the English far more severe on the Roman Catholics. Two Jesuits, Robert Parsons and Edmund Campian, both well-born gentlemen, the latter highly distinguished at Oxford, had ventured themselves in England to keep up the spirit of the gentry who still clung to the Roman Catholic Church. Their presence had been suspected, and the Parliament of 1581 imposed the penalty of high treason on those who should pronounce absolution, or withdraw others from the established religion. A year's imprisonment, and a heavy fine, was the penalty of hearing mass, and 20*l.* per month for absence from church. These enactments proceeded from terror at sight of what the Roman Catholic Church was doing abroad, and at her known promotion of the cause of Mary.

Parsons and Campian were great in controversy. While passing through Paris, they sought out Theodore Beza, and had an argument with him. They afterwards wrote a letter challenging him to a public discussion, but he never received it. Campian was most devout and earnest, caring little for politics, but only for the strengthening the faith of his disciples, and his influence had a great effect upon the young men of the Roman Catholic families; but Parsons appears to have been an absolute conspirator on behalf of Mary of Scotland.

Each had written a letter explaining to the full their reasons for thus coming to England, and had entrusted them to friends, with directions only to publish them, in case of their apprehension and imprisonment. These fell into the hands of a gentleman named Pound, who was so delighted with them, that his zeal, out-running his prudence, he published them as a letter to the council. This was a challenge, and there was an immediate search until Campian was hunted down in Berkshire, in the house of a lady whose husband was in prison on account of his religion. With six more seminary priests he was taken to the Tower, where, contrary to the law of England, they were tortured; but none of them showed any sign of acquaintance with the intrigue of Parsons. Campian, having said in a letter that 'he had discovered no secrets, and never would, "come rack, come rope,"' was tortured twice again until he was thought to be dead. There was absolute evidence, in the hands of Burleigh and Walsing-

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ham, that Parsons was conducting a correspondence with Mary, promising that Guise and Philip should send forces to invade England and set her free. Parsons escaped from England, but his companions were left to bear the penalty. There was no evidence of actual conspiracy on their part, but their exercise of their functions as priests was treason, and they were tried in November, 1581. The only evidence against Campian was a man who swore to having heard a sermon from him in Berkshire, lamenting the prevalence of heresy, and hoping it would soon be overthrown. 'O Judas! Judas!' exclaimed the prisoner, 'I thought only of the day when God should be pleased to make a restoration of the faith!' Campian's arm had been dislocated on the rack, and he could not raise his hand without assistance. He had only mouldy bread and foul water to live on in the Tower, but he felt himself a martyr, as in one sense he was, for he had been no traitor, and had ventured his life in the cause of his religion.

The Queen, who remembered the brilliant Oxford scholar who had once made her a Latin speech, desired to see him, and had an interview with him at Leicester's lodgings. She really longed to save him, and he owned her freely as his lawful sovereign; but when she questioned him on the supremacy of the Pope he said he could give no opinion, the wisest men were not agreed.

He with two more were then sent to be executed at Tyburn, but at the last Elizabeth sent Sir Francis Knollys to offer him his life provided he would listen to a Protestant sermon; and she also insisted that the victims should be dead before the worse horrors of the execution for treason were carried out. Of the other seven priests, three conformed, but the others, after long lying under sentence, were executed.

No wonder the Roman Catholics at home and abroad looked on them as the victims of a religious persecution; but in the view of Queen Elizabeth and her people they died as traitors; and though innocent in themselves, what they suffered for was that teaching of their Order which bore that any amount of falsehood, nay, murder itself, was justifiable in the cause of the Church. Devout and harmless as they might personally be, they were the slaves of an unscruplous system, and no man could tell what they might be compelled to do or to conceal. It was, of course, flagrant cruelty and injustice to use torture or to put innocent men to death, but looking at Elizabeth's condition, and on what Roman Catholics did and thought meritorious in every other country of Europe, she need not fear a comparison with them.

Meantime Bowes, and afterwards Davidson, kept the English court in constant alarm by accounts of the young King's increasing inclination towards the French party; how he had received a present of French apples and almonds, which might betoken the ripeness of the project, and how the Duke of Guise had sent his master stabler with

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six fine horses. The two Stewarts, Lennox and Arran, continued in the highest favour, and Arran had given great offence by his leading the wife of his kinsman, Lord March, to obtain a divorce from her husband and to marry him. The Presbyterian minister Durie lectured James against all his dangerous practices, including the acceptance of the horses, calling Guise a murderer of the saints, and a messenger of the devil. James asseverated that he had no intention of Romanising or of marrying any wife who did not 'love the Evangel,' but when Durie proceeded to preach violently in public against both Queen Mary and Lennox, he received orders to quit the city.

The old game was preparing to be played once again. A new 'band,' as the Scots called it, was drawn up for the removal and destruction of Lennox and Arran, and the foremost in it was James Ruthven, Earl of Gowrie, the son of that Ruthven who had come as a dying man to the slaughter of Rizzio. As before, the English ministry was cognisant of the plot, and heartily approved it. Unfortunately no one had any scruple as to crookedness of policy, and this was the crisis of James's life. Was he to hold on with the Protestant policy so as to secure his own chances of the English throne and keep England on the side of the Reformation; or was he to espouse the cause of his mother, throw himself into the arms of his Guise kindred, and either not reign in England at all, or only as a Roman Catholic conqueror brought in by France and Spain. These were terrible issues, and Burleigh, Walsingham, and Bowes felt themselves justified in encouraging the Calvinist Scots in their 'band' to remove the King from the power of the French party. Bowes even hurried the execution of the plot by telling Gowrie that Lennox had obtained scent of it, and that there was no time to be lost. James was hunting near Perth, Lennox was at Dalkeith, Arran at Kinmeil, when these tidings reached Gowrie, when the King was actually a guest in Ruthven Castle. The Lords Mar, Glamys, and Lindsay brought their followers and surrounded the castle. These, with their host, presented a paper to James, insisting on the dismissal of Lennox and Arran; but Gowrie continued to treat him courteously, till he prepared to leave the castle. Then Glamys told him that it was deemed safer for him to remain there, and when James insisted, the baron placed his leg so as to bar the door. The young King burst into tears, but was sternly answered, 'Better bairns greet than bearded men.'

Arran and his brother had collected troops to free their master, but was defeated and made prisoner. Lennox sent Lord Herries and the Abbot of Newbattle as envoys to propose terms and to see the King. They were admitted to the Council Chamber, where James instantly sprang up, and told them that he was a close prisoner, unable to move without a guard, and bade them call on all who loved him to assist the Duke of Lennox in setting him free.

Lennox could, however, do nothing but tear his beard for anger as

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Master John Durie was conducted back to Edinburgh by a triumphal procession of 2,000 people, singing the hundred and twenty-fourth psalm. He could only go off, with eighty horse to Dumbarton Castle, while the King remained in Gowrie's hands, treated with apparent deference, and conducted to Holyrood to meet his Parliament, when he was forced to endure to hear his enemies justified. His mother's hopes again fell, for George Douglas was seized in England, and made to confess that he had assisted in the correspondence between the Queen, her son, and her French friends.

Lennox, meanwhile, hovered about and endeavoured to arrange another plan for rescuing and carrying off the King; but the plot was discovered, he was proclaimed a traitor, and forced to leave the kingdom. On his way through England he met La Mothe Fénélon, who had been sent as ambassador to James, but by strict orders to the escort of the latter they were allowed no time to speak with one another. Lennox made a short stay in London, where he had much conversation with Walsingham, and assured him of the King's sincere attachment to the Reformation. He afterwards proceeded to France, where he died soon after. His son, a boy of thirteen, was sent over to Scotland and eagerly welcomed by the King.

It was during this triumph of his party that George Buchanan died at seventy-six years of age. He had been writing a huge history of Scotland, in which, after the example of Geoffrey of Monmouth, he had filled up pre-historic times from his imagination, amplifying old legend. For a good while all this was accepted as genuine history, and the portraits of all his Ferguses and Achaiuses still adorn the walls of Holyrood!

James hated his bondage and was quietly taking measures against it. His keepers might profess to be educating him to godliness, but there was nothing that the training of the youth taught him so perfectly as secrecy, if not duplicity. Timid and nervous by nature and constitution, he was in constant fear of the fate of his father and mother, and felt no weapon so much in his power as what he called kingcraft. So, after the first outburst, he feigned content in the hands of Gowrie and Glamys, while he was carrying on secret correspondences with all the world; and when Sir Robert Bowes was sent to sound him on the association in the throne with his mother, he found him apparently averse to it, talking coldly of his mother and showing himself obedient to Elizabeth and the English faction.

Only a week later, James was safe at the Castle of St. Andrews, Arran, Crawford, Argyle, Huntly, and the Borderers were with him. Gowrie, Glamys, and Mar had fled to England for protection. So secretly and ably had the young King organised his plot that his enemies were taken entirely by surprise.

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THE WAITING NATIONS.

BY SELINA GAYE, AUTHOR OF 'SKETCHES FROM HUNGARIAN HISTORY,' 'SMUTS AND DIAMONDS,' &c.

A VERY quaint description is given of the actual experiences of Lazarus Aizner, or Gitschner, who professed to have penetrated into the recesses of the Wunderberg about the middle of the sixteenth century. Having gone to the mountain to examine an inscription he had seen on a chapel in the hollow rock, he fell asleep, and on awaking saw a barefooted monk, who, after warning him not to speak, led him inside the mountain, where he beheld many beautiful buildings and towers and saw a church containing two hundred altars. While he was gazing in admiration, three hundred monks, of all ages, walked by in procession, and going into the choir sang the office for the hour. All the bells rang, and a large congregation of people, all splendidly dressed, assembled in the church, while organs and many other instruments of music were played. Lazarus and the monk dined alone in a large hall and then went to church again for nones, after which they retired into the library, which was full of ancient books and parchments; then followed vespers, supper, and compline, and a long procession was formed, which walked by subterranean ways beneath the lake of Königsee to Borchtesgaden, where mass was sung. The following day was spent in a similar manner, save that in the evening they all went to Salzburg for the midnight mass. While in the mountain, Lazarus spent much time in the library, reading of things past and yet to come, and listening to the prophecies of the monk; and while he was reading he saw an emperor come in with a crown on his head, a sceptre in his hand, and a grey beard reaching to his waist. 'That,' said the monk, 'is Kaiser Friedrich' (Barbarossa); 'look at him well, for he is not a whit altered from what he was when he disappeared from earth.' Among the company Lazarus saw many princes and nobles who were supposed to have been long since dead and buried, and he also noticed some of his own living acquaintances; but on his inquiring what they might be about, the monk gave him such a blow on the mouth that he felt it all his life after, and said to him, 'What do you want with prying into the secrets of God?'

He stayed seven days in the mountain, and was warned of the terrible battle destined to be fought, when the blood would reach to mens' ankles and the wicked would wish 'they could all ride away on one saddle.' At that time the righteous would be protected and saved, and the wicked would all be slain.

Another adventurer—a prince—who also made his way into the Wunderberg, saw there 10,000 knights and 100,000 lancers armed for battle, besides the Emperor in his imperial robes, accompanied by his daughter and the seven electors, and was told that they were only

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waiting until the appointed time, when the once great German people should be reduced to extremity, when truth and faith should have vanished from among them, and civil war should prevail. Then a prince of his own house was to come and hang up his shield, the people's oriflamme, on the withered tree before mentioned, which would immediately put forth buds and blossoms. The great 'battle of deliverance' would be fought, and the army he now saw would burst forth from the Wunderberg and gain the victory. The great hero-emperor would reconstitute the German empire, and when his labours were accomplished would give both daughter and throne to the fortunate prince.

'The daughter,' winds up the herald who announces all these future events, 'the daughter is named "Teutonia." As for the prince, who can ask his name, and who can say where he is?' *

There is a similar legend attached to the Kyfhäuser Berg, where Barbarossa is supposed to sit nodding and winking, and asking from time to time whether the crows are still flying round the mountain, and, when he hears that they are, resigns himself to sleep again for another hundred years.

Some say that Kaiser Friedrich was taken prisoner by the Turks, but succeeded after a time in escaping from their hands and came to Kaiserslautern, where he built a castle and made a lake, still called the Kaiser's Lake, in which swims a carp with a gold ring in its ear, placed there by the kaiser himself. The fish will not be caught, it is said, till Kaiser Friedrich comes again. At present he is supposed to be living concealed in or beneath the castle; for his bed, which hangs suspended by four iron chains, is always found to be disarranged in the morning, as if some one had slept in it. Near Kaiserslautern is a rock, with a hole in it so deep that no one has ever found the bottom; but a man who was let down into it by a rope declared that he saw the kaiser seated in a golden chair, wearing a long beard, and surrounded by a great many grand-looking people.

Frankenhaus, in Thuringia, also has its legend, and a neighbouring mountain is pointed out as the Emperor's hiding-place. A shepherd, who had heard the tradition, once went to the mountain and performed a serenade on his bagpipes, crying out, when he had finished, 'Kaiser Friedrich! that's for you!'

Thereupon the kaiser himself came out, saying, 'Good-day, little man; in whose honour were you playing?'

'Kaiser Friedrich's,' answered the man, boldly; and then the old Emperor took him into the mountain and showed him a great store of guns, swords, and arms of all sorts, telling him that some day he should come out and do battle with the infidel and recover the Holy Sepulchre.

Charles V. and his whole army are buried alive beneath the

* Grimm.

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Odenberg in Hesse, and before war breaks out the mountain opens, the Emperor comes out, blows his bugle, and then enters another mountain with his army.

At Rütli, or in the cavern of the Seelisberg, overlooking the Lake of Uri, slumber the three Tells, waiting until danger shall threaten their beloved fatherland, when they will awake and go forth to victory, bearing the old flag of liberty before them. A shepherd once crept into the cave where they rest, when the third Tell arose and asked the time.

'Noon,' replied the shepherd-lad.

'Then the time is not yet come,' said Tell, and laid himself down again.*

In like manner Sigurd, or Siegfried, is resting, and awaiting the summons to come forth and fight.*

France and Denmark have their Ogier or Olger, the son of Godfrey, king of Denmark, who, being given to Charlemagne as a hostage for his father's fidelity, was brought up at the Emperor's court, and instructed in all knightly accomplishments. Six fairies presided at his birth, and each gave him a gift; but Morgan le Fay, the fairest of them all, said to the infant-child, 'You shall never die; but, after you have lived a life of glory on earth, you shall be mine, and I will bring you home to dwell with me for ever in Avalon, the land of Faery.'

Three times did Ogier save the life of Charlemagne in battle with the Paynim; then he was knighted as the 'Champion of France,' and became one of Charlemagne's twelve peers. His shield was white, with a black eagle; his sword was the famous Damascus blade, Courtain, and he rode a mighty battle-horse, named Broiefort.

After delivering Rome and Denmark from the hands of the Saracens, he was made king of his native country, and by marrying Clarice, whom, with her father Achar, he rescued from the clutches of a Saracen giant, he became also king of Britain. He then went to the holy wars in Palestine, and, being shipwrecked on his way home, was in imminent danger of being drowned, when he heard a voice saying to him, 'Olger, I wait for thee—fear not the waves, but come;' and, obeying the voice, soon found himself in a palace of ivory, gold, and ebony, where he was waited on by the fairy steed, Papillon. In the morning the palace had vanished, and he awoke in a lovely garden, where summer never died, for it was the Vale of Avalon, and there he found King Arthur healed of his deadly wound.

Two hundred years had passed away in this delightful retreat, and they had seemed to him but a few days, when Morgan le Fay told him that he must return to France, for the country was once more overrun by the Paynim hosts. In fact, the enemy had already

* *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages.*

† *Popular Romances of the Middle Ages.* Messrs. Cox and Jones.

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advanced as far as Chartres, where they were gathered in great numbers, when suddenly there appeared in the Christian ranks a knight of mighty stature, with a black eagle on his shield, and the 'Champion of France' soon showed that two centuries of repose had in no wise lessened his valour or diminished his strength. Unwearyingly he fought till France was free, the Church re-established, and the spirit of chivalry revived; but he had entirely forgotten all about his sojourn in the Vale of Avalon, and was on the point of being married to the Queen of France, when Morgan le Fay suddenly caught him away, and he once more vanished from the eyes of men.

But Ogier the Dane is not dead; he dreams in Avalon, and one day he will awake and come back. When men fail in the land of the Franks in the time of sore distress, when her armies fall on the field, and the spirit of her people is broken in the battle-flight, and her children have no leader, then the Dane will come back on his mighty charger and will again deliver them.

Frequent reminiscences of Ogier are also to be met with in Flanders; and in Hainault it is believed that he dwells in the forest of Ardennes, shunning all human society.

The Danish version of the legend, as given by Hans Christian Andersen,* is similar to that told of Barbarossa and others. Holger Danske, as the Danes call him, sits beneath the old castle of Kronborg, close by the Œresund. He is clad in armour of iron and steel, and leans his head on his strong arms, while his long beard hangs down over the marble table, into which it has grown. He is asleep and dreaming; but in his dreams he sees all that goes on in Denmark, and every Christmas eve an angel comes to him and tells him that what he has dreamt is all quite true, and he may still slumber in peace, for Denmark is not yet in any real danger. But if ever a time of real danger should come, then old Holger Danske will rouse himself, and the table will break in pieces as he pulls away his beard, and he will come out and do such deeds as shall astonish the whole world.

As Denmark waits for her Holger, so Russia waits for the return of her Czar Peter III., the husband of the Empress Catherine II., murdered A.D. 1762.† An extraordinary veneration is entertained for him by the remarkable sect of the Skoptzi, whose real tenets are kept a profound secret, though they are known to practise great mortification. They maintain that the unfortunate Czar is their chief; that he was not murdered, but fled to Irkutsk in Siberia, the body of a soldier being buried in his stead; and as all salvation comes from the East, he will some day return from the place of his retirement and toll the great bell of the Cathedral of Moscow, which will be heard by all his true disciples in all parts of the world, and then his reign will begin.‡

* *Märchen.* † *Slavonia.* Krasinski.

‡ See also *Free Russia.* Hepworth Dixon.

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Norway has her Olaf Redbeard or Tryggvesen, whose fame is scarcely less than that of S. Olaf himself. He perished in a sea-fight off the Island of Rugen, or rather he did *not* perish; for, when he had performed prodigies of valour, suddenly his enemies, as well as his own followers, saw a bright and heavenly radiance surround the king and the fore-part of the famous ship, the *Long Serpent*, which he commanded. His enemies 'struck with their battle-axes at the brightness, hoping to slay him around whom God had spread His glory;' but, when the miraculous light vanished, the king was nowhere to be found, and a rumour spread through Norway that he had leapt overboard, and kept himself afloat until picked up by a friendly vessel; and for many years the people, who had loved him and flourished under him, looked wistfully seawards, hoping to see him come sailing to the shore with a new fleet of *Long Serpents* and *Cranes*. The time of Norway's greatest need has not come yet, however, and, until it does, Olaf waits and slumbers, unclosing his eyes once every seven years.

Spain, too, has her Don Rodirigo, the 'last of the Goths,' who was supposed to have been drowned in an attempt to fly from the Moors after the fatal battle of Xeres, though many people believed that he had retired from the world to do penance for his sins, and others believed that he had taken refuge in the Isle of the Seven Cities already mentioned, whither another sovereign was supposed to have betaken himself some centuries later. This latter was Don Sebastian, the ardent young king of Portugal, grandson of the Emperor Charles V., whose imagination was fired by visions of continuing the crusades, delivering the Holy Sepulchre, and winning back the whole of Palestine. He seems to have been a bold, chivalrous, rather hot-headed youth, and had he lived he might have brought misery and ruin on his country by his determination to deserve the title of the 'Second Alexander,' bestowed on him when only fourteen years old. As, however, he disappeared from the world at the battle of Alcaca, Quibez (A.D. 1578), in Morocco, after gaining a few small victories over the Moors, the Portuguese idolised his memory, and refused to believe in his death. The historical account is, that having had one horse killed under him, Sebastian mounted another, and, dashing impetuously into the thick of the fight, fell covered with wounds; that his body was discovered the next day, recognised by one of his own pages, and temporarily buried at Fez; that the young king's uncle asked for the body, which was sent to Ceuta four months later, and thence transported to Europe, and buried without pomp in the convent at Belem. But this was far from satisfying Sebastian's devoted subjects, whose attachment to his memory only increased when, two years after the fatal battle, Portugal became a province of Spain, and groaned under the harsh rule of the 'Demon of the South.' During the whole remainder of the sixteenth century, claimants to the

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throne were constantly arising, who bore more or less strong resemblance to Sebastian, and gave more or less plausible accounts of the manner of their escape from the Moors. Their claims excited the most lively sympathy and devotion in Portugal, and many persons believed in them, for the whole country was in a state of disaffection, and ready at any moment to try and shake off the Spanish yoke. For many a long year the Portuguese looked for the return of their young king; and though their hopes were continually disappointed, they did not lose faith in his return; for a sect, calling themselves Sebastianistas, arose and taught that *O Encoberto*, the 'Hidden One,' as they mysteriously called him, was concealed on an island never yet discovered, to the south-west of Cape S. Vincent; that some day, on a Good Friday, he would sail up the Tagus with his fleet, when every one would acknowledge him, and he would make Portugal the head of an universal empire. The Sebastianists were very numerous during the seventeenth century, but are now chiefly to be found in Brazil, which they expect to become unusually prosperous on the king's return.

But the Moors have their legend as well as the Spaniards and Portuguese, and the more sanguine of them look forward to the decline of the Spanish kingdom and their restoration to what they consider their rightful inheritance,* that 'vast garden of delight' which surrounds the city of Granada, where flowed the silver Xenil, and many a plashing fountain sparkled in the brilliant sunshine; where the hills were covered with orchards and vineyards, rich crops of golden grain waved in the plain beneath, and the valleys were filled with gardens, where the orange, citron, fig, pomegranate, mulberry, and vine grew in profusion, and the groves were musical with choirs of nightingales. Great was the pride of the Moors in this lovely region, where the earth was so beautiful, the air so pure, and the sky so serene, that they imagined the paradise of their Prophet to be situated in that part of the heaven which overhung the kingdom of Granada. Some of the Moorish families, who left Spain in consequence of the hard treatment they experienced from the Christians, took with them to Africa the title-deeds of their estates, and some even the keys of their houses, which are in existence at the present day. For their banishment is not for ever, 'say they. The figures whom the Spaniards saw crossing the Sierra Nevada, and believed to be Boabdil and his followors, were but illusory shadows sent to deceive them; for the real Boabdil with his court and warriors entered the mountains of Granada, where they have remained enchanted ever since, waiting for the overthrow of the Christians.

On St. John's eve every year, the spell is removed, the whole Moorish army pours forth from the mountains, and marches into Granada, with music playing, and banners flying. They enter the

* *Conquest of Granada.* Washington Irving.

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Alhambra, which is restored for the time to all its ancient magnificence; the courtiers range themselves around their king in the Hall of the Ambassadors, and the courts and salas are thronged with guests until day begins to dawn, when they all march back to the mountain cave for another year.*

Ireland, too, has her memories of the past, and her hopes of a more prosperous future. Besides the old King Brian Boru, who was *not* slain in the battle of Clontarf, but has been slumbering in retirement ever since, waiting for the time when he shall deliver his people from the Saxon as once he rid them of the Dane, the Irish have also the 'good O'Donoghue,' a chieftain who ruled in remote ages over the country about Lough Lean, now the lake of Killarney, and is associated in their minds with a time of peace and prosperity, and is spoken of as a wise, beneficent and just ruler, famed for his warlike exploits and pacific virtues.

In the midst of a splendid entertainment at his court, after uttering many predictions, he rose slowly, walked to the lake and upon its surface to the centre, then waving a farewell to his subjects, he disappeared from their view. But his memory is still fondly cherished, and he is believed to revisit his ancient domains at sunrise on May morning, the anniversary of his departure. His appearance is considered as an omen of good fortune to those who see him on these occasions; and if many persons are thus privileged, the succeeding harvest is sure to be an abundant one. Occasionally the O'Donoghue takes benighted travellers down to his palace below the lake, and there entertains them in sumptuous style. But Gearoidh Tarla, one of the ancient Earls of Kildare, seems to be a yet more important personage. He owned a great castle, the Rath of Mullaghmast, and stood up manfully for the country, whenever the English became too oppressive. He was a great warrior, and skilled in the use of all warlike weapons, and to this day he and his soldiers sleep in a cavern beneath the castle. The entrance may be discovered once in every seven years, and then the great earl and his troopers are seen, cased in complete armour, and resting their heads on the table which runs the whole length of the cave. Their horses stand ready saddled and bridled in the stalls behind them, and occasionally one of the warriors raises his head and asks, in a deep, hoarse voice, whether the time is come. Once, in every seven years, the earl reviews them on an extensive plain called the Curragh of Kildare, and on these occasions he is mounted on a stately war-horse, whose silver shoes, half an inch thick at the time of his disappearance, are gradually wearing thinner and thinner. When they are worn as thin as a cat's ear, the earl will be restored to the society of living men, and will fight a great battle with the English in which they of course will be thoroughly defeated. He will then become King of Ireland, and reign prosperously two-

* *Moorish Antiquities and Superstitions.* J. G. Hincks.

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score years.* Besides the Earl of Kildare,† various other persons are supposed to be living enchanted beneath the Irish lakes or in the caves and mountains. Among these are a certain Earl of Clancarthy, who comes out of the Lough of Blarney every seven years, and one Barry of Cairn Thierna, a chieftain who ruled the barony of Barrymore, and the giant, Mahon Mac Mahon, whose beard, like Olger's, Charlemagne's, Barbarossa's, &c., has grown into the stone slab before him; and although these personages do not seem to be connected with Ireland's past or future welfare, the legends relating to them are not without interest and significance, and are indeed intimately connected with our present subject, since they show the extreme reluctance of the human mind to admit the idea of death. In point of fact, notwithstanding the centuries upon centuries during which all creation has been subject to it, man nowhere does acquiesce in death as the natural law of his being. He has never become accustomed it; it always more or less takes him by surprise; and the news that one or another of his fellow-men has suddenly passed away is received even with a certain incredulity, which catches eagerly at the slightest hint, the smallest pretext, for developing into downright disbelief. It is as if men were perpetually anticipating the time when 'the last enemy' shall be destroyed; or as if they were looking back to the time when death was not, or when he was at least kept at bay for centuries. That this should be the case with regard to the 'world's deliverers, the Arthurs, Charlemagnes, Barbarossas, Sebastians, &c., is less wonderful; for those who have found and abide in the long-lost 'earthly paradise' may well be supposed to enjoy immunity from death; but it is not only those concerning whose departure to the spirit-world the popular mind is incredulous. In fact we can all more or less sympathise with the poet, when he says:— ‡

'And if along with these should come
The man I held as half-divine;
Should strike a sudden hand in mine
And ask a thousand things of home;

'And I should tell him all my pain,
And how my life had droop'd of late,
And he should sorrow o'er my state
And marvel what possessed my brain;

'And I perceived no touch of change,
No hint of death in all his frame,
But found him all in all the same,
I should not feel it to be strange.'

No! not strange, far otherwise; the strange thing is to find the well-known voice really hushed and silent, the well-known form really gone from the accustomed place. And if this is true of those hardly known beyond their own immediate circle of acquaintances,

* *Legendary Fictions of Irish Celts.* Patrick Kennedy.
† Crofton Croker. ‡ *In Memoriam*, xiv.

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much more is it true of those who have occupied a large place in the world's thoughts, or played a prominent part on the world's stage, or taken a strong hold of the world's imagination. Hence the popular belief that Romulus had been taken up to heaven in human form; that Sarpedon, king of Lycia, slain at Ilion, revived again when he was laid down by sleep and death on the banks of the golden Xanthus; that Perseus frequently appeared among the Egyptians; that the Lesser Ajax fought for the Opuntian Locrians, who always left one place open for him in the ranks of their army; and that Nero was not really dead, but would return as Antichrist to revenge himself on the Christians. Hence, too, such legends as those of the Wandering Jew, the Flying Dutchman, and the numerous wild huntsmen, such as Dyterbjernat, or Diedrich of Bern, who hunts in the neighbourhood of Danzig, Duke Abel who rides in Schleswig, King Herod who pursues the innocents in Franche Comté, Hugh Capet who rides near Fontainebleau, and the British King Herla, who spent a long evening of two hundred years at the marriage-feast of a dwarf, and now rides on till the blood-hound on his saddle-bow leaps down, which will not be till the last day.

What, after all, do we know of the principle of life which should make it impossible for man to live, as formerly, for centuries instead of decades? and if he could live for seven or eight hundred years, why not for thousands? why should his life ever have an end? Nature has no answer to give to the question. She may attempt to say how, she cannot say why; and so, many a man in the olden time spent the few years allotted to him in a vain search for the Elixir of Life, and others believed in Fountains of Jouvence, which, could they only be found, would confer perpetual youth upon the finder; and there are those who cherish the belief, even in these modern days, that when man better understands the laws of his being, and when the appliances of science are brought to a higher degree of perfection, then his years upon the earth may be indefinitely prolonged.

'Anything but death,' seems to be his unuttered, half-conscious cry; we can believe any fable, accept any explanation, rather than believe that death is our birthright and altogether inevitable.

The death of Moses would hardly, one would think, be a disputed fact among those who accept the Hebrew Scriptures, yet the Jews have many a legend to the effect that he did not die; and the Mussulman says it is evident that Moses is still alive within his tomb, for Mahomet said, 'I saw Moses praying upon a dark-coloured sandy heap in his tomb.' *

Other legends † again say that the Magi were none other than the three sons of Noah, who were rapt away into Enoch's Paradise, and were thence recalled to do homage to the Divine Infant at Bethlehem.

* *Underground Jerusalem.* Captain Warren.

† *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages.*

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The foundation for the belief that S. John the Divine is slumbering at Ephesus is of course obvious. 'And ye shall undrestond,' says that lover of the marvellous, the traveller Sir John de Mandeville, 'that Seynt John bid make his grave there in his lyf, and leyd himself there inne all quyk. And therefore somme men seyn that he died noughte, but that he resteth there till the Day of Doom. And forsoothe, there is a great marveule: For men may see there the erthe of the tombe apertly many times steren and moven, as there weren quykke things undre.' S. George, too, after being martyred seven times, is not yet dead, but flies round and round the world, and wherever he appears a chapel is erected to him. According to Mussulman tradition he was born at Ludd, the ancient Lydda, and here they expect the great battle of deliverance between Christ and Antichrist to be fought out.

When Constantinople fell into the hands of the Turks, a priest was in the act of celebrating the sacred mysteries at the great silver altar of S. Sophia; and when he cried to God to protect the sacred host from profanation, the wall opened, and he entered bearing the Blessed Sacrament in his hand. There he still sleeps, with his head bowed before the Body of the Lord, waiting till the Turk is cast out of Constantinople, and S. Sophia is released from profanation. In a dark cavern on the Baltic five men have long been slumbering. They are supposed to be kept there for some strange purpose, to discover strange visions revealed to them, or else to teach and preach the Christian faith to the infidel.

'Life is a greater mystery than death,' writes Mr. Tupper; but it certainly does not seem to be so regarded by the popular mind, which will distrust even the evidence of its own senses rather than believe in anything so repugnant to its feelings as death. Take, for instance, the case of Charles the Bold,* who fell at the siege of Nancy (A.D. 1477), and received honourable burial at the hands of his foe, the 'gentle Réné,' who wore his beard covered with gold leaf at the obsequies. Notwithstanding the public manner of his death and burial, people could not or would not believe that the great duke was really gone. He had turned monk, they said; he was in hiding, or he was being detained somewhere by his enemies; and again it was rumoured that he had actually been seen by different pilgrims in Germany, Rome, and Jerusalem. So firmly was it believed that he still lived, that there were actually some who would sell their goods on credit, with the understanding that they were to be paid double when the duke returned. Again, James IV., the popular king of Scotland, was by many persons supposed to have survived Flodden, and the hope of his return lasted above a hundred years. Hungarians and Poles† alike refused to believe in the death of their king, Vladislav, though he had been slain before the eyes of his own soldiers at Varna

* Michelet, vi. 413.

† *Geschichte von Ungarn.* J. A. Fessler.

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(A.D. 1444), and the Turks had cut off his head, and exhibited it at the end of a lance, to encourage their own army and strike consternation into that of the Christians. Some ten years later, Constantine Palæologus, the last of the Eastern Emperors, was believed to have survived the taking of Constantinople, notwithstanding that his body was found and recognised by the golden eagles embroidered on his shoes; and again, in the succeeding century, Louis II. was believed to have escaped from the battle of Mohács. With regard to the fate of Baldwin, Count of Flanders, the first Latin Emperor of Constantinople, who was defeated (A.D. 1205) near Adrianople by Johanizza, king of Bulgaria, there seems to be some reasonable doubt, some of his contemporaries alleging that he had been slain in battle, others, among whom was Johanizza himself, that he had perished in a Bulgarian prison, while many of his own Flemings and the historian Matthew Paris believed that the person who came to Flanders professing to be their old Count was indeed himself and no impostor; and when their unpopular Countess Jane, Baldwin's daughter, caused him to be put to death with needless tortures, they loathed her more than ever, as guilty of parricide. There is a similar doubt as to the identity of the person calling himself Prince Dmitri,* son of the Czar Ivan III., supposed to have been assassinated by his brother's guardian, Boris. The person who appeared in 1605, about twenty years after the supposed murder, was publicly recognised as her son by the Czarina Marfa, though subsequently disowned and put to death on her testimony, after he had reigned a few months as Czar.

Our own Richard of Bordeaux was long believed to have escaped to Scotland, though his dead body was exposed to view for three days in London, with the face uncovered, that the people might satisfy themselves as to his fate. Many people again accepted Perkin Warbeck as the real Duke of York, believing that the assassins had saved him alive, for some unknown reason, though they had murdered his brother, young Edward V.; and, in the fourteenth century, Brandenburg, after mourning for five-and-twenty years the loss of her great Marquis Woldemar, under whom she had enjoyed a golden age of prosperity, became gradually filled with a rumour that he was not dead after all, but had been on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and had returned to claim his territory. The Emperor Karl IV. invested or reinvested him with the Mark, and for several years this person, who is supposed really to have been a miller named Jacob Rehboch, was acknowledged as Marquis of Brandenburg.† It is well known how, in the West of France, men voted for Napoleon in 1849; and how, later still, when Napoleon III. travelled through his dominions, his appearance was ever and again hailed with the delighted remark, '*Enfin, voilà le vieux revenu.*'‡ Indeed it is said that at this day some of the French peasantry still look

* *Art de Vérifier les Dates.* † *Art de Vérifier les Dates.*

‡ *Memoir of the Prince Consort.*

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for the Emperor's return, and believe him meanwhile to be slumbering and waiting his time.* Nor have the Hungarians, in spite of many a disappointment, abandoned even now the hope that their popular poet Petöfi is yet alive, though a copy of his poems may occasionally be seen bound in a portion of the crimson banner under which he fought, and in all probability fell, in the '48. Only in 1877, in reply to a question by a member of the Diet, Herr Tisza said that inquiries had been set on foot to ascertain whether it were true, as some imagined, that the poet was still alive and a prisoner in Siberia.

These instances by no means exhaust the list which might be furnished; but enough have perhaps been adduced for our present purpose, 'and show plainly how earnestly does the spirit of man protest even against that semblance of annihilation which death seems to wear .... is incredulous of death, witnesses against it; as by a second sight sees what shall be in the fulness of time, and prematurely grasps it.'†

For the various fables and fancies we have been considering surely have a meaning, and we cannot be contented to look on them as mere picturesque fancies and nothing more. We are told, indeed, that they symbolise various natural phenomena; that the long sleep of the deliverers for whom the world waits, broken only by Barbarossa's changing his position, Charlemagne's starting in his chair, Olger's stamping with his iron mace, and Olaf Redbeard's unclosing his eyes, every seven years, typifies merely the repose of the earth during the seven winter months, while their awakening signifies the return of spring; but this explanation, however true, hardly satisfies us, and there is some difficulty in understanding how the histories of such well-known persons as Sebastian, James IV., and Peter III. can have been converted into sun-myths. And, again, one is disposed to ask whether the earth does, not actually but even apparently, remain in a state of torpor for seven months out of the twelve. Granting that her sleep begins as early as October, surely she is awake and busy at work long before March and April have come to an end. Without, however, venturing to dispute the correctness of the general theory, and only hinting that it may easily be pressed too far,‡ we would ask whether the great longing, laid deep in the heart of man, which we have been considering, can be satisfied by the contemplation of any natural phenomena, however sublime and beautiful, unless these too have a deeper meaning for him. Man looks, as we have seen, for a 'Paradise restored,' whence death is banished; for a king who 'shall reign in righteousness,' triumphing over all evil things, death among them, who

* Many of the Russians say that he escaped from S. Helena and now dwells in Irkutsk, whence he will return, heal their divisions, raise a great army, and put the reigning dynasty to the sword.—*Free Russia.*

† *Hulsean Lectures.*

‡ See the ingenious way in which a French ecclesiastic has proved that the whole history of Napoleon is but a sun-myth.—*Curious Myths of the Middle Ages.* Rev. S. Baring-Gould.

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shall in fact *be* a king. Will he be satisfied if you point him to the sun, and bid him mark how year by year the dead earth is raised, as it were, from the grave, when her sovereign returns to her in power and strength? Surely not, unless you also point him to Him Who is not only the 'bright and morning star,' but the true sun, the 'Sun of righteousness;' to Him Who is, consciously or unconsciously, the 'desire of all nations,' 'the resurrection and the life,' for Whose appearing all creation waits, and Moslem, Jew, and Christian alike profess to be looking.

With the Moslem, the second coming of Christ is not merely believed in as a doctrine, but expected as an event that will certainly take place, and will herald the triumph of what in Moslem eyes is the cause of truth and righteousness.

And the 'ancient people,' 'to whom were committed the oracles of God,' who, better than any of the nations around, knew for Whom they waited—how is it with them in these days, after their long exile, their long, dreary banishment? We all know how for centuries the best men among them looked 'for the consolation of Israel,' though so few recognised Him when at last He came; but perhaps we hardly realise the intense unquenchable earnestness of expectation with which many of them still wait. In the sickness of heart caused by the long deferment of their hope, some indeed say mournfully, 'The time is long past; if He does not come soon now, we must give up expecting;' and others, infected by the rationalising spirit of the present day, have given up all hope and desire for a personal Messiah, and, since persecution has well nigh ceased during the last forty years, and their condition and status generally have been vastly improved by their admission to Parliament and to various offices and professions hitherto closed against them, they are disposed to be quite satisfied with the temporal prosperity thus ensured, and their one desire seems to be to merge their nationality in that of the various peoples among whom they dwell. The name of 'Jew' is felt by them to be a reproach of which they are impatient to be rid, and it is no wonder therefore that they say, not merely 'Where is the promise of His coming?' but 'Where is the *use* of His coming? Why did He not come when we were persecuted and oppressed, and really needed a deliverer. Now we are getting all we want, and there is nothing for Him to do.'

So speak some in their unhappy blindness; but there are others whose faith and hope seem only to increase with the delay. 'Nowhere,' says one who has had opportunities of observing them in the most distant lands, 'nowhere do they despair of returning to their own country, and beholding their promised Messiah. . . . I have had many interesting conferences with the Jews on the subject of their present state, and have been much struck with two circumstances—their constant reference to the desolation of Jerusalem and their confident hope that it will be one day rebuilt. Distance of time

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and place seems to have no effect in obliterating the remembrance of the desolation. I often thought of the verse in the Psalms, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning." . . . It is become an ordinance of the Rabbins in some places, that when a man builds a new house, he shall leave a small part of it unfinished, as an emblem of ruin, and write on it these words "*Zecher Lachorchan*," *i.e.*, "in memory of the desolation."'

The daily prayers used in the synagogues of the German and Polish Jews contain frequent petitions that the worshippers 'may deserve to live and see and inherit happiness and blessing in the days of the Messiah.'

In the morning service, mention is made of the desolate state of Israel in these words,—'Behold, O God! the reduced state of our glory among the nations, and our disgustful state, like that of an unclean person. How long shall the people of Thy strength remain in captivity, and Thy glory in the power of the cruel?' and one of the thirteen fundamental articles of his faith, which every Jew ought to recite daily, is the following:—'I believe with a perfect faith that the Messiah will come; and although his coming be delayed, I will still, in daily hope, patiently await his appearance.'

In the Sabbath morning service is said, 'Delight us, O Lord, our God, with the coming of Elijah the prophet, Thy servant, and with the reign of the house of David, Thy anointed; speedily may it arrive, and delight our hearts. Let no stranger be seated on his throne, nor any other inherit his glory; for verily by Thy holy name didst Thou swear unto him that his light shall not be extinguished for ever.' And again, in the prayer for the Queen and Royal Family, 'In her days and in ours may Judah be saved, and Israel dwell in safety; and may the Redeemer come unto Zion.'

On the appearance of the new moon, 'David, King of Israel, liveth and existeth. . . . Oh, may the verse be fulfilled, And they will seek the Lord, their God, and David, their king.'

In the additional service for the New Year: 'And it is said, And it shall come to pass on that day, the great trumpet shall be sounded, and those shall come who are lost amidst the land of Assyria, and dispersed in the land of Egypt; and they shall worship the Lord in the holy mountain in Jerusalem (Isaiah xxvii. 13). Our God, and the God of our ancestors, oh, sound the great trumpet for our liberation: lift up the banner to collect our banished people, gather our dispersed from among the nations, and assemble our outcasts from the extremities of the earth; conduct us into Zion, Thy city, with joyful song, and unto Jerusalem, Thy holy temple, with everlasting joy.'

In the grace after meals,—'Oh, rebuild the holy city, Jerusalem, speedily, even in our days. Blessed art Thou, O Lord! the merciful rebuilder of Jerusalem;' and 'May He, who is most merciful, send unto us Elijah the prophet, of blessed memory, who shall bring us

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good tidings of salvation and consolation.' We are informed moreover that two special prayers have recently been issued by the Rabbis—one a petition that the Holy Land may be given into England's charge until the Jews themselves are ready to take possession of it, and the other an entreaty for the speedy coming of the Messiah.

Christians have been wont to talk disdainfully of the 'unbelieving Jew,' until the words have passed into a proverb; but, if he is to be judged by his forms of public and private prayer, it becomes a question whether his faith and hope, such as they are, do not burn more brightly than theirs.

Very touching it is to read of the intense interest which the Jews in Jerusalem take in the excavations there being carried on. 'These Jews,' says Captain Warren, 'are constantly awaiting the advent of their Messiah, and looked upon my work at Jerusalem as assisting in bringing about the end; they have an old tradition that, when the third spring of living water is found, Messiah will come.' 'All the time that we were working, they used to collect eagerly around and inquire after and pray for our success.'

There appear to be at Jerusalem now, as at that Feast of Pentecost which was the Church's birthday, 'Jews . . . . from every nation under heaven;' and Captain Warren speaks of one, a Rabbi, who not only looks forward to the speedy restoration of Israel, but also says, 'Your Messiah would have been ours if we had not rejected Him; we refused Him, and therefore He did not come to us in His power; we must wait till He comes again, then we both can acknowledge Him.' This seems to be an extraordinary admission on the part of one calling himself Jew and Rabbi, yet his case is not a solitary one, and is paralleled by that of an English Jew, a private individual, who, while still observing the law of Moses, yet listens eagerly to all that is told him of the Christian's Lord, and says, 'Yes, I believe all you tell me; but *if only we could see His face*, then indeed we should believe.'

He is of those who 'wait for the Lord, more than they that watch for the morning; I say more than they that watch for the morning;' and if his statement is to be believed, his people are at this time praying with more intense earnestness than ever before, that Messiah may come, not years, not centuries hence, but *this very day*.

They are looking for His sign in the heavens, daily expecting to see it, and there seems to be good reason to hope that the time is at hand when their longing shall be satisfied, when they from their hearts shall say, 'Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord,' and when He, their Lord and ours, shall be not only 'a light to lighten the Gentiles,' but 'the glory of His people Israel.'

'And it shall be said in that day, Lo, this is our God, we have waited for Him and He will save us: this is the Lord, we have waited for Him, we will be glad to rejoice in His salvation.'

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A CONVERSATION ON BOOKS.

BY THE EDITOR.

MAGAZINES.

Spider. Our neighbours are trying to set up a club for periodicals Will you join in it, Arachne?

Arachne. I am not sure that I should like it. I think it would result in reading nothing but the magazines, and not very much of them. I should feel as if a continual stream of—let me see—Bath buns were passing before me, and I had just time to snatch the sugar plums off the top of each without ever getting to the solid part.

Spider. The sugar plums would still be there for the next person, luckily. Yes, I see it would result in something of the kind, unless each house kept the numbers for a long time. But you do not object to stories in serials, like the people who will never read a story till it is complete.

Arachne. On the contrary, I rejoice in being debarred from looking on to the end. I also think that the speculation and discussion a really good story excites while coming out in this manner is a very good employment for tongues, and obviates gossip, or, rather, it is gossip all the same, but it can do no one any harm.

Spider. Periodicals are not all stories though.

Arachne. And one great use in them is in bringing forward papers too brief or of too ephemeral an interest to stand alone.

Spider. Yet you decline to join this club.

Arachne. I decline the having an unlimited amount of them poured upon me, without the power of selection on my part.

Spider. You need not read what you don't like.

Arachne. Partly I don't trust myself with the temptation of having something exciting and unwholesome at my elbow; partly I don't wish to leave it in the reach of my young friends; and partly I don't wish my subscription to maintain what I disapprove.

Spider. Yours would not make much difference.

Arachne. What is popularity made up of, but the breath of insignificant atoms?

Spider. Well, what would you advise me to read or let alone?

Arachne. A sweeping question for one who does not profess to read all the periodicals in existence.

Spider. Only tell me what you know to be safe. There, I do believe you are going to begin with the *Old Quarterly* and *Edinburgh.*

Arachne. Don't be a goose and despise them. I don't agree with all they say, especially when they meddle with Church matters, which

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they do not understand; but you will get no harm out of them, for most subjects are treated on sound principles with religion below them. I regret very much the modern custom of mixing the very opposites in reviews, as in the two or three clever Reviews which I need not mention.

Spider. Is it not a good thing to hear both sides?

Arachne. We should have our choice. I think it is hard that we should not be able to get a sight of an argument by a good Churchman without having close beside it some sceptical speculation or half-flippant, half-sneering comment, taking for granted that all beliefs are relinquished.

Spider. Then you would not take in those Reviews that profess to give all sides?

Arachne. No; I would only read such papers as were specially recommended, leaving the whole to those who are obliged to see all the evils to be combated.

Spider. And you do read the *Church Quarterly.* Some of the papers are very difficult.

Arachne. Yes, but there is always some clearing of one's mind on some important point, or explaining what work is to be done.

Spider. Now for the Monthlies.

Arachne. *Macmillan's* is one of the best in a literary point of view. Mrs. Oliphant always writes her best there, and the articles on practical matters are very good, though sometimes there are speculations I cannot like or approve.

Spider. You were always fond of your old *Blackwood.*

Arachne. I used to think it one of the safest and wisest of magazines; but I have been much concerned at the two stories that have lately appeared, 'John Caldecott' and 'Dr. Wortle's School,' and I feel less confidence in consequence in the magazine.

Spider. I suppose the *Cornhill* is the cleverest?

Arachne. It sometimes has excellent articles, and is always amusing, not often putting in anything undesirable. But I do not know enough of that stamp of magazine of which it is the leader to discuss it freely. There are several more, generally named from parts of London, which always have some novels of a fair 'though not a high' order, and quantities of lighter tales fit to amuse a railway journey.

Spider. You dropped the *Argosy* because it was so sensational.

Arachne. The first two volumes of the *Argosy* long long ago were admirable, but it has been on a lower level ever since.

Spider. *Good Words* and the *Day of Rest* are very much alike.

Arachne. *Good Words* has generally commanded high literary talent, but was not uniformly careful in excluding stories that are simply painful, such as 'Macleod of Dare.' There are sometimes unorthodox sentences in its graver articles; but on the whole it is a great boon.

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Spider. I have delighted in 'Sarah de Berenger.' Poor Hannah Dill is a very fine character; and now I see Miss Ingelow is going to give us a changeling story called 'Don John' in the *Day of Rest.*

Arachne. Where Mrs. O'Reilly has been the great attraction, though I like her children's tales better than her full-grown ones. I find that they are rather too wordy, and written too much from a distance to suit for reading to the poor as well as I should have expected.

Spider. The *Churchman's Companion* seems to me to improve year by year.

Arachne. Its serious and instructive articles are some of the best I ever see. The stories vary; some are weak, but those now beginning are of high promise.

Spider. For children, *Aunt Judy* is the best of all; but I think it grows older, and is fitter for twelve years old and upwards than for quite little ones.

Arachne. Yes, *Little Folks* and the *Chatterbox* do best for them; but nothing has ever quite taken the place of the *Magazine for the Young.*

Spider. Then there are the *Parish Magazine* and *Friendly Leaves* and the *Dawn of Day* for the school-children and young servants.

Arachne. It was a good move to separate the *Advertiser* from *Friendly Leaves,* so as to enable the G. F. S. associates to be spoken to separately.

Spider. You know our dear Madgie de la Moth takes in the *Watch-word*—the magazine for the Society for Watchers and Workers; and in the Christmas number there is a most beautiful vision, by the author of the 'Gate of Paradise,' a sort of practical dream growing out of St. Christopher and the Madonna di San Sisto.

Arachne. Do you know that odd numbers of magazines are always welcome to the Gravesend Mission to out-going ships? Sometimes a whole volume can be made up by putting together the waifs of many quarters.

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STRAY PEARLS

FROM THE

MEMOIRS OF MARGARET DE RIBAUMONT, VICOMTESSE DE BELLAISE.

CHAPTER II.

A LITTLE MUTUAL AVERSION.

I HAD cried half the night, and when in the morning little Nan wanted to hear about my ball, I only answered that I hated the thought of it. I was going to be married to a hideous old man, and be carried to France, and should never see any of them again. I made Nan cry too, and we both came down to breakfast with such mournful faces that my mother chid me sharply for making myself such a fright.

Then she took me away to the still-room, and set me for an hour to make orange cakes, while she gave orders for the great dinner that we were to give that day, I knew only too well for whose sake; and if I had only known which orange cake was for my betrothed, would not it have been a bitter one! By and by my mother carried me off to be dressed. She never trusted the tiring woman to put the finishing touches with those clumsy English fingers; and besides, she bathed my swollen eyelids with essences, and made me rub my pale cheeks with a scarlet ribbon, speaking to me so sharply that I should not have dared to shed another tear.

When I was ready, all in white, and she, most stately in blue velvet and gold, I followed her down the stairs to the grand parlour, where stood my father, with my brothers and one or two persons in black, who I found were a notary and his clerk, and there was a table before them with papers, parchment, a standish, and pens. I believe if it had been a block, and I had had to lay my head on it, like poor Lady Jane Grey, I could not have been much more frightened.

There was a sound of wheels, and presently the gentleman usher came forward, announcing the Most Noble the Marquis de Nid de Merle, and the Lord Viscount of Bellaise. My father and brothers went half way down the stairs to meet them, my mother advanced across the room, holding me in one hand and Annora in the other. We all curtsied low, and as the gentlemen advanced, bowing low, and almost sweeping the ground with the plumes in their hats, we each had to offer them a cheek to salute after the English fashion. The old marquis was talking French so fast that I could not understand him in the least, but somehow a mist suddenly seemed to clear

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away from before me, and I found that I was standing before that alarming table, not with him, but with something much younger—not much older indeed than Eustace.

I began to hear what the notary was reading out, and behold it was—'Contract of marriage on the part of Philippe Marie François de Bellaise, Marquis de Nid de Merle, and Eustace de Ribaumont, Baron Walwyn of Walwyn, in Dorset, and Baron de Ribaumont in Picardy, on behoof of Gaspar Henri Philippe, Viscount de Bellaise, nephew of the Marquis de Nid de Marle, and Margaret Henrietta Maria de Ribaumont, daughter of the Baron de Ribaumont.'

Then I knew that I had been taken in by the Prince's wicked trick, and that my husband was to be the young Viscount, not the old uncle! I do not think that this was much comfort to me at the moment, for all the same, I was going into a strange country, away from every one I had ever known.

But I did take courage to look up under my eyelashes at the form I was to see with very different eyes. M. de Bellaise was only nineteen, but although not so tall as my father or brother, he had already that grand military bearing which is only acquired in the French service, and no wonder, for he had been three years in the Regiment de Condé, and had already seen two battles and three sieges in Savoy, and now had only leave of absence for the winter before rejoining his regiment in the Low Countries.

Yet he looked as bashful as a maiden. It was true that, as my father said, his bashfulness was as great as an Englishman's. Indeed, he had been bred up at his great-uncle's château in Anjou, under a strict abbé who had gone with him to the war, and from whom he was only now to be set free upon his marriage. He had scarcely ever spoken to any lady but his old aunt—his parents had long been dead—and he had only two or three times seen his little sister through the grate of her convent. So, as he afterwards confessed, nothing but his military drill and training bore him through the affair. He stood upright as a dart, bowed at the right place, and in due time signed his name to the contract, and I had to do the same. Then there ensued a great state dinner, where he and I sat together, but neither of us spoke to the other; and when, as I was trying to see the Viscount under my eyelashes, I caught his eyes trying to do the same by me, I remember my cheeks flaming all over, and I think his must have done the same, for my father burst suddenly out into a laugh without apparent cause, though he tried to check himself when he saw my mother's vexation.

When all was over, she highly lauded the young gentleman, declaring that he was an example of the decorum with which such matters were conducted in France; and when my father observed that he should prefer a little more fire and animation, she said—'Truly, my lord, one would think you were of mere English extraction,

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that you should prefer the rude habits of a farmer or milkmaid, to the reserve of a true noble and lady of quality.'

'Well, dame, I promised that you should have it your own way with the poor lass,' said my father; 'and I see no harm in the lad, but I own I should like to know more of him, and Meg would not object either. It was not the way I took thee, Margaret.'

'I shall never make you understand that a widow is altogether a different thing,' said my mother.

I suppose they never recollected that I could hear every word they said, but I was full in view of them, and of course I was listening most anxiously for all I could gather about my new life. If I remember right it was an envoy extraordinary with whom the marquis and his nephew had come, and their stay was therefore very short, so that we were married after a very few days in the Queen's Chapel, by her own almoner.

I do not remember much about the wedding, as indeed it was done very quietly, being intended to be kept altogether a secret; but in some way, probably through the servants, it became known to the mob in London, and as we drove home from Whitehall in the great coach with my father and mother, a huge crowd had assembled, hissing and yelling and crying out upon Lord Walwyn for giving his daughter to a French Papist.

The wretches! they even proceeded to throw stones. My young bridegroom saw one of these which would have struck me had he not thrown himself forward, holding up his hat as a shield. The stone struck him in the eye, and he dropped forward upon my mother's knee senseless.

The crowd were shocked then, and fell back, but what good did that do to him? He was carried to his chamber, and a surgeon was sent for, who said that there was no great injury done, for the eye itself had not been touched, but that he must be kept perfectly quiet until the last minute if he was to be able to travel without danger, when the suite were to set off, in two days' time. They would not let me go near him. Perhaps I was relieved, for I should not have known what to do; yet I feared that he would think me unkind and ungrateful, and I would have begged my mother and Eustace to thank him and make my excuses, but I was too shy, and I felt it very hard to be blamed for indifference and rudeness.

Indeed we four young ones kept as much together as we could in the house and gardens, and played all our dear old games of shuttlecock, and pig go to market, and proverbs, and all that you, my children, call very English sports, because we knew only too well that we should never play at them together again. The more I was blamed for being childish, the more I was set upon them, till at last my mother said that she was afraid to let me go, I was so childish and unfeeling; and my father replied that she should have thought of that before. He

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and I were both more English at heart than French, and I am sure now that he perceived better than I did myself that my clinging to my brothers and sister, and even my noisy merriment, was not the effect of want of feeling.

As to my bridegroom, I have since known that he was dreadfully afraid of us, more especially of me, and was thankful that the injury kept him a prisoner. Nay, he might have come down stairs if he had been willing, on the last evening, but he shrank from another presentation to me before the eyes of all the world, and chose instead to act the invalid, with no companion save Eustace, with whom he had made friends.

I will not tell you about the partings, and the promises and assurances that we should meet again. My father had always promised that my mother should see France again, and he now declared that they would all visit me. Alas! we little thought what would be the accomplishment of that promise.

My father and Eustace rode with us from London to Dover, and all that time I kept close to them. M. de Bellaise was well enough to ride too. His uncle, the marquis, went in a great old coach with the ladies, wives of some of his suite, and I should have been there too, but that I begged so hard to ride with my father that he yielded, after asking M. le Vicomte whether he had any objection. M. le Vicomte opened his great eyes, smiled, blushed, and bowed, stammering something. I do not think that he had quite realised previously that I was his wife, and belonged to him. My father made him ride with us, and talked to him; and out in the open air, riding with the wind in our cheeks, and his plume streaming in the breeze, he grew much less shy, and began to talk about the wolf-hunts and boar-hunts in the Bocage, and of all the places that my father and I both knew as well as if we had seen them, from the grandame's stories.

I listened, but we neither of us sought the other; indeed I believe it seemed hard to me that when there was so little time with my father and Eustace, they should waste it on these hunting stories. Only too soon we were at Dover, and the last, last farewell and blessing were given. I looked my last, though I knew it not, at that dear face of my father!

(To be continued.)

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KEEPING THE VOW.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'JOINED TO AN IDOL,' &c., &c.

PART I.

HOW THE VOW WAS MADE.

CHAPTER III.

As Maister Hepburn sat in the Chapter House waiting, there came to his ear a little swish in the grass, a little rustle of garments, and then a voice, low, husky, and trembling; but how familiar, and how dear! —saying one word, the one yearning cry of humanity repeated in many forms and many tongues, yet ever with the same deep though sometimes unconscious meaning underlying all—'Father!' For one brief moment David Hepburn shudderingly closed his eyes, certain that now the vision would appear; then by 'love's divine instinct' rendered 'wise,' he swiftly opened them in time to catch the falling form of his daughter, and to press her still young and still lovely face against his bosom. She had not absolutely fainted, that is to say, she had not lost consciousness; but she trembled and shook as much from bodily weakness as from mental agitation. Her father held her firmly with one arm, whilst with the other hand he tenderly chafed her cold fingers, speaking low, caressing words such as the Scotch keep for bairns (as the outlet Nature must find for her stored-up tenderness), but asking no questions, expressing no surprise. When at last she felt soothed, and began to offer explanations, he gently put them aside saying—

'Na, na, my bairn; we'll bide a wee, an' hear a' your tale when you're i' yer ain hame, an' yer ain bed, the which I'm thinkin' yer sair needin'.'

'Ay, father, that am I, and Tibbie, if she will help me.'

''Deed, will she. Ye ken she never gangs abroad o' the Sundays, excep' to the chaapel, an' for ance it's weel that it suld be sae. Lean upo' me, my bairn, we shall soon be there; it's but a wee bit way, sae dinna ye let yer hert doun, we'll dae brawly yet.'

Short as the distance was, it was not accomplished quickly. Poor Clementina's steps needed much guiding, and her frail little frame much support; and her father was thankful when he had at last safely deposited her upon the long, narrow, straight-backed, velvet-covered shelf, with crooked, gilded legs ending in claws, which did duty for a couch or sofa, and was deemed a grand addition to the furniture of a small tradesman's house.

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Never was erring child and penitent wanderer treated more lovingly than was sorrowing, travel-stained Clementina McRonald, father and nurse rendering her helpful services, and speaking kindly comforting words. When she had been refreshed by a piece of wheaten bread and a cup of choice claret, of which her father still had a small and much-prized store, and her weary frame supported by soft goose-feather pillows brought from the beds upstairs, and which made the sofa a different affair from what it was in its pristine state, she was allowed to tell the history of the past six months, concerning which her listeners had formed many conjectures, none of them perhaps wilder or more painful than the events which had really occurred. The story went back for its commencement to the time, more than six months before, when McRonald had gone to Edinburgh (really upon his evil errand, but, as he told his wife, upon his usual business for the firm in which he was foreman) and, for the first time since her marriage, took her with him, telling her that he would probably be obliged to remain some time in the city. But they had been there scarcely three days when he hurried her away, at almost a moment's notice, on board a trading vessel bound for Antwerp.

Clementina's miseries on the voyage were not light, nor when she did reach Antwerp was her life happy, or even comfortable. Her husband would not answer any of her questions as to why he had left Scotland, or what arrangements he had made with his employers, the Messrs. McLaren. Neither would he allow her to write to her father or attempt to send any message to him. That he had some money was evident to her, although little of it found its way into her pocket, and frequently she suffered from want of even the necessaries of life, and oftener still from loneliness and nervous apprehension at being left in a strange lodging, amongst people whose language she did not understand, and who, her instinct told her, were not respectable. After four months of this life, she was again hurried off, this time to Hull, from whence after a brief space they went by sea to Dundee. The night of their arrival there, as she sat in the public room of the low, mean inn, or rather tavern, to which her husband had taken her, her eye was attracted by a placard or handbill, torn and begrimed, offering a reward for the apprehension of the forger McRonald, who had absconded from Edinburgh in October, 1769. To use her own expression, 'the room swam round wi' her,' and she must have fainted; for the next thing she remembered was the finding herself lying upon a bed with people around her, amongst them her husband, who, hurriedly declaring that she was all right now, turned every one out of the room, and, as soon as they were alone together, went close to her, and in the low tones of most terrible anger, and with brutal oaths told her hat she had almost been the undoing of him by her cursed folly. She implored him to tell her the truth—to say that he was not that which that dreadful handbill called him; he only laughed—a laugh the remem-

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brance of which seemed to curdle her blood even then as she told the tale; and taking out a few guineas and other coins, put them into her hand, and told her to make the best use she could of them. 'Where are you going? What are you going to do?' she cried in terror. 'Relieve you of my presence once and for all,' was his reply as he turned and left the room. She was too weak in body, and too overcome by fear, to attempt to follow him; she heard him tell some of the women on the stairs that he was going for a doctor for his wife, and ask directions as to the way. She hoped against hope that he was really going to do this; but hour followed hour, and neither he nor any doctor appeared. The people of the house treated her with not unnatural suspicion, and in her sense of helpless misery she almost lost her reason. For some days she was unable to leave her bed; but, as soon as she could, she set off in a vessel bound for Aberdeen, and when arrived there, after many inquiries concerning boats sailing for Ennerleddie, could only find one going as far as Portsoy; and from that place—to the horror of her father and Tibbie when they heard it—she had walked to Ennerleddie, occasionally, indeed, getting a lift in some rough cart, or a mount behind a horseman; but, even with these helps, the way had seemed terribly long and weary, and at that period not free from peril. Her nearest way home, once she had entered Ennerleddie, lay across the cathedral-yard, and she had gladly sought shelter from one of the passing showers, and rest for her wearied limbs, in what had once been the Baptistery, from the darkness of which she had seen her father pass into the Chapter House, and moved by the sight of him, and the signs of infirmity that had grown upon him since last seeing him, she had become almost afraid to accost him, and not until she felt herself about to faint had she ventured to leave her corner, and call out the one word which filled her heart almost to breaking.

So the long story, told feebly, and yet with feverish eagerness, came to an end; and the listeners could make no comment, could only soothe and caress the now gasping, white-faced speaker; but, putting aside their entreaties that she would lie still and rest, she raised herself to grasp her father's arm, and to exclaim, with passionate energy concentrated upon the one question which she had come home to ask, 'Father, say it's no true! say he's no the man meant in yon terrible paper: ye ken it's anither body, and no Ronald; div ye no ken that, father?' For answer came the falling of her father's eyes, and the bowing of her father's head, which bent lower and lower until it reached her arm, and then the lips pressed themselves upon it with trembling yet close-clinging love. Isabella Allardyce, with the beautiful delicacy of feeling common to many of her nation, stole gently from the room, and in these very acts of father and nurse Clementina read the too sure truth: the grief was one too deep for tears; there came only one great sob which shook her frame, and then at last the question which David Hepburn had been dreading.

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'Whose name was't, father? Mr. McLaren's? and was he very angry?'

'Na, it wasna' Mr. McLaren's, my lassie; an' I dinna think that it's kent by folk in general whase siller it was.'

'But, father, will he be punished if they can find him?'

'I dinna richtly ken, lassie; but I'm thinkin' maybe no, because the man whose siller he used has forgi'en him, and isna' wishfu' to hae the law on him. Yet 'deed, my lassie, the best we can a' hope an' desire is that Ronald may keep awa' frae us, an' I maun just be tellin' ye sae, though it hurts me sair to hae to say 't.'

There was a long pause; then Clementina said—

'Father, will ye no tell me wha it was that he wranged sae sairly?'

'I would rather that ye suldna ken; but if ye maun hae it, ye maun: it was siller o' mine that the laddie took, an' I hae forgi'en him.'

The look in Clementina's eyes, and the wail of pain that broke from her dry, trembling lips, wrung her aged father's heart, and, with a touch of peremptory parental authority, he said—

'Clemmie, we will hae nae mair words upo' this maiter; the ill deed's dune, and we will put it oot o' oor thochts; an' my wish is that we cry upon Tibbie, and let her get ye till yer bed, for indeed it's the only place fit for ye.'

As Tibbie was undressing her whilom nursling, the latter suddenly turned to her, and, throwing her arms round her neck, whispered some words in her ear.

'Preserve 's a'!' cried the old woman; 'but I had my ain thochts that this was i' the wind. Eh! my bonnie bairn! my puir wee lambie! an' i' a month's time, ye're thinkin'. Hoo will we ever get the maister told? Honest man, he'll gae clean doited wi' the thocht o't!'

Tibbie revolved that question of getting 'the maister told' in her mind through the hours of that night, in which Clemmie slept a heavy sleep in her faithful and still strong arms; and, having at last found what she thought a good plan, she carried it out the next morning. She would not allow Clementina to rise; and when she had given her food, and had 'sorted' her bed, Tibbie called Maister David Hepburn to come and see her; she herself, after chatting for a few minutes with the two, went to a vast closet in one end of the room, and brought forth from its depths a cumbersome old cradle, much carved—like nearly all the furniture in the house—and began dusting it within and without. One amused look Maister Hepburn gave, then a glance at his daughter's flushed face changed it into one of touched, tender feeling, and, leaning over Clementina, he whispered—

'An' will a bairn o' yours lie i' your ain auld cradle, my wuman?'

'Ay, father, if a' things gae richt, an' the Lord will. Oh! to

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think that after a' these years o' mairied life, my first-born suld come to me here i' my ain hame.'

The old man rose, and said—

'I am glad for ye, my lassie; the name o' the Lord be praised!' Then adding more slowly and solemnly, as he put his hands on her head, and let them rest there, 'The angel that has redeemed me from all evil, bless my bairn, an' my bairn's bairn!'

CHAPTER IV.

I HAVE said that Ennerleddie is favoured in situation beyond most of the towns of northern Scotland; its surrounding hills, and its nearness to the sea, give it a sheltered mildness of climate scarcely believed in by southerners who have not happened to experience it; and many fruits and flowers flourish there that will not grow in other places in the same latitude; yet, for all this comparative mildness, the winters there are sometimes very real winters, the snow lying for days in unfrequented parts of the town, and in those higher parts of the valley which lie farthest from the sea.

A winter of this type was that of 1770: it began early, and lasted long; perhaps its coldest day, when the temperature was lowest, was that of the fifteenth of December; the snow was falling swiftly and steadily upon the already white town, and before one house in a secluded spot not far from the cathedral ruins it lay so thickly as to be almost a drift.

Through the half-drawn curtains of one of the front windows of Maister Hepburn's ancient, red-sandstone house might be seen the bright gleam of fire-light flushing the snow within its immediate influence with rosy life; but although it gave this glow to the outer world, there was no cheerfulness, save its own, within the room, the ceiling of which was low, and divided in the centre by a heavy beam black with age, as was also the wainscoting and the high, richly carved chimney-piece, beside which, in a straight-backed oaken chair, sat Maister Hepburn, reading in a silver-clasped volume that, too heavy to be held, lay upon a small round table drawn close to his elbow. Opposite the fire was a huge four-post bed (a treasure of elaborate age-blackened carving), with its curtains, those nearest to the door closely drawn. In the midst of linen, coarse indeed in texture, but as snowy-white as the covering of the outer world, lay Clementina McRonald, bearing on her brow and in her eyes the indescribable, yet, to all who have once seen such, the easily recognised look of one who, having received 'a token' from the great King, must hasten to go down into 'the swellings of Jordan.' Cradled close to her heart, yet getting but faint warmth therefrom, was a babe of nearly seven months old, his sweet sleep undisturbed by the fitful

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beating of his mother's aching heart—aching because she must needs go forth and leave him almost before she had had time to realise the joy of possessing him.

At the close of the preceding May (a bonnie 'Poet's May' that year, and not the usually grim, *dour* period which in Scotland passes by that sweet name), Clementina saw her first-born child laid in her father's arms, and in that moment all the bitterness and much of the sadness caused by the griefs of the previous seven years went out of her young heart, and in the great bliss of her motherhood she almost forgot the woes of her wifehood. David Hepburn never murmured that now he would have to work the harder; he only rejoiced in an added motive for work, and Tibbie returned with loving zeal to her half-forgotten nursery cares. As blithe a baptism as might be had when 'the bairn's father was wanting,' and whose absence could not be regretted, was that of the babe, to whom grandfather and mother agreed in giving the names sacred and dear to them both, the names of Stuart Alexander, being that of the family who alone they believed should be their country's rulers, and the Christian name of their own beloved minister who admitted this child, as he had done Clementina herself, aye, and the poor erring father also, into the covenant of promise. All this chastened gladness brightening the ancient, monastic house soon came to an end. Consumption, which had long been dormant in Mrs. McRonald's system, showed itself in all its fatal power with added strength, because of the check it had received in the expectation and birth of her child, and having made rapid strides, she was now, in the middle of December, in the last stage of that disease which is *the* scourge of our northern climes; and, as we have said, she had received the 'token from the great King,' and knew that there could be no long tarrying.

She was lying very quietly under her snowy coverings, faintly scented with peat smoke; her occasional hollow cough was for some time the only sound, save the pleasant crackling of the wood fire that stirred the profound stillness of both inner and outer world; but, after a long period of such silence, she said—

'Father, is na Tibbie a weary lang time o' comin'? I'm hopin' she'll no be ower late i' bringin' him.'

'Na, my lassie, they'll sure be here the noo, and a's ready, ye ken, sae there'll be nae time lost.'

'Is na it an awfu' day o' snaw, father?'

''Deed is't, my wuman; are ye cauld? Sall I hap mair claes aboot ye?' And the old man moved to the bedside.

'Na, I thank ye; I'm warm enuch; I hae baby. It's the minister I'm grievin' for, that he suld hae to come oot i' sic a storm.'

'Ye need na fash yerself aboot the minister, honest man! he's hale and hearty yet, thank the Lord, an' I doubt he's no that by sittin' i' the ingle neuk i' wild weather, my wuman. He an' I hae travelled hill

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an' glen afore this day, that he micht gie the blessed sacrament to a bit handfu' o' oor ain folk wha gathered frae far and near for the blessin'.'

'Ay, father, I mind ye're tellin' us o' that when ye cam back i' the evenins lang syne, when I sat upo' yer knee, an'—an'—Ronald, ye ken, was on a bit creepie beside ye.'

'Whist, Clemmie, my wuman, do ye no ken ye mauna be speakin' ower muckle?'

'I ken that, father, an' 'deed I *couldna* be speakin' muckle, gin I micht; but I maun speak twa three words till ye before the minister comes; wull ye no gie me my wull this once, father?'

Mrs. McRonald half raised herself in her bed, and the touch of her thin white hand was enough for the kindly old man.

'Lie doun, an' ye sall hae yer wull; only ye maunna be spendin' a yer strength, for ye'll need it sair when Maister Lindsay comes.'

'Father, there's just twa pints I'm needin' sair to speak till ye aboot. Dinna ye be tellin' my bit laddie mair nor is needfu' aboot his puir father; dinna tell him a' the truth, as lang 's ye can haud it frae him; dinna let him grow up wi' a sair dark shadow o' shame upo' his young hert; but, eh! father, see till 't that he's learned to be faithfu' an' true; oh, see that he learns to hate a lie, an' to abhor a' fause ways an' words. Chasten him, father; dae what ye wull wi' him; but dinna lat him ever tell a lee, nor brak his spoken word. Oh, say that ye'll see to 't, father!'

David Hepburn was deeply moved. 'I wull see to it, my bairn; as lang 's I live the laddie sall be taught to hate the sins o' unfaithfulness, an' there sall nae sic cleave until him, so help me God!'

Clementina bowed her head, alike awed and satisfied by the solemnity of her father's words and manner. Presently she spoke again.

'There's ae thing mair, an' I'll hae dune speakin.' Gin Ronald suld ever come back an' be a repentant man, dinna ye turn him frae yer door. He has sinned sair against ye, I ken weel; but oh! for luve o' me, yer ain ae bairn, gie him a word o' kindness, an' tell him, tell him, father, that for a' he's broken my hert, I hae lo'ed him to the vera end. Dinna think me a fule body, but it's just a fac'. I canna help it; I lo'e him noo, as I hae lo'ed him a' the days o' my life.'

The sick woman sank back exhausted, and her father touched her caressingly.

'Na, na, I'm no thinkin' ye a fule body, but a patient wife, leal-hearted as wives suld aye be. Never fear, lassie, gin yer man come back I'll no' forget that he is my sister's grandson, an' my ae dochter's husband. No, ye maunna move again!' for Clementina attempted to throw her arms round his neck, 'ye'll do yersel' a mischief, an' I'm sure ye're wishfu' to ha'e a quait mind when the minister 'll be here.'

Maister Hepburn moved back to his chair by the fire, and there was

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again perfect silence for about ten minutes, at the end of which time was heard a little stir in the lobby, and Tibbie entered the room, and, going to the bed-side, after making a sign to her master, who hurried away, said in a whisper—

'The minister's come, my dearie; he's but pitting aff his plaid the whilk is wet an' white wi' the snaw; an' ye're a' ready for him? Will I tak the wee mannie an' lay him doun i' his bit cradle?'

'Eh, Tibbie, let him bide! I'm sure it's nae wrang; I canna thole his bein' awa; let him bide!'

Tibbie looked and felt perplexed. The feebleness of the dying mother's clasping hold of her bairn, in the estimation of the compassionate nurse, was very strength against which her own healthy vigour and muscular power were impotent.

'Weel, lassie, I'm misdoubtin' it's nae richt; but we'll speer at the minister.'

At that moment the clergyman in charge of the little Episcopalian congregation of Ennerleddie and its outlying districts entered the room. 'The minister' (to give him the homely title, even in these days dear to Scotch ears, and to many Scotch minds meaning all that the true Catholic could desire to be attached thereto) was a perfect picture of a man, tall, large, and powerful of frame, though he carried it somewhat forward, giving him the appearance of a stoop; long ploughed lines in his worn, thin face told as plainly of hardships, mental and physical, as his clear blue eyes and large but well-cut smiling mouth showed rare kindliness of heart, whilst his snow-sprinkled hair testified to his having grown old in a service that was indeed to him the service of the Lord.

In his full, flowing white robes, he came in like the snow-flakes, and as softly as they; but the words that he spoke on the threshold were those blessed words glowing through and through with the heat of a dying Saviour's love—those words that bring joy whilst they declare peace, and that warm and cherish whilst they soothe and calm.

Seeing Mr. Lindsay come in thus, and bearing in his hands the holy vessels for the feast soon to be spread, Tibbie did not know how to intrude a question upon him, and she stood aside somewhat troubled in mind; but when he had laid his burden on the table reverently prepared for its reception, he went to Clementina, and said, 'Have you thought of anything more since yesterday that you would wish to say to me?'

'Na, sir, I thank ye, naething mair, save that I'd like to tell ye that I'm muckle happier i' my mind, for I spak to father, an' a' will be richt; he's been terrible gude an' kind till me.'

'I knew that he would be, if only you would take courage, and speak out your heart to him. I am glad and thankful for you, my dear child;' and Mr. Lindsay was turning away, but Clementina caught his sleeve.

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'Eh, sir, may my bairn bide? He's here, ye ken. Tibbie said na', but I canna' want him; he's asleep, an' he'll not disturb us.'

'Surely your bairn may bide; when the Lord is coming nearer to us than usual is not the time to put away the little ones whom He loves, and who have, as yet, done Him no wrong.'

'Oh! thank ye, sir; and may I keep my arm about him? I would like to gie him up to the Lord when He comes to me an' asks me to dae 't.'

'Do as you will, my dear child; I have no fear that you will let your good love for your bairn swallow up the better and holier love.'

So 'the Banner of Love' was unfurled in that ancient room, where once monks had prayed and held counsel together; and the Lord came to that bedside and blessed the babe whom his dying mother (who had no strength for aught else) had strength enough to hold up to His embrace—as surely as ever He blessed the little children on the plains of Galilee; and He blessed the poor mother also, folding her in His arms more lovingly than she folded her one man-child, her first and only bairn.

The following day, the clergyman came again, summoned in haste; for now Clementina's feet were touching the waters, and their sound filling her ears. Still, her child was in her arms, and it was only when her grasp of him relaxed that the watchers were sure that she had passed through the flood, and touched the shore of the 'unknown land.'

'It has been sudden at the last,' said Mr. Lindsay, rising from his knees, and grasping David Hepburn's hand. 'Yesterday I did not think that so soon all would be over.'

'Nae mair did I, Maister Lindsay; I thocht we micht hae keepet her a whilie yet; but this vera forenoon Maister Laidlaw tellt me that he misdoubted an abscess on the lung had broken, ye ken, an' gin that were sae, it couldna be but that death wad sune follow; sae I sent word to ye at ance, as ye had bidden me dae.'

'I am thankful that I was within reach, and could come to you at once. Well! she is at rest, our poor, dear lassie! And we dare not mourn for that, for, young as she was, she had had sore times and a hard fight; and rest is sweet. But I feel for you; you will be lonely and the bairn will be an anxious charge for you.'

'I ken that; an' I'll no' say but that whiles I'm terrible unfaithfu' i' my hert o' herts, an' get to wondering hoo the Lord will ever find the means to help me to thole the burden that seems too heavy for my auld back; but then again, there's whiles when I can just roll it upo' Him, an' leave it wi' Him. It's an especial mercy, is 't not, sir? that the bairn's not a woman-bairn, but a man-child, an' that he's strong an' hearty; ther's nae fears but that Tibbie, honest wuman, an' me will bring him up atween the twa o' us.'

'Nae fears, indeed! I feel sure the Lord will be your strength and

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stay; and what help Hamish and I can give you, you know you will get and welcome.'

'Aye, sir, I ken that weel, an' thank ye: gin it sall please the Lord that we rear the bairn, I'll mak' bold to ask ye to gie him a word o' gude counsel, seein' tae that he's yer name-son an' a'. His mither, puir body, was sair troubled i' her hert aboot him; she wouldna just say to me, dinna ye lat him grow up sic a ane as his father, ye ken; but she made it unco' plain to me that that was her meanin'. She said ower an' ower, wi' a pitifu' earnestness, "Dinna ye lat him tell a lee, or break his spoken word; learn him to be faithfu' an' true;" an' eh! think ye she didna' mind o' the lees upo' lees that yon chap, Ronald, would lat fa' as gin they were nae sin ava? an' didna' she mind terrible weel how his spoken promise was as naething in his sicht, nae mair than chaff blawn by the wind? Aye, aye, I'm very sure she minded a' that, puir lassie, and her hert yearned ower her man-bairn that he suldna' grow up like him; an' ye'll help us, sir, to learn him to be leal an' true. I'm richt sure ye'll dae that.'

'Aye, will I, as far as lies in my power, my friend; the king's name-son shall be worthy, please God, of the great royal name he bears.'

As Mr. Lindsay walked or rather ploughed his way home through the silent, snow-laden roads he said to himself, 'What a true hero David Hepburn is—a hero of whom the world knows nothing, nor will ever know anything, I suppose.'

Could the old clergyman have looked into futurity he would have been surprised by finding that the man whom he counted a hero is remembered indeed, but only as being the grandfather of him of whom the ancient borough of Ennerleddie boasts herself with pretty civic pride; and yet, if patient courageous struggle against misfortune, unselfish goodness, and full forgiveness of one who had wronged him constitute heroism, then David Hepburn deserves the title of hero as truly as does the grandson Stuart Alexander, who, but for his loving care, might never have grown up to be a glory to his native town.

CHAPTER V.

STUART'S early childhood passed as peacefully as his mother's had done, though with less of outward amusement and variety. As soon as he could safely run alone the whole house became to him one large playroom; the many empty chambers and little 'cells' (big closets, as he heard them called) he deemed especially delightful, and was not in the least awed by their stillness and gloom. Tibbie's kitchen he also loved, from different reasons, and spent much of his time therein, learning to be 'as handy as ony lassie,' the old woman would often triumphantly say. When he was six years old Tibbie taught him to read, using the identical 'hornbook' with which she had taught his

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mother, and soon after he was promoted to the dignity of having writing-lessons from his grandfather, who, as well as Tibbie, had long been in the habit of telling him stories in the winter evenings. Tibbie's indeed were chiefly drawn from fairy lore; his grandfather's from the Bible and family traditions—stories of the soldier chiefs of his mother's race, chieftains of their own name, and to whom they had been faithful retainers, equal because of the tie of kinship, and yet willingly subservient, a bond which only true-born Celts can properly understand or realise. The old man told the boy of the Walter Hepburn who was a brave knight's squire at Bannockburn, and so won his spurs; of the Lord Hepburn who fell at Flodden; of the Master of Hepburn who followed 'the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee;' and last, not least, of the proscribed lord, the last baron under whom he himself, David Hepburn, had shed blood for the 'richtfu' king, the *only* richtfu' king, mind ye *that*, laddie!'

The stories awoke and fostered in the boy the spirit of clanship and martial ardour to which he was fairly entitled, and his earnest desire was to be a soldier—a desire his grandfather could not discourage and yet dared not encourage; for 'alas,' as he said to himself, 'who was there now for whom to fight?'

As Stuart grew older most of his religious teaching came from Mr. Lindsay; this good man, who had never married (for one sufficient reason, if for no other, that he had never had means wherewith to support a wife), loved children, and showed his love by often gathering them round him for instruction in the highest and holiest truths, and in all such gatherings his 'name-son' was not likely to be omitted. To him he also taught other things: the boy having early shown an aptitude for acquiring languages, picking up Gaelic from Hamish McBean, the one servant at the Parsonage, with wonderful celerity. Mr. Lindsay gave him lessons in French and assisted him in the Latin which he had to prepare for the parish school, the one only school of the district. Stuart might have been a quick and in many respects a lovable pupil, but in the early years of his boyhood there was in him an immense love of fun and frolic that sometimes took the form of troublesome mischief. To this, as long as it was kept within bounds, neither his grandfather nor his clergyman was severe; but anything approaching to dishonesty in word or deed, or of unfaithfulness to a pledge given or to a required duty, met with stern rebuke, and what would be thought in these days hard punishment. Still both were so just and so impartially bestowed that they inspired no abject fear in the boy, and rather filled him, as they were intended to do, with contemptuous horror of the sins which had necessitated them.

When Stuart was about ten years old, a grave instance of the dreaded sin occurred; he deliberately and wilfully broke a promise which he had made to Tibbie—broke it only because fulfilling it would have interfered with temporary self-gratification; then, when Tibbie remonstrated,

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he at first treated the matter with flippant indifference, and afterwards began to make false excuses, in fact to say something very like the lie which with any degree of wilfulness or premeditation his lips had never yet uttered. Tibbie tearfully told her master, and he felt that an important moment had arrived, the value of which, if lost then, might never be regained. He told the boy of his father's habits of false speaking and of his unfaithfulness to his trust, though even then the forgiving old man did not mention McRonald's sin against himself; he spoke of his dying mother's earnest prayer that he might not be allowed to be false or unfaithful, and then, with a heavy but unflinching heart, he punished Stuart more severely than he had ever been punished. The body and mind of the boy alike felt that the sin had been great. Furthermore he was advised by his grandfather to tell Mr. Lindsay what he had done; and never did he forget the wholesome shame and bitter discipline of that telling, but likewise he ever remembered the tender compassion with which the telling was received; not tender compassion only, there was honest indignation and stern rebuke also; for no one knew better than Mr. Lindsay how to blend mercy with judgment, tenderness with impressive severity. He bade the boy learn and often repeat the fifteenth Psalm, and in all his long after-life Stuart never saw or heard its fourth verse without recalling that day's experiences, and Mr. Lindsay's face, and words of 'honey mingled with fire;' and many a person at this present hour has reason to give thanks that he did thus surely learn that he who would ascend to 'the hill of the Lord' must, if he 'swear unto his neighbour, disappoint him not,' even 'though it be to his own hindrance.'

Stuart's thirteenth birthday was scarcely over when changes broke in upon his hitherto uneventful life—changes that brought sorrows in their train. The first was the death of Maister Dunlop, the woollen merchant and haberdasher who had bought Hepburn's shop, and the passing of the business into the hands of distant relatives from a southern county, who brought their own full staff of assistants, and neither needed nor appreciated the aged foreman's necessarily feeble help; and a man of eighty-six was not likely to find any new employment. Even at his loom he could now work but slowly, and persons, who required or wished to have their orders quickly executed, gradually ceased to employ one who in that respect could not satisfy them; and had it not been for a small bequest from Maister Dunlop the little family at the 'Red House' would have sunk into absolute penury. Tibbie's keep was now a heavy drain upon Hepburn, yet he neither could nor would have turned her from his door, and indeed for the last few months of her life, her own scanty pittance was thrown into the common fund; but, grieved at heart for her master and friend, her health gradually gave way, and about a year after Mr. Dunlop's death, she also died, leaving Stuart almost inconsolable at the loss of the only mother he had ever known, and who had indeed, spite of age and feebleness, acted

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a mother's part to him. To his great surprise, for he did not then realise how bitter was their poverty and how hopeless would be their condition when Mr. Dunlop's money should have been all spent, his grandfather made no effort to replace Tibbie, but shut up more of the rooms, made a sitting-room of the front kitchen, and did the few domestic duties now required with the assistance of Stuart and of a widow woman, a neighbour, who came in for an hour each morning.

The meals became daily more and more scanty, and Stuart, a healthy growing lad, often felt himself very hungry. At last he ventured to ask his grandfather if there were need for this extreme carefulness and rigid economy. Hepburn, feeling that the boy was fully to be trusted, explained to him their exact condition, and showed him that at least for some months extra economy must be practised to pay for the expenses incident upon poor Tibbie's illness and death.

As the old man talked, Stuart noted his sunken cheeks, his pale lips, and bent and feeble frame, and recognising, with a sudden thrill of horror, that he did not have sufficient bodily nourishment, felt ashamed of his repinings at his own scanty supply of food. Almost from that hour the boy threw aside his boyishness, and the manhood within him began to dawn before its due time; he earnestly requested that he might be taken away from school, that 'the fees' might be saved, although, indeed, they were small, for it has long been the glory of Scotland that there a good education can be obtained at a moderate expense.

Unwillingly, Mr. Hepburn consented to Stuart's leaving the parish school, where he was an apt and ever-improving pupil; but he could not help feeling the few pence thus gained a comfort in his extreme need, and when, shortly after, Stuart obtained a situation as shop-boy in the one small bookseller's shop, earning therein a trifling weekly payment, affairs certainly looked brighter; but the winter just then drawing on proved a bitter one, and Hepburn's aged, toil-weakened frame could not withstand its severity, and, after many manly efforts of resistance, he at last sank down in helpless sickness, that not only affected his body, but also darkened his mind. Stuart, afraid to leave him to himself, and unable to pay for the services of any competent attendant, was obliged to give up his situation in order to wait upon him; but he contrived to earn a little money by copying and by working at the loom, which latter, however, he could only do when his grandfather slept. The money remaining from Mr. Dunlop's legacy, and which was now, of course, in his hands, had dwindled almost to nothing, and he could not imagine how to procure the comforts which the old man's state absolutely needed; he could not sell the carved furniture, of which there was a good deal, and of the value of which he was aware, for it, like the house, was now the property of the eldest son of the last exiled Lord Hepburn, who had lent both to the retainer of his youth as a reward for disinterested services; and David

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Hepburn, on his marriage, had thought himself a happy man to have a partially furnished house, rent free, to live in. Nearly all the furniture that had belonged to himself, Hepburn had sold at the time when McRonald's act of forgery had compelled him to get money to pay the merchants with whom he dealt, and whom he had intended to pay with the sums which his son-in-law had then stolen from him.

Many a time Stuart, not yet fifteen years old, felt driven to his wits' end, 'and his soul melting away because of the trouble.' Often his only meal in the day consisted of a plate of porridge* but scantily supplied with milk; the pangs of hunger were hard to bear, and yet whenever he indulged in a little more food, he reproached himself with 'contemptible greediness,' and with a stern asceticism, that being unselfish was truly holy, turned away from the tempting white bread and the steaming broth which he made his grandfather eat.

The neighbours at last began to guess how matters stood, and to divine from Stuart's pallid cheeks and listless step how bitter was the poverty in the handsome old 'Red House' under the shadow of the Cathedral ruins; but although they pitied, they could do but little for him, for he never complained, and his bearing, though modest and respectful, had that dignified independence which makes it difficult for people who respect it to offer favours. The neighbours, being Scotch, understood an honest Scotch boy's shy, proud reticence, and dread of displaying, to strange eyes, either temporal or mental troubles: even Mr. Lindsay did not for some time guess the half of the boy's sorrows; he was aware that he and his grandfather were poor, but how poor he had had no idea until one afternoon on which he invited Stuart to go with him into his lodging and share his dinner. It was a simple meal—a roasted gigot of mutton, with baked potatoes, and a suet pudding, sparsely sprinkled with currants and raisins; but to Stuart it seemed a royal banquet, and he had to summon all his prematurely gained manliness to keep him from bursting into tears as a plate of the nice-smelling meat and browned crisp potatoes was put before him; he could not restrain his eagerness, and the first few mouthfuls were taken as only hungry people take food.

Mr. Lindsay furtively watched him, and began to understand that in good truth the boy was almost starving. Stuart could not eat all that had been given to him; like most persons who have been weakened by long abstinence from solid food, he soon turned with something like sick loathing from the meat. Perceiving this, Mr. Lindsay brought out his rarely used case bottle of whisky, and mixing a small quantity of the spirit with water, desired him to drink it; Stuart was unwilling, but, accustomed all his life to obey Mr. Lindsay, he took the potion, and tried not to make wry faces over it.

When Mr. Lindsay had seen a little colour make its way into

* At that period potatoes were but little cultivated in Scotland, and only in gardens as an article of luxury, and not of common ordinary agriculture as now.

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Stuart's cheeks, and watched him eat some more food with relish, he said kindly—

'Stuart, my man, I'm fearful that you have not attended enough to yourself, whilst taking care of your grandfather. Let us see if I couldna help ye to manage better.'

'Eh! sir, if you could but help me—I'd be real thankfu'; it's may be a' my ain blame; but I just canna contrive to get a' thing that grandfather needs, and pay up the siller that's owin' for Tibbie's buryin', and eneuch meat for mysel', wi' ten shillings a week; I canna mak' oot hoo it gaes; but nae suner hae I gotten the bit siller i' my hand, than it's gane like snaw i' the sunshine, though I dinna spend a bawbee to mysel'!'

The wistful look in the boy's upturned big blue eyes (true Celtic eyes) touched the old clergyman; the 'water stood in his own,' as he answered—

'You are but a young laddie to have such anxious thoughts and cares. I don't wonder that you are hungry; you should have told me of all this before; you might have trusted me. But one thing we can remedy at once; you must come every day at this hour and dine with me. I do not have meat every day,—only two or, at most, three times a week; but there's always kail brose, or barley broth, or dried salmon, and sometimes potatoes, more than enough for you and me; so that's settled, will you mind that?'

'Aye, sir, I'll mind, and thank you,' replied Stuart, the boyishness in him setting aside pride, and making him really thankful at the prospect of having one substantial and wholesome meal every day.

'But now,' continued Mr. Lindsay, 'we must try and get you some more money; at the least, get help to pay off the rest of the debt for Tibbie's funeral; how much is't, my laddie?'

'Three-and-twenty shillins yet, sir; it was between five and six guineas; but we hae paid up the lave o't. I dinna see, though, *how* I'm to get mair siller; I canna earn muckle and notice grandfather tae; and I ken weel, *I'll* no *seek* it frae ony body.'

'Maybe you will not; but I'm thinking that I will, my laddie.'

'Na, na, sir, dinna ye do that. I couldna thole to look onybody i' the face again, gin I sought siller that gate.'

'Whiles, folk maun seek siller, or starve,' replied Mr. Lindsay, using the homely vernacular, as he frequently did when speaking to the humbler members of his little congregation; then, relapsing into pure English, he added—'Gowanbraes is just expected to be coming in from India; and it would be quite seemly and fitting for me to ask *him* for help for you and your grandfather; and I'll do it, Stuart, as soon as I get word of his being in Scotland.'

Stuart was silent. Gowanbraes was the territorial appellation of Colonel Hepburn, the son of the chief to whom David Hepburn had done good service; he was their natural-born chieftain, the head of

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their clan, even their far-away kinsman; and thus it did not seem either wrong or shameworthy to ask him for help.

Mr. Lindsay believed that Colonel Hepburn would ere long be at Gowanbraes, the only estate in Scotland still left to his family; it had belonged to his mother, the Lady Marjorie Hepburn, and had been part of her dowry—it and the 'Old Red House,'—and thus had been suffered to escape in the general confiscation of the Hepburn estates. Mr. Lindsay was, however, disappointed in his expectation; business kept the colonel from leaving India at the time he had mentioned as that of his probable sailing; stress of weather off the Cape further delayed him, and when he did arrive in Scotland his mother and his little daughter in Edinburgh had to be visited before he could get so far north as Ennerleddie, a journey to which town was not at that date, or indeed for many years later, to be lightly undertaken or easily accomplished; and, meanwhile, the waiting-time brought Stuart heavier trials than any he had yet endured.

(*To be continued.*)

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TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GREEK TRAGEDIANS.

"PROMETHEUS BOUND."

OCEANUS* CONDOLES WITH PROMETHEUS.

OCEANUS *appears, borne through the air on a winged monster, half bird, half quadruped. He alights near* PROMETHEUS.

OCEANUS.

Fain to thee, Prometheus, wending,
Here hath my long journey ending.
Me this fleet-winged courser bare;
My will his guiding rein through air.
Believe I travail with thy pain,
Thus much, methinks, the ties constrain
Of dear affinity;
But, were our kinship sundered, deem
There's none above thee I esteem
In love and courtesy.
As thou shalt shortly prove—no play
Is mine of flattery sweet as vain,
For lo! speak out and tell me plain;
How may I serve thee?—never shalt thou say,
That truer friend could ever be,
Than is Oceanus to thee.

PROMETHEUS.

What! is it so? art thou too come to eye
My pangs?—how had'st the heart to leave the stream
Named thine,† and rock-arched caverns, kindly growth
Of nature, for this land whose entrails teem
With iron? or to view my lot hast come,
And echo indignation at my woes?
Look on this sight!—the bosom friend of Zeus,
Co-peer in the emprize that throned him king—
Bowed—with what pangs—to sufferance of his will.

OCEANUS.

I see, Prometheus, and, to that is best
Would fain commend thee;—various though thy lore;
Learn who thou art; to meet the times, put on
New ways, for new is he who rules in heaven.

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* Oceanus, one of the Titans, and father of the nymphs who had hastened to comfort Prometheus, had sided with the latter against Zeus, but saved himself by a timely submission. Two other Titans are mentioned in the dialogue as punished for their rebellion against Zeus—Atlas, who was supposed to bear up the heavens, or according to some legends, both earth and heaven, on his back—a conception taken probably from mountains whose summits appear to touch the sky—and Typhon, in whom are personified the phenomena to be seen in volcanic districts such as Etna.

† The Greeks identified *Oceanus* with the river which they supposed to flow continually round the earth.

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But so thou let'st thy tongue still shoot out words
So sharp and bitter, it may hap that Zeus,
Throned though he be so far aloft, will hear,
So that his wrath now laid on thee, shall seem
But childish pastime, sorrow's mimicry.
But oh! as thou art wretched, lay it by—
This stubborn heat—and get thee rest from pain.
And, this may sound to thee but old-world speech,
Prometheus, yet I'll say it; such the wage
That ever waits on o'er presumptuous tongues.
Not yet thou'rt meek or yield'st to this correction,
But to those ills thou hast would add still others.
Then shalt thou not—if thou'lt be schooled by me—
Thrust limb against the pricks, seeing a king
There reigns, implacable, regarding none.
But now will I begone to seek some way
Out of these troubles to deliver thee.
Be tranquil thou, and rein thy lips the while.
Know'st thou not well, being so wondrous wise,
Vain words but bruise the tongue that utters them?

PROMETHEUS.

How I do love thee!—thee the blameless found,
Who wert so hot to venture all with me!
Let be, I pray thee, take no further care:
With prayers thou mov'st not him; he hears them not.
Look to it, this journey bring *thyself* no harm.

OCEANUS.

Thou art all things to all save one—and that's
Thyself; which I infer from facts not words.
But never stay me ere I be well gone,
For sure am I that I shall win this gift
From Zeus,—yea very sure—and ease thy griefs.

PROMETHEUS.

For this I thank thee much, and ever shall.
No stint hath thy good will; yet trouble not.
For all in vain, nor aught a help to me,
Thy trouble—if needs must thou trouble still.
Live tranquil then, and keep from harms aloof.
For not—if I must grieve—for this would I
Have many in the same grief fall with me;
Nay, but I waste with that, my brother's woe—
Atlas—who hath his stand in the far West,
And bears upon his back the pillar set
Twixt heaven and earth; his arms' uneaseful load.
Him too, the dweller in Cilicia's cave,
I yearned beholding, Earth's conception huge,
Scourge of the hundred heads they gyved by force,—
Typhon—that furious rebel 'gainst the gods,
From jaws terrific breathing slaughter forth.
And from his eyes he glared fierce blinding flame,
As if with might he'd hurl Zeus from his throne.
But on him fell the sleepless dart of Zeus,
The thunderbolt, down-ruining, belching flame,
And smote him suddenly, and shocked out of him
His high-flown boasts; for smit to the very heart,
He lay there, charred and blasted in his strength.
Now sprawling all along, his helpless mass

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Lies by that narrowing runlet of the sea,
Crushed down by ridgy, vast, Ætnean roots.
There, on the topmost peak, Hephæstus sits,*
The hot ore forging, whence one day shall burst
Rivers of flame with ravenous fangs to lick
The plains and fruitful slopes of Sicily.
Such ire shall Typhon vomit forth, in spurts
Of hot combustion, flood insatiable!
Albeit to ashes charred by thunder of Zeus.
But thou by trial hast learned, and need'st not me
For teacher; save thyself; thou knowest a way.
But I shall wear this sufferance to its end,
Till Zeus his haughty will from wrath bow down.

OCEANUS.

Know'st thou not this, Prometheus, that fair words
Prove medicines to heal a mind diseased? †

PROMETHEUS.

So one by fair occasion soothe the heart,
Not forcibly abate the blood at glow.

OCEANUS.

If forethought and bold deed go hand in hand,
See'st thou a lurking danger?—rede me this.

PROMETHEUS.

Labour in vain, and confidence as fond.

OCEANUS.

Well, in this sickness let me die, since gain
Accrues to wisdom when least wise it seems.

PROMETHEUS.

This shall be thought my error, being thine.

OCEANUS.

Clearly thy reasoning points me home again.

PROMETHEUS.

Why, lest thy grief for me, in thee prove treason;—

OCEANUS.

Mean'st thou 'gainst him, the king late throned supreme?

PROMETHEUS.

Take heed that never sorrow vex *his* heart.

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* Another legend represents Hephæstus as having his workshop *within* the crater of Etna.

† The following part of the dialogue is an example of the *stichomuthia* (or conversation in alternate lines) so frequent in the Greek dramatists, in which retort follows retort, like the thrust of a rapier, as each speaker endeavours to hold his own and silence his adversary. The English has, then, to essay the difficult task of reproducing line for line the Greek, which would otherwise lose all its point and sparkle; although the pregnant compression, the terse and metaphorical language, tend to obscurity, even in the original. It would be tedious to explain the whole context in a note, but it may be observed that Oceanus begins with a metaphor suggesting the possibility that the hard heart of Zeus may be softened by mild words as physical maladies are by gentle treatment; and a similar strain may be noticed throughout.

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OCEANUS.

Prometheus, there's thy fate to beacon me.

PROMETHEUS.

Hence, go in peace, and be of this mind still.

OCEANUS.

I was just going as thou deafened'st me;
For my four-footed bird fans with his wings
The air's wide causeway, and 'tis like he'll glad
To lie down safe in stall at home again.

[*Exit* OCEANUS.

PROMETHEUS * RECOUNTS HIS BENEFITS TO MAN.

PROMETHEUS.

Think not that I through scorn or stiff-necked pride
Keep silence; but for thought my heart is sick,
Being as I am this butt of contumely.
Yet who but I for these new gods defined
To each his rounded, clear prerogative?
But of all this no more—since 'twere to tell
A tale full well you know;—list now what ills
Did wait on men; how in their sense benumbed
I awoke thought and power of large discourse.
Nor speak I thus in man's disparagement,
But proving the goodwill that urged my gifts.
Know first that these had eyes, yet could not see,
And ears yet heard not, but like shapes in dreams
Through that long age all things at random did,
Confusedly; nor knew they homes of brick
Fronting the light, nor craft of carpentry.
But burrowing like the tiny ants, they dwelt
In rifts of caves unlighted by the sun.
And no sure sign of winter nor of spring
Abloom with flowers nor fruitage-laden summer
Was theirs; but judgment failed in all they did,
Till I revealed the risings of the stars,
And made the secrets of their settings plain.
Next Number,—supreme science,—I devised
For men, and taught them letters to combine,
Source of the Muse and her recording skill.†
And I first bowed beneath the yoke the beasts
That draw for man and bare him on their backs,
That they might lighten his extremest toils.
I brought too 'neath the chariot steeds that champ
The bit, proud wealth's superfluous ornament.
All which besides, none else than I contrived
The sailor's canvas-winged sea-wandering car.
These arts for men—all these—did I with skill

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* The word Prometheus signifies *Forethinker*, and the whole of the following passage may be called an allegory of *Forethought*. New wants awake in primitive man the forethought by which alone they can be obtained, and thus arise the arts of civilisation. The traditionary account of man in his first rude state here given is curiously in accord with some of the latest conclusions of science on the subject.

† The meaning is, the combining of letters gave birth to Literature (the Muse), by means of which every event is recorded and preserved from oblivion.

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Devise, yet oh! most wretched, have no craft
Whereby to win surcease from mine own woe.

CHORUS.

Humbling indeed thy plight; from reason fallen,
Thou errest, like a bad physician found;
Who, falling sick, dost straight despair, and cure
Find'st none at all wherewith thyself to heal.

PROMETHEUS.

Yet hear me out and you shall marvel more
At all the arts and engines I devised;
The greatest this; if one fell sick, no cure—
Potion or food or unguent bland—was found
To heal his sickness; but for lack of drugs
They pined and wasted, till I showed the balm
That lay in subtly blended remedies,
Wherewith disease they banish. I made plain
The ways of divination; taught which dreams
Foreshadowed truth; nor less interpreted
Each dim presageful sound mysterious,
And omen by the wayside met; 'twas I
Who clear defined for them the flight of birds
Crook-taloned, in their nature fortunate
Or sinister, and what the life each leads;
How mutually they shun or mate or flock
Gregarious. And I taught how smile the gods
When smooth and colored fair the inwards show *
And fitly seamed the liver; furthermore,
Roasting the thighs enveloped in the fat,
With the long chine, I led men in the way
Of an abstruse art, and the signs of flame
Before seen dimly made them apprehend.
Thus far of these; but for those aids that lie
Stored for man's use beneath the earth—as copper,
Iron or gold or silver, who will say,
Who, that before me he discovered them?
No one, I know, who would not idly seem
To blab; in few, hear thus the matter summed;
All arts to mortals from Prometheus came.

PROMETHEUS' DEFIANCE TO THE FINAL MESSAGE OF HERMES.

PROMETHEUS.

This tale of his bearing too well I foreknow,
Though he clamour it oft; but that foeman entreat
With evil his foeman, nor pity show,
This were nothing more than meet.
Then on me be the dire quick wreathings of the fire
Of the lightning, with flashes on flashes, hurled;
Be the spaces of heaven convulsed and riven
By the thunder, and blasts that are eddying whirled
On the breath of their wrath; and the earth be set whirling
As its very roots quake at the air-tempest's shake,

* In this and the following lines reference is made to the art of divining; whether by inspection of the entrails of animals offered in sacrifice, or by observation of the sacrificial flame.

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And the waves of the deep, their rude surges upcurling,
With the stars in their heavenly courses be drifted.—
And *me* let him take—let him seize me uplifted !—
And swayed giddy, resistlessly round in his swirl,
Deep into the blackness of Tartarus hurl !
Let him do what he will, *I* shall mock his dooms still.

HERMES.

Such words and counsels the mind but stir,
As the wanderings of stricken brains ;
For could he more widely from reason err,
Who not e'en when he prayeth his madness restrains ?
But for you, who his sorrow's burden share,
Get you hence, and be here no longer found ;
Seek some other spot and with quick repair,
Lest with echoings of no gentle sound
The crash of the thunder your sense confound.

CHORUS.

Argument far other choosing
Speak, our hearts to lure.
Since *this* speech of thy misusing,
We may ne'er endure.
How can'st thou with promptings vile unto baseness me beguile ?
At his side I still will suffer what must still be borne :
Traitors ever learned I to detest,
Nor is any pest
Moveth more my loathing and my scorn.

HERMES.

Well, bethink you at least, when my words come true,
Nor, at Retribution's swift pursuing,
Blame fortune, or say that hid from view
Was the evil Zeus upon you drew,
But that your own selves wrought your own undoing.
For not as taken unaware,
Nor in any sudden, secret way,
In the net of Atè,* whence none shall stray,
Ye are tangled and meshed for your folly's share.

PROMETHEUS.

And in deed, now, behold, and no longer in word,
The earth quivers and shakes !
And with echoing sound, from its realms underground,
The crash of the thunder anearing is heard.
And dazzlingly bright, in the fiery light
Of its quick-coiling flashes, the lightning breaks.
And the whirlwinds spin eddying onwards the dust.
And the blasts of the winds all together upleap
And conflict in an uproar of gust against gust,
As they buffet and smite with encountering might ;
And convulsed in one chaos blend sky and deep.
Such a tumult, Zeus-sent, of each shocked element,
For a terror to daunt me comes visibly on !—
Oh ! reverèd my mother, oh, Æther, whose sway
Brings to all, in its circling, the light's common ray,
Dost thou see me, thus wronged and undone ?

[*As the tempest deepens, the earth opens, and swallows up* PROMETHEUS *with the rock to which he is chained.*

* Atè was the goddess by whom delusion or infatuation was sent upon evil doers ; but the word signifies as well the guilt itself thus engendered, and again the retributive misery following upon the guilt.

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THE SUPPLIANTS.

There was an irresistible temptation to let Æschylus speak, for the first time, through the *Prometheus*. The grandeur of that solitary figure cannot be wholly obscured, even in the mist of a translation. But the *Prometheus* marks a mature period of the poet's work, in which the chorus occupies a subordinate position, and the story, bare though it be in its simplicity, deepens in interest to the awful close. Between this masterpiece, and that other which crowns the poet's work—the *Oresteia*—come several plays, having each its special interest, but belonging to a less perfect stage of the poet's development. Of these, the *Suppliants* comes nearest to that earlier type of the Greek drama, in which the chorus was nearly everything, and the dialogue of little importance. The legend of Io, of which the *Suppliants* is a continuation, forms an episode * of the *Prometheus*, and as it will serve to explain many allusions, and also affords a favourite example of the myths which, in ever-changing shapes, were woven and re-woven into the fabric of the Greek drama, it may be well to give the story in detail, taking it up at a point anterior to that at which the play begins.

To Io, daughter of Inachus, King of Argos, came visions of the night, which spake to her continually of the love of Zeus. Wherefore, at the harsh bidding of the oracle, her father, though reluctant, thrust her from his palace, and straightway her form was changed by Zeus, and she became a horned heifer. But Hera, being aware, in her jealousy sent the myriad-eyed herdsman Argus to watch her; whom vainly Apollo slew. For in spectre-shape Argus still pursued the maiden, and thereto moreover, by the hate of Hera, was a gadfly sent to sting and torment her, so that without rest she wandered from land to land. Through many countries of Europe she passed, and swam the raging Bosphorus (Ox-Ford), nor even here might stay—but onward through the Asian land she sped, till in Canopus, of the land of Egypt, by banks of olden Nile, Zeus touched her with his gentle hand, and she was soothed from her long frenzy, and restored to human shape. And from this touch of Zeus was born Epaphus, and his descendants reigned in the land, till in the fifth generation arose two brothers, Danaus and Ægyptus.

Now Ægyptus would fain have married his fifty sons to the fifty daughters of Danaus, but the maidens, detesting the marriage as impious, fled with their father to Argos, the land of their mother Io, and there, with the King Pelasgus and his people, did they find protection from their pursuers.

Yet in the end, when the sons of Ægyptus followed in pursuit even unto Argos, Danaus yielded up to them his daughters to wed, but commanded the maidens to rise up and slay each her husband on the bridal night. And this thing they did; all save one, Hypermnestra, who, for love's sake, spared her husband Lynceus. And from these two sprang Heracles

* See following note on the *chorus*.

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(*Hercules*), *who slew with his arrow the eagle that preyed on Prometheus, and delivered the hero from his chains.*

It will not in every case be needful to give at full length the legend on which any particular drama is based, and, even in the present instance, our play deals only with that small part of the story which recounts the appeals of the Egyptian maidens—the Suppliants—to the king and people of their motherland Argos. The play is, in fact, little more than a succession of choral odes, yet it affords scope for some of the greatest powers of Æschylus. He has made the invocations of the maidens the vehicle of the noblest attributions to Zeus, while by his skilful treatment of the interest attaching to their fugitive condition and the mysterious land from which they come, he touches the heart and delights the imagination.

In the ode which follows, this lofty theology, couched in verses which recall both by their spirit and their structure the Hebrew poetry, appears blended with geographical romance, in the description of the mystic wanderings of Io.

SUPPLICATORY CHORAL ODE.

The scene is at Argos, near the entrance of the gates. The fifty maidens, clad in Egyptian dress, and bearing in their hands myrtle boughs festooned with wool, the badges of suppliants, are grouped around the statues of ZEUS, ARTEMIS, *and other gods.*

STROPHE I.*

King of kings, and deity
Of deities;—of all that be
Author and perfecter, blissful in might,
Zeus hear, our pray'r fulfil!
Rise up in wrath, avert these men's despite,
And whelm in purpling waves of night,
That sable bark of ill.

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* The general functions of the chorus have been explained, but some further details connected with its arrangement may usefully illustrate, not only the structure, but the spirit, of the Greek drama. The chorus, which usually consisted of twelve members, on marching into the orchestra to take up their station at the *thymelé*, or altar of Dionysus, sang a chant, which was called the *parodos* (marching song). When they had once taken their position, each choral ode sung by them was called a *stasimon* (stationary song). Moving with rhythmic gestures from right to left, around the altar, they first sang a stanza, which was called, after the movement itself, the *strophé* (turning song); then, changing their direction from left to right, but still using the same metre, music, and rhythmic gestures, they sang the corresponding *antistrophé* (returning song), of which the sentiment was generally similar to that which had been expressed by the *strophé*.

Sometimes, as in the present instance, the chorus was divided into two bands, and then the first half sang the *strophé*, the second the answering *antistrophé*.

Besides *strophé* and *antistrophé*, there occur at times in the *stasimon* certain independent stanzas, without corresponding stanzas to answer them. These are the *prosode* (introductory song), and the *epode* (closing song), which, as their names imply, respectively opened and concluded the whole ode; and the *mesode* (intervening song), which came as a break between alternating *strophé* and *antistrophé*.

By the choral odes the play was divided into sections, corresponding, in some

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ANTISTROPHE I.

To thy handmaids' cause incline,
Mindful of our ancient line,
Sprung from an ancestress dear in thy sight ;
Recal to memory,
Soother of Io, the sweet tale aright ;
Though sped the sacred land * our flight,
Children of this we be !

STROPHE II.

I tread in the steps of my mother of yore,
The dells set with eyes for her evermore ; †
The kine's fair pasture whence Io fled,
By the gad-fly distraught,
Borne in frenzied thought,
Through lands many and strange with unresting tread.
And, her destiny urging,
A wall rose the mainland on either side,
As her way, with quick oarage, the maiden plied
Through the Bosphorus surging.

ANTISTROPHE II.

O'er the Asian land now she speeds, she speeds,
On through richest Phrygian meads ;
By towers of Teuthras, Mysian king,
And by Lydia's plains ;—
And still onward she strains,
Till the passes Pamphylian open, and bring
Her, by streams ever flowing,
And rich-sloping tilths of Cilicia's highland,
To the shore where the corn-lands wave endlessly glowing ;—
Aphroditè's own island. ‡

STROPHE III.

Then she comes, as her wingëd herder's wrath
Goads with never a rest,
To the rich plain § and blest ;
The pastures increased of the snow, where the path
Is of Typho || wild :—
To the stream of old Neilos undefiled.
Mad for her toils' deep abasement, in frantic amazement, for the merciless pangs of the stinging
Of Hera's on-bringing.

ANTISTROPHE III.

And they who dwelled in that land grew mute,
And were shaken with fear,
As the strange sight drew near,
A monster, half-mingled of human and brute ;
Part heifer was seen,
Part maid, and they marvelled what it should mean.

---

measure, to our *acts* or *scenes*. The opening dialogue before the entrance of the chorus was called the *prologue*, while the concluding part, after the last *stasimon*, was the *exodos*. A portion of the play which came between any two stasima was called an *episode*.

* Egypt. † This refers to the watchings of Argus.

‡ Cyprus. § Egypt.

|| Typho, a personification of the hurricane, is here the real giant, who was said to have roamed through Egypt in search of Osiris. The poet probably had in vie a myth in which Isis, wife of Osiris, was identified with Io.

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Who then, with hand restraining, soothed Io's complaining, Io, to wanderings given,
By the gad-fly driven?

STROPHE IV.

Zeus, through all ages lord,
Zeus, be for this adored;
He, with his might benign,
With the breath of his mouth divine,
Gave the maiden rest, and in tears brake the shame and the despair;
And conceiving fruitful seed, that was Zeus in very deed,
A spotless child she bare.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

Blest through long ages he,
Whence the whole earth shouteth in glee,
'Lo! a race of the living seed,
That was born of Zeus indeed;
For what other the harms had stayed of the treasons by Hera wrought?'
Of Zeus is this work, and us should'st thou name as of Epaphus,
Thou wilt hit the truth in thy thought.

STROPHE V.

Who else of the gods should my pray'r command,
For juster deeds than himself hath planned?
Our Father who begat us the flock of his hand;—
The Almighty of old.
His wise plans to unfold,
And with favouring purpose direct and uphold.

ANTISTROPHE V.

None sitteth above him, none girdleth his might,
All powers that be are as nought in his sight;
All bend at his footstool, he sits in the height;
And his word is as deed
To accomplish with speed,
What his counselling mind hath in wisdom decreed.

GERARD W. SMITH.

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LITTLE QUEEN MARY.

A FAIRY TALE.

BY THE LATE REV. DR. W. SEWELL. EDITED BY ELIZABETH M. SEWELL.

CHAPTER III.

It was quite late at night when little Mary woke up out of a long sleep, in which she dreamed that she was sitting on the sunny bank, and looking out for a fairy to make her a queen, in vain, for no fairy would come. She rubbed her eyes, and, for some minutes, could not think where she was, for it was very dark. At last she looked down in her lap, and there saw too great red eyes glaring on her; and then she recollected that she had taken up Quacko, the great white cat, and she remembered all about the fairy, and where she was going, and was rejoiced beyond measure to think that she was so soon to be a queen.

She thought that the island could not be very far off; and, indeed, as she looked out of the window, at a great distance below her (for fairies generally travel through the air up in the clouds), she saw an immense number of lights, like the lamps of a large city. And now the little pea-green postilions cracked their whips, and Hubbub-bubaboo blew an enormous horn, which was as big and as long as the largest gas-pipe in the streets of London. And down flew the peacocks—down such a steep descent, that little Mary thought the carriage must fall on their heads, and that they would all come tumbling over together upon the island. Little did she know how impossible it is to overturn a fairy's carriage, which can go up hill and down dale, over the water and through the air, with just as much ease as on a Macadamized turnpike road.

The fairy woke up at the sound of the horn, and, pulling the check-string, she ordered the postilions to drive, not to the queen's palace at once, but to her own country house, for that it was too late to disturb the good people of the city, who were very anxious to show their respect to the new queen by every means in their power, and, unlike some people, would have sat up all the night, and come out of their beds in their nightcaps to welcome her, if they knew she was to arrive at that time. So Hubbub-bubaboo did not blow his horn any more, and turning down a narrow lane so as to avoid the turnpike gate (for Maga, as I have said before, was extremely economical), the carriage and the six peacocks drove into the beautiful grounds which surrounded the fairy's country house. I will not pretend to describe this, because it has not much connection with the rest of my story: it is enough to

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say that it was most delightful. And little Mary was taken, as soon as she arrived, into a beautiful room, where a number of servants, in the royal livery, soon spread a table for supper. And the fairy having made tea, and given her some nice brown bread and butter and an egg, rang the bell for night candles; and Miss Quip herself appeared, to take Mary up stairs and show her her room.

Mary was so tired and so sleepy that she scarcely knew what she was doing. She allowed Miss Quip to undress her, and put her to bed; and almost before the candle was out she was fast asleep. It may perhaps be worth while to mention, that in going up the stairs Mary was so sleepy that she did not see where she was going, and so stepped upon poor Miss Quip's head, and would have crushed her to death in a minute if the little lady's maid had not cried out very lustily. And you must not be surprised at this, for though fairies are so small they have very strong voices, and do not like being trodden on any more than common people. This, however, put Mary on her guard, and no further calamity of the kind happened that night.

Long before daylight appeared, when Miss Quip and the fairy herself came to little Mary's bedside, she was still so extremely tired and sleepy that they were obliged to shake her quite roughly before she could be awakened. She yawned and stretched herself, and rubbed her eyes, and nearly cried, she was so completely fatigued; and besides this, she had never been accustomed to get up in the dark. However, the fairy informed her that she had a great deal to do that day; that her subjects were expecting her to make her public procession into the city early in the morning, and to be crowned; and that, indeed, there was so much business constantly to transact, that the late Queen Baratilda, of glorious memory, never lay in bed, winter or summer, after six o'clock, otherwise her affairs would all have run to rack and ruin. So Mary, though she was ready to cry, lifted herself up in the bed, and, stepping out, she sat down in a beautiful crimson satin chair, and yawned terribly.

The good fairy gave her a kiss; and after Miss Quip had washed her hands and face, and combed her hair, and given her some bread and milk for breakfast, Maga made a signal with a little silver whistle, which she wore round her neck, and immediately there came in a procession of six grave solemn-looking ladies, with red high-heeled shoes and immense brocaded hoops, and plumes of feathers on their heads. They bore in their hands, upon a crimson velvet cushion, the golden crown and the sceptre, and the diamond necklace and state dress which had belonged to the late queen, and in which little Mary was now to be attired in order to be presented to her subjects as the next successor. Mary was very much frightened to see such grand-looking ladies appear before her. She did not know what to say, or what to do, and could only take hold of the fairy's hand, and pray

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that she would not go away. But Maga was sorry that she had some business to settle, and bidding Mary remember that she was a queen, as she had so often wished to be, and had only to act as a queen should do, she left the room. Poor little Mary could have run away and cried her eyes out, she was so exceedingly frightened; but the six grave ladies came up to her without venturing to look in her face, as if they were afraid to move or speak in her presence. They laid down the velvet cushions at her feet, and sidling away, so as to get out of the room without turning their backs upon her, they left her to herself. She was just beginning to recover herself, and to admire the splendid crown, and the beautiful velvet robe, when a flourish of drums and trumpets struck up at the door, and there entered in another procession of eight more grave ladies, all with high-heeled shoes and large brocaded hoops, and with plumes of feathers on their heads, who, beseeching her to pardon and excuse them, informed her that they had come to have the honour of dressing her majesty for her public appearance.

Little Mary answered very nicely that she was much obliged, but was quite able to dress herself; but the ladies looked graver than before, and intreated that they might have the honour. So one took a silk towel, and another a silver basin, and another the gold soap-dish, and a fourth the silver water-jug, and a fifth a satin napkin, and all kneeling down before Mary, and each taking care not to do anything which another was appointed to do, they employed an hour and twenty minutes in rewashing her face, and putting on her stockings and petticoat. Mary thought this was very tiresome, and would very gladly have dressed herself in ten minutes; but the grave ladies would not hear of her doing it; in fact it was such an honour to be allowed to do this for her majesty that they prided themselves upon it, and were even known to quarrel lest they should be deprived of it.

The grand part of her dress, however, still remained; and three of the ladies with much difficulty lifted up the great crimson velvet robe which she was to wear, and fastened it over her shoulders with a most magnificent diamond brooch. Upon her feet they put a pair of purple slippers, peaked up at each end, after the fashion of those which had been worn by her illustrious predecessors, 700 years before, and the fashion of which had always remained. They hung also round her neck three large rows of single pearls, each as big as a small pear, two chains of rubies set in gold, a large collar of emeralds, sapphires, and topazes, besides a gold chain which weighed two or three pounds. Upon her head they also placed a most splendid golden crown, set with such jewels that no emperor or king ever possessed the like. They flashed like fire; and as little Mary saw herself in the glass she thought she had never seen anything so beautiful, and only longed that her mamma could see her. It was true indeed that the necklaces were rather heavy, and the crown was too large for her head, and fell down over

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her forehead, so that in a few minutes there came up a great red mark all round; but Mary looked again in the glass, and thought nothing of this, especially when one of the great ladies informed her that the single diamond on the top of the crown was worth more than a million of money, and now belonged to her.

The trumpets and drums now struck up again at the door of the chamber, and in there entered twelve beautiful young pages, dressed in white silk embroidered with gold, who, bowing very low indeed to little Mary, proceeded to range themselves in two lines behind her, that they might bear her train in the procession; and this, indeed, was no easy matter, for it was eighteen yards long, and was made of the richest Genoa velvet, lined with white satin and ermine fur throughout, so that it was nearly half an inch thick. Moreover, it was embroidered all over with gold, forming most beautiful leaves and flowers. Nothing of the kind was ever seen so exquisite; and it had cost I do not know how many thousand pounds, and had been made purposely to be worn by the Queen on this great occasion. The only misfortune was that it was likely to be a very hot day; and, when the train was stretched out, it was found so heavy that the twelve young pages were unable to lift it, and they were obliged to send off hastily for three earls, one duke, and two barons, besides four of the principal and strongest yeomen of the guard, to assist them in bearing it in the procession. And this was the cause of a sad calamity, for one of the yeomen of the guard was an elderly gentleman, and had the gout, and in passing through one of the doors, when he was hurrying as fast as he could with his part of the train to keep up with the rest who were half a room in advance of him, somebody trod upon his toe, and in his pain he gave such a pull that poor little Mary, round whose waist the train was fastened, felt a tremendous tug, and before she could recover herself, tottering as she was under the burden, the weight of the magnificent velvet and ermine train drew her down, and she fell flat upon her back.

Nothing could exceed the consternation of all around her. The whole Court was thrown into the most terrible alarm and confusion. Messengers were immediately despatched to all parts of the island, and expresses sent off to foreign courts to say that her Majesty the young Queen had had a fall. But she was immediately lifted up; and when the ten physicians in ordinary, with the twelve surgeons extraordinary, had examined her head, and found that there was only a slight bump upon it, you cannot imagine the joy which diffused itself on every face, everybody was smiling and laughing, and shaking hands with each other. And when little Mary issued out at the front of the great gates of the fairy's mansion the enthusiasm was so overpowering, that they were obliged to send for two more regiments of the horse-guards to prevent her loving subjects from tearing each other in pieces, that they might approach nearer to her, and obtain a view of

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their new queen, and be quite sure that she was not killed by the fall.

Little Mary in the meantime dried her tears as well as she could, though she was very much frightened to see all the doctors come round, looking so grave and so anxious, and feeling her head—some of them even with great cases of steel instruments in their hands, as if they were going to cut open her skull. But she endeavoured to recover from her alarm. And the drums and trumpets striking up again, the procession once more moved on. And now she took good care to cling fast hold to the hand of a tall and formidable-looking officer, who carried a great naked sword at her side.

As for the poor yeoman of the guard, she had the satisfaction of hearing that he had been sent off immediately to prison, and would probably be tried for high treason, and be hung, drawn, and quartered, for having put the queen's life in danger—which was, as might be expected, a great comfort to her to know.

I do not think it necessary to describe minutely the order of the procession from the fairy's mansion to the great hall of the palace, where the young queen was to be enthroned and crowned. The fact was, that the good fairy knew that little Mary was not much accustomed to these things, and she had therefore particularly desired that all this part of the ceremony should be conducted in the most private and quiet way possible, consistently with the ancient usages of the island Brakara-kakara, and with the dignity and solemnity of the occasion, not to speak of the private virtues and exalted merit of the young queen herself; so that there were only twenty thousand persons present, and ten thousand soldiers drawn up along the line, besides fifteen hundred carriages, each drawn by six white horses, with plumes of feathers upon their heads. The queen's carriage was all lined with glass, so that she could be seen perfectly. It was drawn by sixteen horses, and went upon ten wheels, so that it rather jolted. But the lining was of such beautiful crimson silk, and the gilding so rich, that it was impossible for any one not to like driving in it. The streets were so crowded, and the procession so long, that it took them three hours, moving very slowly indeed, about an inch in five minutes, to reach the great palace. And by the fairy's advice, who was the only person allowed to have the honour of sitting in the same carriage with the queen, little Mary, or rather as we should call her, her majesty, took care all that time to turn herself every minute from side to side, and bow to the people; and whenever she forgot this, the fairy very properly reminded her of it; so that by the time the carriage stopped, her neck and head were so stiff, and ached so much, that she scarcely knew how to bear it. Nothing could exceed the love and respect which the people showed to their new queen; they threw their hats up into the air, they cheered her, they shouted for joy,—'Long live Queen Mary!'—'Hurrah for Queen Mary!'—'Queen Mary for

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ever!'—'Hurrah! hurrah!' And the beautiful ladies in the windows, all dressed in their best clothes, to do honour to little Mary, waved their white cambric handkerchiefs, and threw flowers out of the windows, and some of them even cried for joy, especially when the bands of music struck up their old national anthem. All acknowledged that never had such a day or such a sight been known in the kingdom of Brakara-kakara. Mary was indeed surprised and pleased to find how much she was beloved, considering that she had never seen any of the gentlemen or ladies before in her life. But at last she became very tired; and as the coach was only moving on, as I before explained, about an inch in five minutes, she said she should like to get out and walk.

The good fairy, kind and gentle as she was, was utterly amazed at Queen Mary's proposal. She opened her beautiful black eyes as wide as possible, held up her lily-white hand, and looking full on Mary, she addressed her with the utmost seriousness: 'My dear little girl,' she said, 'I can make many allowances for your unacquaintance with the duties and habits of your exalted rank. I trust that a few weeks will give you all the experience you require. But I must inform you that no queen of Brakara-kakara was ever known to walk in the streets of the city, especially at such a time as this; your feet are too exalted to tread upon the bare ground. What would your loving subjects, who venerate the ancient monarchy to which you have succeeded—what would they say if they beheld a spot of dirt upon those venerable slippers, which were worn by your great and illustrious predecessor King Sigismund himself? How would they be able to distinguish you from any poor little girl in the street if they saw you walking about bespattered with the mud? Remember, my dear child, I entreat you, that you are now a most high and mighty Sovereign, Queen of the great island Brakara-kakara, with all its dependencies; Grand Hereditary Princess of the three provinces of Hunca-munca, Trinko-noptok, and Great Hik-koridab; mistress of all the sea which flows round the shores of the Baltic from Bohemia to Timbuctoo. I intreat you to raise up your thoughts, and accustom yourself to those dignified habits which are required of your elevated station; and especially I beg that you will never think of walking, as if you were a common little child: and the more so, my dear, as you have now in your coach-houses and stables no less than thirty beautiful carriages, ten coaches, five chariots, five open landaus, not to mention innumerable pony-carriages, and three hundred of the finest horses, with long tails, that ever were seen; besides which, as soon as you want more, you have only to send for the best coachmakers in the capital, and, if you like it, to have a new carriage every day.'

Little Mary, or rather the young queen, was extremely pleased to hear this; only she ventured to ask if they would all go as slow as the one in which she was now seated.

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'No, my love,' replied the fairy, 'they will go very fast at other times; only this is a very solemn occasion; and you must remember to do everything which the ancient usages of this great kingdom requires, and as your illustrious predecessors, from King Sigismund downwards, have always done. Your loving people are extremely and very properly attached to their old institutions; and they would not be pleased if you did not comply with them.'

Mary yawned very much, but said she would endeavour to do all that the good fairy wished her to do; but as her head and neck by this time ached terribly, and were extremely stiff, she asked if she might not take off her fine gold crown for a few minutes. She would have liked also to have got rid for a short time of the three rows of enormous pearls, each as big as a pear, which hung round her neck. But the fairy informed her that any change of this kind was out of the question, for that the grand crown and the jewels had always been worn by her illustrious predecessors on solemn occasions, and that the people would think ill of her if she did not wear them.

At last the procession arrived at the palace, which was built of the finest white marble, inlaid with ivory; every stone was at least twenty feet square, and had sculptured upon it some beautiful figure. There were enormous rows of columns made of single blocks of granite. All the windows and doors were covered with gilding; and up to the great folding doors of the entrance-hall there was a gigantic flight of steps of polished steel, so clean and bright that you could see your face in them; and on each side stood rows of beautiful statues, mixed with orange-trees covered with blossom, planted in marble vases. There were fountains, also, dashing up into the air, and bands of music playing; and lines of soldiers with their faces covered with hair, and having fur caps and scarlet coats, and gilt helmets, and drawn swords, were arranged for Queen Mary to pass between them. Never was anything so splendid. And little Mary, though she was very much frightened at having to pass so close to these terrible-looking soldiers, nevertheless forgot her headache, and taking fast hold of the fairy's hand she stepped out of the carriage. A tremendous shout burst out the moment the soldiers and the people saw her. Poor Mary thought that she should have been made deaf with it, and was going to stop her ears, but Maga told her that she must not do this, or the people would be affronted; so she tottered on as well as she could, and the twelve young pages in white silk doublets, and the three earls, and the duke, and the barons, and the yeomen of the guard, who were left, arranged themselves behind her, and spread out the train, so that all the people might see that it was of the finest Genoa velvet, lined with ermine and satin, and embroidered all over with gold, and no less than eighteen yards, or fifty-four feet, in length. And thus they all proceeded in state, to the sound of kettle-drums and trumpets, up the flight of polished steel steps, which, it must be confessed, were so

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slippery that little Mary five or six times very nearly fell down upon her nose, to the great consternation and dismay of all her loving subjects.

At last, however, they all reached the grand hall; and it is impossible to say what a magnificent room this was. It was immensely large, of polished white marble, and hung round with beautiful pictures of little Mary's illustrious predecessors for fifteen hundred years back. There were great galleries running all round, full of most splendidly-dressed gentlemen and ladies, with diamonds and feathers on their heads. And in the middle of the upper end there was a sumptuous throne raised up at the top of a great flight of steps covered with the richest carpet; and over the throne was a canopy of crimson velvet fringed with gold and pearls, and worked all over with Queen Mary's coat of arms (which the Heralds' Office of the island had found out for her), and her initials also.

The moment little Mary entered, a band of music which had been collected at a vast expense for the occasion, struck up a grand sonata composed in her honour; and as the band consisted of twenty kettle-drums, fifty-four bassoons, thirty pair of cymbals, five hundred fiddles and bass viols, three hundred and twenty-two trumpets, sixty French horns, eighteen serpents, one hundred grand pianos, besides a battery of cannon stationed on the outside to give effect to the chorus, you may well suppose that, striking up as it did all at once, it took Mary rather by surprise. The noise indeed was somewhat increased by six hundred singers, who were stationed in the same gallery, and also by the prodigious burst of applause and cheers which broke from all parts of the grand hall as soon as the queen appeared. It continued all the time till she reached the foot of the steps leading up to the throne. But by that time she was so stunned and bewildered, and frightened and amazed, that her breath was quite taken away, and she burst into a fit of crying, at which all the ladies took out their worked lace pocket-handkerchiefs, and observing that it was very affecting, they cried likewise.

The fairy no sooner perceived that her majesty was so distressed, than she took her up (for fairies, though only three inches high, are wonderfully strong in their arms), and carrying her up the steps, she placed her on the throne, wiped her eyes, and told her not to mind, for that now she was, what she had always wished to be, a real queen.

Little Mary sobbed very much, and said that she should like to go home, and that she did not like such a noise, and that her head ached, and that she would not stay any longer, but go back to her mamma. But the fairy told her, aside, that this could not be, for that all the people of Brakara-kakara were extremely particular in having all their ancient usages observed; and that if she refused to comply with them, there would certainly be a rebellion; and that

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those terrible soldiers, with their drawn swords, and with their own hair upon their faces and the bears' hair upon their caps, would very probably come and cut off her head. 'For,' continued the fairy, 'there are no less than five pretenders to the throne at this moment, and it is only by my great power and interest that you have been elected to fill it instead of them. So I entreat you, as you value your life, not to do anything which may give your loving subjects any cause of offence.'

Little Mary, on hearing this, turned as pale as a sheet, and was extremely frightened; and heartily did she wish that she had never gone and sat down on the sunny bank looking for a fairy. However, it was now too late; and as the good Maga promised to remain by her side during the remainder of the ceremony, she dried her tears, and the music now having ceased, she was enabled to look about her.

CHAPTER IV.

I PASS by the account of the ceremonies in the great hall, because they are all accurately described in the illustrated Brakara-kakara newspaper with wood-cuts; and any one who can obtain that paper will be able to understand all that passed much better than I could describe it. It is enough to say that they occupied six hours, by which time little Mary was not only excessively hungry, but so hot, so tired, so stunned, so stiff with the weight of her crown jewels, so deaf with the noise, that she did not know whether she was sitting upon her head or her heels. And one thing in particular was very distressing; the throne, having been originally made for the illustrious King Sigismund fifteen hundred years back, who had been at least seven feet high and stout in proportion, Mary could not reach the crimson velvet footstool, but her feet dangled all the time in the air in the most uncomfortable posture you can imagine.

All things, however, came to an end, and the ceremonies being concluded, the great officers of state were duly presented to the new queen; these were the prime minister, the ten secretaries who were to write her letters, and the lord chancellor who was to take care of her conscience, and the lord high treasurer, with his great gilded purse, who was to keep her money; also the chamberlains, and maids of honour, and ladies of the bedchamber, and the master of the horse, and the commanders of her army and navy. And, as the *Court Gazette* announced the next day, they all had the honour of kissing her hand; but, as her majesty was so sleepy and tired, the fairy herself was obliged to hold it out to them, and afterwards to wipe it with a white silk embroidered napkin.

Little Mary was truly rejoiced to learn that all was over, and that they were now to go to another beautiful palace belonging to her,

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where she was to dine; for this is one of the great advantages of being a queen, that you have such a number of palaces that you need not take any two meals together in one place unless you like it.

So now there was a great confusion and bustle, and the people hastened out to see her majesty depart, and the music struck up again. And there was a great prancing of horses, and drawing of swords, and rapping of people's heads by the policemen, to make way for the grand procession, which, according to ancient usage, always took place after the coronation. Little Mary did not care what they did, if she could but get away and have some dinner, and either go to bed or be allowed to play quietly with her doll; for a doll, the very finest that could be procured, she was resolved on having, and a most beautiful baby-house for it. Indeed, this was one of the chief things which she had looked forward to in becoming a queen; for her own little Matilda, which her mamma had bought her at the fair, was but a wooden one, and had now no hair upon her head, and no joints or anything else to her legs; besides which, her nose was broken, one of her eyes was scratched out, both cheeks were covered with ink, and her frock was only of the same brown gingham, which was all that Mary's mamma could afford to buy for herself. So that no wonder the little queen should wish for another, and resolved to go to the toy-shop the very next day, and buy the finest that could be had.

While she was thinking of this, however, the grand master of the horse, who was one of the most illustrious noblemen in her dominions, advanced to the foot of the throne, and making the lowest and most humble bows, begged to know her majesty's pleasure, whether her majesty would wish to proceed to the palace in her carriage, or, according to the ancient usage of her illustrious predecessors, and especially of the late lamented Queen Baratilda, of glorious memory, would honour her loving subjects by complying with the uniform practice of all the sovereigns of the great island Brakara-kakara on the day of their coronation, and ride from the great hall to the palace on the back of the one-eyed golden-horned rhinoceros, which was now at the grand entrance waiting her majesty's pleasure.

At these dreadful words poor little Mary was aghast and horror-struck. To see a rhinoceros, whether with one eye or two, whether with a golden horn or a silver horn, was in itself enough to frighten her; but to ride upon its back was a thing she had never dreamed of. She was ready to die with fear; and so she faintly answered that she would much rather go home in the carriage. But upon this the face of the grand master of the horse looked extremely grave, and there was a general murmur of disappointment and dismay among all the great officers of the court. And especially the prime minister, who was a little ugly man, with red hair and greenish eyes, knelt down before her and entreated her to remember that it had always been the practice from time immemorial for the illustrious sovereigns of

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the island Brakara-kakara on the day of their coronation to ride in procession on the back of the one eyed golden-horned rhinoceros; that in fact the people, who were extremely attached to their ancient usages, scarcely believed any one to be their lawful monarch who did not comply with this ceremony; that the public mind was in a state of great agitation; that there were no less than five pretenders to the throne; that the emperor of the adjoining island Muckakoykey had already espoused their cause, and had commenced preparations for war; that, in fact it was absolutely necessary that the young Queen should show herself to her subjects, especially following the example of the late good Queen Baratilda, of glorious memory, who had always ridden on the one-eyed golden horned rhinoceros upon state occasions, and indeed had several times led her troops into battle herself upon its back.

To all this, which was uttered with the greatest solemnity, little Mary could only answer by sobs; and once more she begged that she might go home to her mamma. She did not want to be a Queen any longer; she would give it up at once. And as for riding on the rhinoceros, she could not, and she would not. So they might say what they liked. She did not care, she added, for any of her illustrious predecessors, or even for the late Queen Baratilda, of glorious memory. And if they would not let her go home in the carriage, why she would walk.

It is impossible to describe the consternation and dismay into which these words threw all who heard them, especially the great ministers of state. They looked at each other in profound alarm and sorrow. And at last, after some private consultation together, in which, though they whispered as low as they could without being observed, they took care not to turn their backs upon little Mary; the prime minister, and the lord high chancellor, and the grand chamberlain, and the maids of honour, and the eight ladies with high-heeled shoes and brocaded hoops, all knelt down together, and the prime minister, in their name, humbly prayed her Majesty to forgive their assumption, but assured her that it would be wholly impossible for them to continue in her Majesty's service, and carry on the government; they must resign the offices which they had the honour to fill, into her Majesty's hands, unless her Majesty would graciously consent to comply with the ancient usages of her illustrious predecessors, and ride home to her palace on the back of the one-eyed golden-horned rhinoceros.

Little Mary cried and sobbed as if her heart would break. She declared that nothing should induce her to consent; they might do as they liked, and she did not care whether they went away or not. As for herself, she never had been on the back of a rhinoceros, and never would be. She was quite sure it would bite; and she would stay there all day rather than go near it.

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She had scarcely, however, uttered these words, when a great shout and tumult was heard at the door, with a clashing of swords and firing of guns; and the good fairy, who had disappeared for a few minutes, returned in great terror and out of breath to say that the fierce-looking soldiers, with the bear-skin caps and the gilt helmets, had learned that little Mary, their young Queen, had refused to do as all the queens of the land had done before her; that they were extremely angry; and that with the greatest difficulty the officers were endeavouring to pacify them, and to prevent them from rushing into the hall, and putting one of the five pretenders on the throne, and then cutting off little Mary's head. Nothing could save her but immediately coming out and mounting on the back of the rhinoceros. There was not a minute to spare, so, without stopping to ask whether Mary liked it or not, the good fairy took her up in her arms (which, as I have before explained, were prodigiously strong for their size), wrapped her up in her great velvet mantle, with the train fifty-four feet long, and, followed by the great minister of state, the lord treasurer, the grand chamberlain, the maids of honour, the elderly ladies with high-heeled shoes, and the twelve pages in white silk doublets, together with a number of other illustrious persons, she hurried out of the grand hall.

Most fortunate it was that she had not delayed, for the ferocious soldiers had already drawn their swords, and vowing vengeance against their officers and poor little Mary, they were about to rush into the hall, and perhaps put her to death; but at the sight of her in the fairy's arms they all became quiet. And without stopping a moment, the good Maga ran up a high ladder covered with superfine scarlet cloth, which had been prepared for the occasion, and which rested against the side of the rhinoceros, and placed little Mary, who kicked and screamed dreadfully all the time, on the back of the huge animal.

It was, unquestionably, a most enormous animal, three times larger than any rhinoceros which was ever seen in the Zoological Gardens; indeed, the breed is only found in those islands of the Pacific Ocean which lie in the same latitude and longitude with Brakara-kakara, and they are extremely fierce; so that whenever one was caught in the forest for the Queen to ride on, as now, twelve soldiers, with loaded guns and fixed bayonets, always marched on each side, ready to fire on and stab him to death if he showed the slightest sign of becoming furious. The rhinoceros had only one horn on his forehead, but this was gilded; its back was covered with a beautiful side-saddle adorned with crimson velvet trappings, and the bridle was of rich white watered satin ribbon with a silver fringe.

As the animal began to be impatient, and paw the ground, and bellow very loud, Maga was obliged not to stand any time at the top of the ladder. So she put the beautiful bridle of ribbon in little Mary's left hand, and a most delicate ivory-handled whip set with

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rubies in the other hand, and giving her a kiss, and bidding her take care not to touch the animal with her heel, the fairy descended down the ladder; the lord high chamberlain assisting her, with great respect, and holding the bottom of her dress.

It is impossible to describe the joy and satisfaction of all the people, and especially of the fierce-looking soldiers, when they saw their young Queen seated on the back of the ferocious rhinoceros. They shouted again, they threw up their caps, they cried 'Long live Queen Mary!' 'Hurrah for Queen Mary!' 'Hurrah, hurrah!' And the bands struck up, and the head of the procession moved on; and at last, to Mary's great consternation, the enormous rhinoceros began to move also. It first put out one great paw, and the motion nearly shook the poor little Queen from the saddle; but then it stood still and would'go no further. Mary had sat crying all the time, and longing to be in her own little deal cot at home with the dimity curtains; but it was no time to cry any longer, so she took fast hold, with both hands, of the pummel of the crimson velvet saddle, which, in fact, like her peaked slippers, had also belonged fifteen hundred years back to her illustrious predecessor, the great King Sigismund, so well known in the annals of Brakara-kakara. She could scarcely see through her eyes, they were so full of tears; but she watched very anxiously every motion of the animal, who first pricked one ear and then another, and then wagged his horn, and then turned his one great eye round so as to look very wickedly and cunningly at little Mary. At last he began to curl his tail; and though the ten beef-eaters, who walked at his head, endeavoured to pat and soothe him, Mary heard them talking to each other, and declaring that they were afraid he would turn out 'an exceedingly vicious one;' all which, as you may suppose, was not very comforting.

But the more fear the beef-eaters expressed, the more admiration and delight was felt by all the crowd of spectators in the courage of their young Queen, who had ventured herself on the back of such a monster; all the ladies especially declared that nothing in the world should tempt them to do such a thing—no, not even to become an empress; and all the mammas held their children to the windows; and the soldiers most of all became quite enthusiastic; and, according to ancient usage on the great day of the coronation, they now proceeded to fire a grand royal salute. Now, if there was one thing which little Mary, from her infancy, had a great dislike and fear of, it was a gun. She had a strong belief that guns were in the habit of going off of themselves, and shooting people through the body, whether there was powder and ball in them or not; and you may therefore suppose her fright when the word of command was given all along both lines of soldiers through which the procession was to pass,—'Make ready—present—fire.' Blaze, blaze — bang, bang, bang — powse, powse, powse — bang — powse, powse — bang — powse, powse, powse

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—bang, bang, bang! It would fill a volume even to attempt to describe the dreadful explosion—the roar—the nasty smell of gunpowder—the clouds of smoke which all burst out in a moment and enveloped her. And, to make matters worse, at the first gun which was fired off just under her nose the great rhinoceros pricked up his ears, and, without waiting any longer, set off at a heavy trot. The people shouted, and the guns roared, and the cavalry galloped, and the policemen rushed and knocked about with their staves to clear the way, and the crowds crushed in upon each other like madmen—head above head, shoulder against shoulder—to obtain a sight of their beloved little Queen, according to ancient usage, trotting on the back of the one-eyed, golden-horned rhinoceros. Never was there such confusion or such delight. And how little Mary could have endured it, or held on fast, I cannot imagine; only the good fairy, who had a little private pocket ladder of her own, by which she could mount to any height she chose, had climbed up and held her fast, though, as you may well suppose, she was most dreadfully bumped and jolted. She cried out to the people to stop the horrid animal, and let her get down; she screamed as loud as she could that she would not be Queen any longer; she declared she would tell her mamma the very moment she reached home. Then she screamed again as the dreadful monster jolted her up into the air. And when at last the procession arrived at the great gate of the summer palace, where the banquet was to take place, she was so tired, so frightened, so hurt, and in such a passion of tears, that the good fairy was once more obliged to wrap her up in the mantle, and carry her in her own arms down the ladder covered with crimson cloth, which was placed for her to descend. Maga then made a sign to the crowd of noblemen and great officers, who waited to receive her, and leaving them in great alarm for the health of their new Queen, she hurried with little Mary into the state bed-chamber, and there laid her upon a most beautiful gilded sofa.

(*To be continued.*)

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WOMAN'S WORK IN THE TOWN AND COUNTRY PARISH.

BY CAROLINE M. HALLETT.

WORK IN GENERAL.

THERE is one wholesome characteristic among many others of the age we live in. The world now thoroughly believes in the dignity of work. And it is not a little striking how especially true this is of woman's work. At the present day an educated gentlewoman may earn her own living, and work as a trained nurse, a government schoolmistress, as a teacher of cookery, as a mother's help, without any longer being haunted by the bugbear *infra dig.* Neither is she thought a fanatic, nor even 'odd,' if she undertake any of these works, not for gain nor for a livelihood, but simply out of love to God and her fellow-men.

One result has naturally followed. Various organised forms of woman's work have sprung up and flourished, in spite of, in early days, a good deal of distrust. That distrust has in great measure melted away. The word 'Sisterhood' has no longer an alarming sound. And why not? Because the work of Sisters has been found by their practical countrymen to be real work and not a sham. The people of England love results, and results they have had. Enthusiasm and religious fervour have been found allied to steady, plodding perseverance in irksome drudgery. It has not been a 'dream' of noble things, but a genuine 'doing' of them.

Yes, the life of work has been placed once for all in the true light. We honour and reverence it, and are not tormented by fears lest true womanly refinement should suffer in the smallest degree. There need not be one iota less tenderness and softness in the feminine character, but, on the contrary, a life of ministering and helpfulness develops the side that is best and gentlest. It need hardly be said that there is a nobleness about the working lady, be she wife, mother, spinster, or 'sister,' that is a far more true and genuine thing than the gentility that is above (or below) useful employment. If fine-ladyism has had a blow, we are infinite gainers rather than losers.

Surely there can be no better sign of the times (which it is rather the fashion to decry) than this loving, hearty appreciation of work. If the age is said to be one of over-civilisation and excessive luxury, yet nevertheless is there an undercurrent of practical common-sense. And what, after all, is common-sense but appreciation of reality and truth?

Thus, however much the various Sisterhoods may differ from one another, and however widely we of the more moderate school of thought

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may differ from some of them, we and they meet on the common ground of work, and work for God. Work is the salt that will keep all sound and healthy. Real homely drudgery will scare away undue sentimentality, and damp unpractical ardour. And yet there is beauty enough surrounding a life of hardness and toil, because it is framed on the pattern of that One Life that has consecrated toil for ever.

But this new impetus that has been given to woman's work has not only resulted in organised institutions such as Sisterhoods, Homes for Deaconesses, Houses of Mercy, Training Colleges for Ladies, &c., but the force of the movement has been felt throughout the length and breadth of the land. English womanhood in general has been stirred up to take part in this new era of Christian work. Many things are done by the amateur lady worker that would not have been considered her vocation a few years ago. The mere existence of the Girls' Friendly Society, with its organisation of associates and members, is a significant symptom; while visiting the poor, visiting workhouses and hospitals, gathering together and teaching or addressing adult classes, are all recognised, with no sense of unfitness, as woman's work.

And this, I repeat, is a most healthy sign of the times. It shows that responsibility is, thank God, being more and more felt among us —responsibility that we cannot shake off, and that will not let us sit still in contented apathy. Less and less is it the spirit of the age to say, 'If there is misery and sin in the world I cannot help it, it is not my concern;' but rather is it, 'If there is misery and sin in that piece of the world that lies round me, it *is* my concern, and I am bound to try and lessen it; only show me *how* to do it; if there is work to be done, let me have my share in it.' Is not this the unspoken wish of many a woman whose heart is stirred by what she sees and hears and reads about, day by day? Need the wish wither and perish for want of opportunity of fulfilment? No; for never was her work more wanted than at the present day; only let it be definite and systematic.

But to begin from first principles. What is the definite end of all work in which Christian people are concerned? Is it not simply this—to advance Christ's Kingdom on earth, to win souls to Him, to make humanity (that part of it at least that is around each of us), in body and spirit, something more Divine?

Yes, in body as well as spirit; for bodily misery is a discord in the world that God made, and to relieve one pang is an effort to bring the discords into harmony again. Christ's whole life on earth teaches us this, that as soul and body are united, so care for the one must be indissolubly entwined with care for the other. His crowning miracle was the resurrection of the body; and the seven works of mercy are less spiritual than corporal.

Yet it may surely be urged that winning *souls* is a task far higher in importance than caring for the body. True; yet let us remember

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that in caring for the body we *do* help to win souls and advance Christ's Kingdom on earth. Any effort to improve the bodily condition of men tells upon their spiritual condition. If this had not been so, would not our Lord have given His whole time to the healing of souls?

Thus the subject becomes a very wide one, and consists of numberless branches. No one will say that the task of making humanity happier (and if happier, better) need be left altogether to clergymen and missionaries, deaconesses and sisters of charity, who are in a special manner set apart for the work. Is not the key-note of the Church's system 'Not one member, but many'? Surely then, I repeat, there is work for every woman to do, wherever or however she may be placed. She may be living in a prosperous country house, a fashionable watering-place, or a London square. She may win an inch, if only an inch, of ground for her King and Lord.

For it must always be borne in mind that any cause may be furthered, not in one, but in a hundred ways. As in this case, Christ's Kingdom may be advanced indirectly as well as directly, and by what is called secular as much as by religious work. The Church needs to employ every device, every resource within her reach, in her task of winning souls. She strengthens her hands in proportion as she makes use of all lovely things, whether culture, arts, accomplishments, and even amusements, as *allies* in her battle with evil. All may be instruments and helps in turning men to righteousness. And hence a variety of work is wanted, for which we want an infinite variety of workers.

Women have their peculiar talents and gifts (and they are not a few), and every woman, again, has *her* individual strong point, or forte. The human race would not be the better if every character were cast in the same mould. Just as in the visible world of nature there is not one order nor species too many, so in the world of mind there is not one variety too many either. All are wanted by the great Creator. God abhors waste, and non-using any special power *is* waste. Every womanly talent is not given for nothing, but for something, namely, to be used for God.

And here it may be as well to say that I am looking at the subject now as it relates to the ordinary lady, and that it will not be necessary to say more about woman's work of that kind that is gathered together in a community. Though we may heartily approve and admire such organised work, yet this need not lead us to undervalue what, for the sake of distinction, may be called home-work for the Church. On the contrary, there is something peculiarly in accordance with the Church's spirit (which is sober, yet bright) in quiet, unostentatious work done by women living in their own sphere, namely, home—the safest and best because the most natural, the one in which they are surrounded and influenced and softened by human love and sympathy. And there, too, all find the best of discipline in the daily small self-denials of

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family life, a discipline that is surely superior to that of rules and orders, inasmuch as it was not man that ordained it, but God.

And therefore work undertaken for Christ and His poor will not be the worse, but in some respects the better, for the worker being placed where God meant her to be, and where she need not seek far for that self-same work. No; for she has the great commandment ringing in her ears, 'Thou shalt love thy *neighbour* as thyself.' For who are neighbours but those who, in the providence of God, are simply *near* us? Nearness implies an obligation at once, and settles many puzzling matters for us. Where a woman's home is, there, generally speaking, is her work too, cut out ready to her hand.

And now comes the question in its practical bearing. What may the average lady do? or rather, to take things in order, What does she possess out of which she may give?

Now there is one talent (to use the word in its Scriptural sense) that not hundreds, but thousands, of educated women are alike in possessing —that is, leisure time. There is an especially wide margin of this in the life of the unmarried woman. Her home duties are few. She has no housekeeping, no teaching of children, none of the time-devouring cares and occupations of a wife and mother. An hour or two daily is given to kindly, helpful offices to father, mother, or brothers, and the duties of society demand about the same amount. The rest of her time is her own, to spend as she likes.

And how is this leisure time spent? Perhaps in fancy-work, music, reading, study, letter-writing, gardening—all occupations innocent enough in themselves, but still they hardly come under the head of work in the highest sense of the word. Should not some portion of a Christian woman's work be for Eternity? She has the power of doing *something* towards enlarging the borders of the kingdom, and her time is asked for as her first tribute. She may give a *tithe* of that to the Church's work, just as we are bidden to give a tithe of our money. The one duty is as incumbent upon us as the other.

Of course we can only give in proportion to what we have. Some can give much (and the unmarried are among these) and some can give only a little; but just as the widow gave her mites of money, so may even the busy woman give her mites of time. The odds and ends of time united will accomplish something, just as the fourpenny-pieces in the alms-bag mount up to pounds in the course of years.

But most people can give more than this. If a club for lawn-tennis or archery is established in a neighbourhood, how much time is immediately found for practice, even by people who most profess to be busy! If this is possible—*i.e.* to give a good many hours a week to one pursuit—surely it would be possible to squeeze out or make time for some definite parish work.

For time is of greater value than money, although I have compared the two, inasmuch as giving time implies some mental or bodily work

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on the part of the giver. And *that* can never be utterly wasted, while money can be and is wasted, very often. It is time and pains and personal trouble that are wanted in our parishes, and of these we can hardly have too much.

Is there anything else we may give? Yes, we may give a tithe of all we possess!

Women have their special talents, among which may be reckoned a power of handling details and dealing with minutiæ, such as makes them signally fitted for their position as helpmeets rather than rulers. Thus, household management, small refinements, the petty details of domestic life, make up a great part of woman's legitimate province, and it is no despicable one. Mastery of minute details is seldom a masculine forte. As an instance of this, few men can teach the alphabet as well as a woman can, simply because she can give her mind to the many trivial difficulties that come in the child's way, and can go through the small drudgeries of frequent repetition, while he is impatient of all this. Yes, woman is wisely endowed with a minutely planning brain, and fingers that are deft to execute; and abilities of this kind may surely come into use in the field of work that lies outside her home as well as in that within. There is no need for her to preach or lecture, for the simple reason that God never meant her to do this; and the more we reverently try and find out what are His intentions concerning us, the nearer we shall be towards solving that perplexing problem, What is, and what is not, woman's work?

It was remarked at a late Church Congress that parochial machinery has been doubled, nay trebled, within the last five-and-twenty years. It is sometimes hard to call to mind how modern are many of the commonest institutions of a parish. Sunday schools are, it is true, now (1880) keeping their centenary; but Bible classes for adults were comparative novelties thirty years ago. Mothers' meetings, night schools and organised parish choirs, are still more recent. The era of cheap literature only began a few years ago, and until then, cheap libraries were naturally unattainable luxuries. Civilisation has gone on making rapid strides, and its inventions and improvements have been pressed, very wisely, into the service of religion. The result is, that the labours of the clergy are enormously increased, and they need in consequence a far larger amount of lay help than was ever the case before.

Thus woman's work comes in. She may take a large share of all matters of detail. She need not necessarily be head, but more often hand and foot; in a word, wherever detailed work is wanted, let the amateur worker be ready to undertake it.

Details impede and harass many a clergyman, and prevent him from giving his mind to the purely spiritual part of his work. It is a waste of power if he has to manage a lending library, drudge at the elementary teaching of a choir, and add up the pounds, shillings, and pence.

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of a clothing club. Is not this 'serving tables' of which the Apostle speaks?

Next, an educated woman has culture. If this is a modern word, it is also a very excellent and suggestive one. The contrast between a cultured and uncultured mind is as strong as that of an untilled common and a lovely blooming garden. The resources of the wilderness exist, but are dormant and undeveloped. So with education. That is intended to develop the powers of mind that God in His wisdom has purposely given to mankind in an undeveloped state. Education is not, as some people suppose, a mere pouring of knowledge into the mind, as water is poured into an empty vessel; it is the power of *assimilating* knowledge that is education or culture, not the bare possession of it. Historical facts may be learnt by an uncultured person, but never assimilate with his mind, that is, with the mind used in everyday life; whereas historical knowledge enables a person of culture to (what has been very aptly called) 'travel in the past' with real enjoyment, each fact causing new vibrations in an already existing chord.

Our powers of reasoning are also given us in an inactive or undeveloped state. The power exists, but it is a mere germ, and needs culture to bring it to its full growth. Why effect follows cause, and why there can be no effect without cause, is what (unconsciously perhaps) we have been learning all our lives. To take a simple example of this: an educated woman is capable of understanding why disease is the result of unhealthy conditions of the body, such as bad air, dirt, &c. It is not because she learnt English history or arithmetic in her childhood, but because these are mental athletic exercises which helped to bring into play her powers of reasoning and comprehension,—added to which there is the nameless culture that is the result of contact with many minds, a culture that we gather up to ourselves as naturally as the air we breathe. And we of the present generation are enjoying an unusual amount of culture, of which we only become conscious when we look back to the few advantages of this kind within reach of our grandmothers. It is surely the greatest of privileges to live in times like the present, when more and more of the wondrous laws of the universe is daily being discovered, and God is revealing to us new ways of doing battle with at least the physical ills of life. And on all subjects, never has there been so noble an army of writers as the present century has produced. If we are not blind, nor deaf and dumb, they must and do influence us, and we rejoice in and are thankful for it.

But of all this there is comparatively little in our poorer sisters' lives. Though national education has made great strides, and where one person could formerly read and write, fifty can do so at the present day, still, it is common enough to find wonderful beliefs and prejudices among working women, which show what a little way, as yet, education

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has really penetrated. For instance, fever is thought a visitation of God, unconnected with any cause such as a foul sewer or open ditch; sanitary precautions are incomprehensible fuss; a box of quack pills is bought because the advertisement asserts (I am quoting literal facts) 'nobody should be without them!'

Is not, in fact, belief in quackery the modern form of superstition? Of course we condemn the superstitious ignorance of the last generation, who walked nine times over a running brook to cure whooping-cough, but surely belief in a medicine that will cure half-a-dozen different (!) complaints, and belief in summary cure by means of a charm, are alike, in requiring no troublesome reasoning process to be gone through before being accepted.

At the root of both beliefs lie ignorance or want of culture; for, if there were more culture, there could not be this delight in mysterious, and worse than inefficacious, remedies. The unknown would lose its charm, and a host of disastrous effects be averted. Now let us remember that contact with an educated mind necessarily imparts culture. It has been well said that there is no education like that of personal influence; this may be seen every day in the superiority of maid-servants who have lived in sensible upper class families, to those who have had no training of the kind. The former are open to conviction, no small proof of reasonableness, whereas with the opposite extreme, *i.e.* totally uneducated persons, the most convincing argument *runs off* without producing the smallest effect.

What we want then is more intercourse between the lady and the working woman. Such intercourse cannot be wholly fruitless. Those women who have acquired so much from contact with other minds, both in literature and in daily life, may in their turn pass on something, not only of the polish, but also of the deeper wisdom so gained. For culture is a talent that, like all others, is not to be kept for self, but used for the world around us. And the mere possession of it is something for which we must give account.

And last, but not least, women have in them a strong power of *loving*. That is their most priceless talent, the God-given treasure which less than all should be unused and unimproved. It is the characteristic on which the Redeemer has set His seal. 'She loved much' are words that are womanhood's precious legacy for ever, and in which there lingers no echo of the curse spoken at Eden's gate. Waste! Saddest and dreariest of words, yet saddest of all when we speak of wasted love. Need love ever be wasted, while there are the toiling, struggling brethren of Christ on earth? Have not these a *right* to our love and our pity? And we know that, whatever else may fail or fall short, love and pity cannot fail of their appointed work. But, alas! how often the holy spring of love that is in all women's hearts, is allowed, from being shut up and unused, to turn from sweet to sour. And yet there are thirsty souls all around us that are

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drooping for want of love—the forsaken, forgotten people, and the lonely little ones in our workhouses, for instance.

We need not reform first and love afterwards, for that is not God's way of dealing with us. Christ did not wait for the multitude to love Him. He began by having compassion on them, and compassion means a deep, yearning, pitiful love. And love is not only needed for the root, but also for the minutest branch of all Christian work.

In everyday life there is no undertaking in which several people are concerned, in which *tact* is not needed at every step of the way. And what more truly teaches tact than charity, and what is charity but love? Especially is this the case in parish affairs. How often it happens that in female undertakings, sensible and useful enough in themselves, needless opposition is incurred and success risked, simply because some one's prejudices have been rudely shocked without a word of softening, some one's cherished opinions slighted, or some one been forgotten or ignored who had justly a right to be consulted in the matter. And so perhaps the whole scheme is a failure, not for want of zeal, but for want of tact.

Yet tact and tenderness are, or ought to be, a woman's special forte; for if women have shallower minds than men, they are compensated by having more rapidly moving minds, greater natural quickness and facility in mentally putting themselves in another's place. This delicate perception of the feelings of others is the safest pioneer in all work, whether inside or outside our homes. It is of little use to talk of the mighty power of love, and then to neglect the minute tendernesses of this work-a-day life.

And then there are the *specialités* or individual fortes, of which few people are without one at least. It is not too much to say that, of each and all, a tithe is needed to advance Christ's kingdom on earth. Musical talent, passion for books, facility in needlework, aptitude for managing children, conversational powers, womanly gentleness and courtesy (invaluable are these last in dealing with the rough and ignorant!),—something of all these may be used in an especial manner for Him Who has lent us every power of body and mind, every kind of human ability and skill; for He is the Author of *all* good things. May not *Gloria Deo* be the motto stamped on each action of life, ennobling the whole working power of the Christian, while, in an especial manner, a part is dedicated to Christ and His poor. 'Of Thine own have we given Thee.'

But at this point it is very likely that some one will say, 'All this is extremely applicable to parochial ladies, but charities and parish work are not in *my* line. I have no talent for such things, and therefore it would be useless to attempt them.'

But perhaps after all our friend who thus objects, is mistaken; and the real truth is, that there *is* some branch of parish work for which she is peculiarly well fitted, only neither she nor her friends have

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chanced to find it out. It would be as true to say that every woman is fitted for every branch of parish work, as that every man is fit to be an engineer or an artist.

For instance, a girl who is not 'wordy' enough to make a good Sunday-school teacher, might yet be an excellent hand at cutting out the work for a mothers' meeting; or she who has none of the knack of managing children, might yet (as I have known the case) find a vocation, and a most happy one, in befriending big working lads; while a good animated teacher might be wanting in the gentle quiet tenderness that is most acceptable in visiting the sick.

Why should the same groove of employment be allotted to all, at any rate in a town parish, where the number of workers is, or ought to be, large? Why should every middle-aged worker be a district visitor, and every young one a Sunday-school teacher?

It is indeed an art of life, and not always a very easy one, to find out what people are fit for! It is understood, however, in many Sisterhoods, of which the most successful are those that consist of many departments, so that each sister may devote herself chiefly to whatever may be her peculiar forte. It would be well if something of the same system were carried out with regard to home workers. There is hardly a doubt that if in this way all the unused power could be organised and employed, there would be more than enough to meet all wants.

But the country parish! What of that? For at first it is difficult to see how there can be any *system* of work or workers, when all possible feminine departments fall to the management of *one* person, generally the clergyman's or squire's wife or daughter, or the only lady who happens to be resident in the place—when she, the solitary 'lady of all work,' has to do a little of everything, no matter whether it is in her line or not; and when, too often, from the multiplicity of her avocations, she is depressed and discomfited, or, if not, is haunted by a vague, unsatisfactory sense of failure in some branches at least of her work. Even here, system may come to her aid, and some difficulties at least may be lessened.

In the first place, it is well to bear in mind that no one person can excel in everything. To the end of life we shall find ourselves doing some things far better and more easily than others; and what is true of everyday work, is true also of parish work. Every one 'according to her several ability.' Thus no one should attempt too much, nor too many separate undertakings, but let our worker devote herself *chiefly* to what she can do best.

Overwork is certain to produce lowness and depression of spirits, and we have no *right* to allow the spirit of hope that is within us to be crushed, if we can help it, for a single moment. No, if only for the reason that hope is one of the mainsprings of successful work. There would often be more fervency of spirit, more enthusiasm, if

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there were also more quiet common-sense in using, but not over-using, our powers of mind and body, economising instead of being wasteful and prodigal of them, looking to the future as well as only to the present. Ellice Hopkins very truly says that people will give almost anything to the Lord's work, except *cab hire*.

Secondly, there is an error into which many workers, 'clergywomen' especially, fall, *i.e.* to attempt all parish work themselves, instead of making use of such help as *does* exist.

Few parishes are without farmers' or tradesmen's daughters, with willing hearts and hands, and some leisure time, which they would gladly give to parish needs, if only the way were pointed out. Such employment often supplies just the element that is wanting in their lives, and helps to break down the barrier that there often is between the middle and working class, who are not necessarily much thrown together.

Surely in many places it would be possible for the rector's or squire's wife to collect some of the young women together, not only for church decoration (which is often done), but to set them to work in various other ways, such as book covering, preparing needlework for a mothers' meeting or G.F.S. class, copying questions for the latter, &c. All this is an *apprenticeship* to parish work, and each worker is thus put in the way of setting schemes on foot herself when the time shall come to her in after life.

Thus it is often infinitely better than doing a thing oneself, to teach some one else *how* to do it. And this thought may compensate us for what is at first very irksome, *e.g.* providing work for a [number of unaccustomed hands, and seeing that it is done with method and correctness. Alas, that there should be so little approach to business habits in ordinary young-lady workers! 'There are two traits which, when I find them in a woman, always make me think well of her,' an old lady said to me once; 'if she is punctual, and if she writes a legible hand.' I have often wished the two traits were more common, for not only do they contribute greatly to one's comfort in dealing with colleagues, but are also strong indications of character. At least do their opposites, *i.e.* unpunctuality and a habit of writing illegibly, show a general want of accuracy, such as is a most vexatious hindrance in useful work.

It may sound hard to say so, but the poor do not trust an inaccurate person. For perhaps, to go to the root of the evil, want of accuracy is want of consideration for others. Letters unanswered, or their gist disregarded, small wants forgotten, small promises broken, a class kept waiting ten minutes, everything done in haste—do not many parochial ladies fall short in these minor matters, while conscientiously giving time and pains to really good works for Christ and His poor?

Surely, then, the head of any staff of workers may strive to impress method and correctness, and perhaps in time the standing

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reproach to amateurs may be taken away, that *paid* work is always the best.

Regular gatherings of parish workers are of use in more ways than one. Not only is a great deal of drudgery achieved by the magic of combined efforts, but at the same time it is an opportunity for the workers and their head to know one another. And it is a fact that friendship springs up most readily in busy working hours, when there is no time for shyness or self-consciousness. Above all, we want whatever promotes unity and fellowship, a sense that all are workers together for the one great cause, that all are part of a great whole, stones of the Living Temple, members of the One Body of Christ.

A living writer has said that the great fault of human nature is, not insensibility, not want of admiration, not want of leanings and sympathies, but slackness about what is good, feebleness and uncertainty of *will*.

Is it so in woman's work? Oh, let it never be a gentle dallying with an interesting pursuit, but real, hearty, zealous *strife*. For it is no other than the strife of the Son of God against the powers of evil, in which we are allowed to have our part, as soldiers of the Cross.

'The Son of God goes forth to war.
Who follows in His train?'

Let there be no faltering, no looking back, no thought of giving up, until the evening shadows fall. For the time is short, and Eternity is coming nearer with swift, sure steps. And as it draws nearer and nearer, may there be brighter hope, and fuller and more unclouded faith—faith that what we do cannot utterly fail, for it is done in the Name of Him Who, in His own good time, will be the Conqueror, and subdue all things unto Himself.

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THE LAST BENEDICTION PRONOUNCED OVER A FAITHFUL PASTOR.

'The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make His face to shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee and give thee peace.'

I.

FAREWELL! Thy words fell oft, when grief oppressed us,
Like cooling waters on a fevered brow;
Oft, holy hands uplifting, thou hast blessed us —
May Jesus bless thee now!
While we slept heedless, thou, to prayer awaking,
Hast pleaded oft with tears for wandering sheep;
May the Great Shepherd to His safeguard taking
Thee through death's slumber keep!

II.

Farewell! When storm raged round us, mist enshrouded,
Thy faithful hand the Cross still reared on high,
Thy voice in darkness told of Light unclouded,
Of One unseen yet nigh.
That faithful witness, bravely borne, requiting,
Now the Lord make to shine on thee His Face,
Thy dim death-pathway with strange glory lighting,
And grant thee grace for grace.

III.

Farewell! Earth's glee passed by thy fireside lonely,
Earth's riches shunned thee, and her praise distressed,
While thou with steadfast aim didst seek God only,
Restless till in His Rest.
Therefore may He, thy Lord so great, so loving,
Who set thee out thy task, Who sent release,
On thee lift up His countenance approving
And give thee perfect peace!

E. J. H.

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Spider Subjects.

ARACHNE had expected 'the best servant' to have been a fertile subject. Joseph, Daniel, Blandina, St. Agnes' nurse; Jane Kennedy, Grotius' maid; together with the faithful servants mentioned in *Golden Deeds*, seemed to her to afford a rich field; but very few have answered at all. The Muffin-Man took Naaman's little maid; Bog-Oak, Tom Ward; but Firefly and Smut seem to have mistaken the intention of the question, for the one chose the Duke of Wellington and the other Rienzi! The best therefore is certainly by King Rampsinitus.

THE BEST SERVANT IN HISTORY, OR ONE OF THE BEST.

THE faithful statesman of the great Henri IV., the Duc de Sully, was amply rewarded by his master and left a princely estate to his family, but after a few generations the male line became extinct, and the heiress carried the property into the house of Aubespine.

Bad management and the reverses of the Revolution gradually destroyed the riches of this family, and at last the Marquis D'Aubespine was obliged to sell the castle of Villebon, with all the memorials of the great Sully and the only estate that remained to him.

Out of the price he could only save enough from his creditors to purchase an annuity for himself and his son of 6,000 and 2,400 francs, and a third of 400 for Alexandre Martin, a servant who had lived with him thirty-five years, and had been educated at his expense. Soon after, the poor old Marquis died, and the creditors immediately came down upon Martin, and seized his annuity.

There was no redress, and Martin returned to his native village of Champrond en Gatinais, and took up the trade of a carpenter, which he had learnt at the Marquis's expense, before becoming his servant.

On the 16th June, 1830, his cottage door opened, and there stood his old master's son, the Comte d'Aubespine, with his three little motherless children—Angélique, five years old, Joséphine, four, and Louis, little more than a year. The Count said his affairs required him to leave France for a time, and he had no one to whom to entrust his little ones but the good Alexandre. The charge was willingly accepted, though the carpenter knew the family secrets too well to wonder that nothing was said about paying their expenses, and perhaps he also guessed that the short absence would be only for the Count's life.

At any rate he accepted the children. He had three of his own, of whom the eldest was able to work. She and her mother earned twenty-four sous a day, and he earned thirty, and upon this the little count and his sisters were maintained as far as possible according to their rank. At their meals they were seated at the cottage table, and waited on as respectfully by Martin as if they had been at the grand salon in the château, and he their footman. He never sat down with them, but kept them distinct in all from his own children, who ate

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scanty brown bread with him that the little guests might eat white; wore their coarse clothes to rags that the young Aubespines might be dressed neatly; and slept on the floor while the little nobles had comfortable beds. There were no murmurs; all came naturally out of the grateful loyalty of the family towards their master's grandchildren. No more was heard of the father till his death six years after. The news of this event excited the attention of the neighbourhood. It became known that the last descendants of Sully were growing up in the cottage of a poor carpenter, and owing their education to the curé of the parish. Some ladies at Chartres offered to take charge of the girls, and, though the parting was most painful, Martin was glad to enable them to be brought up as ladies.

As to the boy, the first help that came for his education was from a charitable foundation endowed by his great ancestor at Nogent de Rotron.

In 1838, he and Alexandre Martin were presented at a meeting of the Academy, where Martin received the Monthyon prize of virtue.

KING RAMPSINITUS.

ON the eye, Nightingale is full and scientific as to the ball, but too scanty on the nerve muscles, and scarcely mentions the lachrymal gland. A Bee is good, but misses the structure of the retina. What does Ignoramus mean by the lens being suspended from the eyelid? Spinning Jenny good, but she does not mention the ciliary body. Bog-Oak best, but does not mention the yellow spot.

THE EYE.

THE structure of the eye, or organ of sight, though very beautiful, is so complex that without some slight surgical knowledge it is very hard to give an account that shall be intelligible, sufficiently scientific, and withal interesting.

Roughly speaking, we may consider the organ as composed of (*a*) the optic nerve; (*b*) the eyeball; (*c*) the muscles of the ball; (*d*) the eyelids, with their muscles and glands; (*e*) the orbits; (*f*) the lachrymal apparatus.

The *optic nerve*, or rather nerves, for there are two, arising far back in the brain, meet about an inch behind the eyeballs, and again diverging, each pierces one ball about one-fifth of an inch nearer the nasal than the temporal side of the eyeball. These nerves are composed of a marrow-like substance inclosed in tubes, and for part of their course are encased in a strong fibrous sheath. Shortly before entering the ball the central artery of the retina pierces the nerve, and together they pass through the outer membrane of the ball, and here the medullary pulp of the nerve expands into a beautiful cup-like membrane, called the retina, which is exceedingly sensitive to light, and on which all objects presented to the eye are reflected.

The *eyeball* consists of several membranes, which are kept in shape by the interior fluids which distend them. Besides the membranes and fluids we must remark on the pigment, iris, pupil, and ciliary body. Externally the ball is entirely covered by a mucous membrane known as the *conjunctiva*. Beneath this is the strong tough sclerotic membrane, which may be looked on as an expansion of the sheath of the optic nerve.

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Just in front this membrane gives way to the *cornea*, a more transparent membrane, through which light can freely pass. Within the sclerotic is the soft brown membrane known as the choroid, in which is found the ophthalmic artery and its branches. These membranes contain three fluids—the vitreous humour, the crystalline, and the aqueous. The greater part of the whole globe is distended by the vitreous humour, which is perfectly transparent, differs little from water, and has great powers of refraction. Should this be pierced by any accident the whole fluid drains away, and the ball becomes a shapeless mass of membranes. In front of this is the crystalline humour, or *lens*. It is of the consistency of a jelly, and so exquisite and complex in its structure that it would take a volume to describe it. A series of fibrous, threefold shells, fitting one within the other in endless succession, do duty as a double convex lens. The aqueous humour is a little salter than common water, and is situated between the lens and the cornea. The iris stretches itself in front of the lens like a veil, dividing the aqueous humour; it is coloured except in albinos, and serves to temper the rays before reaching the lens. The colour of the iris usually corresponds in a measure with that of the hair, and is darkest in inhabitants of hot countries, so that a negro can look unflinchingly at the sun when a European would be dazzled. The colouring matter would be washed away by the aqueous humour (for it is very loosely laid on) were it not for a delicate membrane which retains it.

The pupil is a circular hole in the middle of the iris, which by a capability for contraction and expansion regulates the amount of light that enters the eye.

The pigment is a dark colouring matter behind the retina, on the surface of the choroid, kept there by what is called Dalrymple's membrane, for the purpose of absorbing the rays of light after they have reached the retina, on the same principle that optical instruments are often lined with black to prevent distracting reflections.

There remains only the ciliary body and processes, a dark ring encircling the lens, with minute points radiating like a miniature sunflower.

The eyeball is worked by six muscles, springing from the bones of the orbit, and attached to the sclerotic. Four of these are very simple, and are known as the upper and under, the inner and outer, direct muscles. The *trochlearis*, or upper oblique muscle, is a very curious one. Its form is round, and passing through a sort of pulley above the ball, it turns back and is inserted into the sclerotic. The inferior oblique muscle is inserted just opposite to the last named. Squint ensues on the contraction of these muscles, or the paralysis of their nerves.

The eyelids, which with their lashes protect the eye, are bounded inwardly by a continuation of the *conjunctiva*, and both lids are moved by a muscle or layer of fibres called the *orbicularis*, which serves to close them with great force, if needs be. The elevator, or muscle which raises the upper lid, lies beneath this. The Meibomian glands must be mentioned, which lie under the mucous membrane in both lids, and secrete an oily substance, which under irritation often collects round the roots of the lashes. The caruncle is the small red angle on the inner side of the eye.

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The orbits of the eyes are composed of seven bones belonging to the skull, and prevent any pressure on the ball.

The *lachrymal apparatus* consists of the lachrymal gland, about the size of a bean, which secretes the tears above the eye, within the orbit on the temporal side. Partly by winking, partly by other means, tears are conveyed to the ducts close to the caruncle, whence they pass into the lachrymal sac, a bag somewhat the shape of a kidney bean, where the tears are stored up as in a cistern, beside the nose, and communicating with it.

This is a description of the human eye, from which those of quadrupeds do not differ in structure, only in form, while the more essential parts are the same in principle throughout the whole creation, so far as we know. One more remark should be made, which is that though the *retina* is still called a membrane, it is believed to be in reality a mat or brush of hairs passing through more than one membrane.

The perfect adaptability of the eye to its purpose, and the necessity of every part of its complicated machinery to the whole, joined to its exceeding beauty externally, has been considered one of the most telling arguments against the modern theory of spontaneous development. And the more we study this one organ the more we shall understand the depth of meaning in the verse, 'God saw everything that He had made, and, behold, it was very good.'

BOG-OAK.

SPIDER QUESTIONS FOR JANUARY.

How many dates of years since the Christian era can be read backwards and forwards the same?

Give an account of the University System of the Middle Ages.

HANDWRITING SOCIETY.

Punctuate:—I have fled myself and have instructed cowards to run and show their shoulders friends begone I have myself resolved upon a course which has no need of you begone my treasure's in the harbour take it O I follow that I blush to look upon my very hairs do mutiny for the white reprove the brown for rashness and they them for fear and doting friends begone you shall have letters from me to some friends that will sweep your way for you pray you look not sad.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

Of the November subject *Vertumnus* has but little to say. About half of the members sent specimens of *Polystichum* and *Lycopodium*. In the present dead season indoor botany is all that can be expected of members; but it is hoped that many will find the careers of the great botanists of the last century an interesting study. Among these the following deserve particular attention:—Sir J. E. Smith, Withering, Hudson, Curtis, Lightfoot, Sibthorp.

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Notices to Correspondents.

We ought to have mentioned that the author of the paper on High Schools is Lady Frederick Cavendish.

QUOTATIONS WANTED.

'God nothing does nor suffers to be done
But thou thyself would'st do, could'st thou but see
The end of all events as well as He.'

—*Miss P., Oxford.*

'Now in thy youth beseech of Him,
Who giveth and upbraideth not,
That His light in thy heart become not dim,
And His love be unforgot.
And thy God in thy darkest day shall be
Greenness and beauty and strength to thee.'

—*Vivian.*

'Child of my love, lean hard,
And let me feel the pressure of my care.'

I found them on a card, and should be glad to know.

K. would be much obliged to any reader of the *Monthly Packet* who would inform her where the following lines occur, and the name of their author:—

'Pleasure must yield her potent power to pain,
Corn turn to chaff, and grass be changed to hay,
Treason subvert our Sov'reign's peaceful reign,
And all things mortal turn to parent clay,
Ere Poesy shall mount her winged horse
To prove conclusively a spade's a spade,
And swelling rivers stay their headlong course,
Affrighted by the sound themselves have made.'

ANSWERS.

'Be the day weary,' &c.

If you are not as weary of these words as ever Mariana was of her Moated Grange, it is a marvel. I was just going to send you the extract from *The Pastime of Pleasure*, but I see you have got it. The words are also to be found in John Heywoode's *Dialogue conteyning the number of the effectuall Proverbes in the English Tongue*, viz.:—

'Yet is he sure, be the daie never so long,
Euermore at Coste they ryng to euensong.'

Heywoode died in 1565. His best-known work, *The Parable of the*

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Spider and the Fly, was published in 1556. I have no doubt Skelton quoted the proverb. It is also to be found issuing from the Old Woman's mouth in the earliest edition of Holbein's *Dance of Death*.—*Mona*.

'Light sorrows speak; great griefs are silent.'

This is from line 607 of Seneca's *Hippolytus*:—

'Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent.'

The sentiment had long before been referred to in the scene between Cambyses and Psammenitus in Herodotus, *Thalia* (iii.), 14; as it is afterwards in *Macbeth*, act iv. sc. 3:—

'Give sorrow words: the grief, that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.'

That I may not be supposed to copy, I sent this to the *Penny Post*, in which it was inserted some time since.—*E. Marshall, F.S.A.*

Mrs. Morice.—

'There shall be no more cakes and ale.'

—*Twelfth Night*, act ii. sc. 3.—ED.

A. A.—

'My words fly up.'

—*Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 3.

1. 'Loosing of the Four Angels.' Seatonian Prize Poem for 1845, by John Mason Neale.

2. 'Souvent femme vient,' &c. Scratched by Francis I. with his ring on a window in the Castle of Chambord.

3. 'Ausonian King.' Numa Pompilius, second King of Rome. The allusion is to his conferences with the divine nymph, Egeria.

4. 'Ourali,' also 'wourali,' 'ourari,' or 'urari,' a vegetable poison, used by the natives of Guayana to tip their arms. Its basis is the juice of *Strychnos toxifera*, and it is used now by vivisectors on the animals they dissect.—*R. F. L.*

Oorali is one of the many ways of spelling curare. Curare is a drug made from the wourali-reed, which is used by the West Indians to poison their arrows. It is used in all physiological laboratories. Its effect is to paralyse the muscles of motion, while leaving the nervous sensibility untouched. It is obvious that its use is very convenient to the physiologist, since it prevents any possibility of resistance on the part of his victim (which is kept alive by artificial respiration), and he can observe at leisure. A physiologist stated before the Royal Commission (Blue Book, page 183, question 3539), that he had 'no regard at all' to the suffering of the animals on which he experimented.—*A Member of the Victoria Street and International Societies*; also *A. B. M.*

The author of *Arnolfo* says that any sailor would explain how to swing a hammock in a railway carriage.

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A. A.—The *Water Babies* appears (taken with reference to Kingsley's life) to be a kind of dream of restoration and improvement in a future state of existence, without definite meaning to all the details.

F. de H.—We advise you to have nothing to do with table-turning. We believe more force and will are exerted by the manipulators than they are aware of. If there be any more in the phenomena than this, we have no hesitation in saying, 'it cometh of evil,' though the agents may be, and in many cases are, innocent.

Bishop Wordsworth shows that it is possible that Elijah's translation did not take place till after the accession of Jehoram, who reigned two years with his father; but he inclines to believe that a prophetic letter was left for Jehoram.

S. C. begs to inform the Editor of the *Monthly Packet* that the stanza, 'I know a peacock,' &c., is to be found in a work entitled *The American Girls' Own Book*, first published in the United States about forty or forty-five years ago. *S. C.* thinks the author's name is given in the title-page. There is still another stanza:—

'I saw a pack of cards gnawing a bone,
I saw some dogs seated on Britain's throne,
I saw King George shut up within a box,
I saw a shilling driving a fat ox,
I saw a man lying in a muff all night,
I saw a glove reading news by candle-light,
I saw a woman not a twelvemonth old,
I saw two buttons telling of their dreams,
I heard my friends, who begged I'd quit these themes.'

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The *Sisters of the Poor, Mark Street, Finsbury*, acknowledge, with many thanks, 1*l.* and Christmas card from *Rachel*.

Mr. Lewis Carroll acknowledges, with many thanks, several kind communications on the subject of 'Lanrick,' which will be of great service to him in revising the rules.

Bishop Wilberforce Confirmation Memorial Window erected in S. Mary's, Southampton. — *Miss L. Phillimore* (5, *Arlington Street, S. James's*), gratefully acknowledges for the above memorial — Anon (Cambridge), 2*s.* 6*d.*; Anon. (London, S.W.), 8*l.*; Interest at Post Office, 12*s.* 426*l.* received; only 39*l.* now required. It is earnestly desired to *discharge* this small debt. Further offerings gladly received as above.

READING ROOM FOR LADIES.

The Council of the College for Working Women, 7, Fitzroy Street, Fitzroy Square, have resolved to open a Reading Room for Ladies above eighteen years of age from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M. It is hoped that

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such a room may be useful to ladies engaged in teaching or other work during the day. The principal daily, weekly, and monthly journals will be provided, and subscribers will have the use of a good reference library. Tea, coffee, and cocoa will also be furnished at moderate prices. The subscription will be 5*s.* a year, or 1*s.* a month. Two references from householders will be required, and names and references should be sent to the *Honorary Secretary* at the College.

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THE

MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

MARCH, 1881.

AN OBERAMMERGAU SERMON.

THE FRUITS OF THE CONTEMPLATION OF THE PASSION.*

JOHN XV. 5.—'I am the vine; ye are the branches. He that abideth in Me and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit.'

CHRISTIAN hearers! whenever with the feelings of devout disciples we follow our divine Friend and Teacher from the beginning to the end of His sufferings, we shall assuredly find not only our faith, our hope, and our love re-animated, not only our souls penetrated anew with hatred and loathing of all sin, but also a new zeal for the imitation of Christ awakened within us after each fresh study.

For if a model of the purest and most lovable virtue stands anywhere before us, it is here in the suffering and dying Redeemer. And whoever considers this most perfect embodiment of virtue must feel, if his heart is not utterly chilled and hardened, a yearning desire awaken within him to become in some measure and in an ever-greater degree like this glorious pattern.

This zeal for the imitation of Christ ought now to be promoted in us by the devout contemplation of His sufferings and death. It should be the fifth fruit of our contemplation of the Passion.

God grant it may be so, that the picture of the Holiest in His sufferings and death may draw us too with gentle but irresistible force to follow Him, and that not one of us may resist the drawing of divine grace!

Let us to-day, while we look on the sufferings of Christ with the eyes of the mind, as if we actually saw them pass before us, contemplate

* The last of five sermons preached at Oberammergau during Lent, 1870, by the Geistlicher Rath, J. A. Daisenberger.

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the suffering Saviour more especially as our pattern, after whose example we ought to regulate our thoughts and our actions.

O, Jesus! thou loftiest pattern of goodness! who hast said, 'I will draw all men unto me,' oh draw us also to Thee, make us all Thy true followers!

If a man should come to the Passion-play, who had never in his life heard a word about Jesus, and did not even know that Jesus Christ had once lived in this world, and should see how Jesus bore Himself to His disciples in the last hours before His sufferings, His constant tender seriousness, His love, His gentleness, His heartfelt kindness, should see Him in Gethsemane agonise and pray in His deep sorrow, should see Him in His dignified bearing, in His fearless confession before His enemies and judges, and again in His steadfast patience under the rude mockings and outrages of His tormentors, should see Him at last hanging in unspeakable anguish on the cross, and even there still forgiving, comforting, praying, and in death commending His spirit into the hands of His Father,—oh, surely at the end of the play he would be forced to cry out, 'Did such a man ever really exist upon the earth? If there ever was such a man, then assuredly he was the best, the holiest who ever lived; in him was united and embodied the ideal of all the goodness which imagination can conceive. All who wish to be good men must look to him and follow after him, and take his example as the rule of their entire lives.'

We, dear fellow-Christians, know from the writings of those who stood nearest to Christ, and were eye and ear witnesses of the events of His last days and hours, that everything really did happen exactly as it is represented to us in the Passion-play. The actions we see, and almost all the words of Jesus we hear, are taken from the narratives of His disciples, John and Matthew, and from the letters of His disciple Peter which have come down to us.

What an impression, then, ought the example of the suffering and dying Saviour to make on us! How strongly should we feel ourselves impelled to imitate Him, seeing we call ourselves His disciples! He is our Lord and Master. Oh! let us look on Him, the suffering and dying Saviour!

I. This contemplation should stimulate us to imitate Him *in His attitude towards God.*

Behold His obedience to His heavenly Father, obedience even unto death, even to the most shameful death of the cross! Oh! learn of Him to be also in all things obedient to your Father in heaven, to subject your own will unreservedly to the will of God, to fulfil God's will and law in all things and with all humility and reverence.

See how before the commencement of His sufferings, how in the agony in Gethsemane, how in His desertion on the cross, He earnestly prays to His Father. Oh! learn of Him to look up also to your

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Father in every situation of life, in every trial, in every sorrow, to seek from Him strength and comfort, to be instant in prayer, to pray without ceasing!

See how willingly and submissively He takes the bitterest cup from the hand of His Father. Oh! learn there of Him to endure, from love to God, and in submission to His holy will, all labours and wearinesses, all contradictions and oppositions, which come to you from your fellow-men, all misfortunes and pains of body or soul!

See how, full of confidence in God, He stands unshaken before His persecutors, who, breathing fury, demand His death. Learn of Him to put your trust too in God alone, and not to fear those who can kill the body only, but have no power over the soul.

II. The contemplation of the suffering and dying Saviour must also stimulate us to imitate Him *in His attitude towards men.*

How can the disciple fail to be drawn whither he sees his Lord and Master so lovingly precede him?

See, O disciple of Christ, your Lord and Master is so gentle, so kind, so mild in His dealings with His friends, so full of heartfelt sympathy for their joy and sorrow. And would you, in your intercourse with your friends, show yourselves ever surly, rude, and rough, passionate, repellent, and unsympathetic? Nay, you will surely not wish to be so utterly unlike your Master.

Your Lord and Master is betrayed by His disciple. Will not you also patiently bear with false brethren?

He allows Himself to be embraced and kissed by His betrayer. Will you refuse the kiss of peace to your enemies?

He does not withstand those who bind Him, and allows Himself to be led as a lamb to the slaughter, opening not His mouth. Will you also not bear an injustice rather than engage in strife and wrangling and deeds of violence?

Your Lord and Master permits the servant of the High Priest to smite Him on the cheek. Will you not also patiently turn your cheek to him who smites you?

He is silent under the accusations of false witnesses. Will you rage against and curse those who speak reproachful and slanderous words against you?

He casts a look of forgiveness on the remorseful Peter immediately after his sin. Will you not also be compassionate and kind to those who have sinned and are penitent?

Your Lord and Master is mockingly arrayed in a royal robe by Herod, as one beside himself. Will you not take it patiently, when the men of this world call you a fool because you refuse to join them in their folly?

He was rejected in favour of Barabbas. Disciple of Christ, will you have it better in your case? Will it distress you if you are put in the background and set at naught before the eyes of the world?

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He pled on the cross for the forgiveness of His deadly enemies. Will you not also forgive your bitterest enemies and pray for them?

Oh, surely the more frequently and the more devoutly we look up to our suffering and dying Redeemer, the more strongly will the longing awaken within us to become in all things like unto Him, and to love our fellow-men as He did, and as He commands us to do, when He says to us, 'Love one another as I have loved you.'

III. The contemplation of the suffering and dying Redeemer must stimulate us to imitate Him *in the fulfilment of His mission.*

The Son of God, sent by the Father, came down to this world to show men the way to heaven, and to open to them the gates of heaven. He had received this commission from His Father; He had taken it upon Himself.

The first part of that work He had now fulfilled. He had shown men the way to heaven by His holy teaching. But now He had to fulfil the second part. He must open to men the gates of heaven by His atoning death.

And how willingly did He fulfil this further difficult mission. Although His human nature was so appalled at the approaching sufferings that His agony wrung out drops of blood, yet, strengthened from heaven above, He went on full of courage to finish the work that was given Him to do, and He fought and endured, and stood fast, until He could proclaim aloud, over the whole world, the glorious fact, 'It is finished.'

Each of us too has been sent by God into this world; each of us has a work to do here below, which his Lord and Creator has assigned him.

Oh, when we see how faithfully and steadfastly Christ finished His most difficult work, ought that not powerfully to stimulate us also to work out faithfully and steadfastly our easier task? In which of our hearts is not this the inmost wish, 'When my dying hour comes, oh! that I too might be able in humble trust to cry with Jesus, "It is finished!"' We know well, however, that if we wish to be able to say that one day after Christ, we must first have followed Christ in the perfect fulfilment of the work which God has assigned us in this earthly life.

How much lighter does our duty become, how greatly are we encouraged in working it out, when we contemplate our suffering and dying Redeemer, who in the records of the Passion has left behind Him the prints of His footsteps in which we must tread, that so one day our life too may end with the song of triumph, 'It is finished!'

That we may become more ardent followers of Christ, let that, dear friends, be the fourth fruit of our contemplation of the Passion.

This fruit ought to grow as it were out of the other three—ay, and it will do so if we have entered upon our contemplation of the scenes of

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the Passion in a pious Christian spirit. For when faith, hope, love, and hatred of sin are kindled afresh within us, there will naturally spring up in our hearts a new ardent desire to follow after Christ. Oh, may this new ardour soon be manifest in our conduct!

As the old legend tells us how Christ left the impress of His features on the handkerchief of Veronica, so may His image, the image of His whole relation towards God and men, His zeal, His love, His kindness, be imprinted on our hearts, and be reflected in our whole lives, so that our whole lives may be beautiful copies of the divine original, of the holy life of Christ upon earth.

Oh, blessed fruit of the contemplation of the Passion, if we take home with us from its scenes the image of Christ indelibly imprinted on our souls! Amen.

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A CRUSADER'S TOMB:

1220.

I.

UNNAMED, unknown:—his hands across his breast
Set in sepulchral rest,
In yon low cave-like niche the warrior lies,
—A shrine within a shrine,—
Full of gray peace, while day to darkness dies.

II.

Then the forgotten dead at midnight come
And throng their chieftain's tomb,
Murmuring the toils o'er which they toil'd, alive,
The feats of sword and love;
And all the air thrills like a summer hive.

III.

—How so? thou say'st!—This is the poet's right!
He looks with larger sight
Than they who hedge their view by present things,
The small, parochial world
Of sight and touch: and what he sees, he sings.

IV.

The steel-shell'd host, that, gleaming as it turns,
Like autumn lightning burns,
One moment's azure; the fresh flags that glance
As cornflowers o'er the corn,
Till war's stern step show'd like a gala dance

V.

He also sees; and pierces to the heart,
Scanning the genuine part
Each Red Cross pilgrim plays: Some, gold-enticed;
By love or lust or fame
Urged; or who yearn to kiss the grave of Christ

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VI.

And find their own, life-wearied :—Motley band !
O ! ere they touch'd the Land
How maim'd, how marr'd, how changed from all that pride
In which so late they left
Orwell or Thames, with sails out-swelling wide

VII.

And music tuneable with the timing oar
Clear heard from shore to shore ;
All Europe streaming to the mystic East !
—Now on their sun-smit ranks
The dusky squadrons close in vulture-feast,

VIII.

And that fierce Day-star's blazing ball their sight
Sears with excess of light ;
Or through dun sand-clouds the blue scimitar's edge
Slopes down like fire from heaven,
Mowing them as the thatcher mows the sedge.

IX.

Then many a heart remember'd, as the skies
Grew dark on dying eyes,
Sweet England ; her fresh fields and gardens trim ;
Her tree-embower'd halls ;
And the one face that was the world to him.

X.

And one who fought his fight and held his way,
Through life's long latter day
Moving among the green, green English meads,
Ere in this niche he took
His rest, oft 'mid his kinsfolk told the deeds

XI.

Of that far passage through the Midland sea ;
Cyprus and Sicily ;
And how the Lion-Heart o'er the Moslem host
Triumph'd in Ascalon
Or Acre, by the tideless Tyrian coast,

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XII.

Yet never saw the vast Imperial dome,
Nor the thrice-sacred Tomb :—
—As that great vision of the hidden Grail
By bravest knights of old
Unseen :—seen only of pure Percivale.

F. T. PALGRAVE.

NOTES.

The 'Third Crusade,' 1189—1193, is the subject of this poem. Richard Cœur de Lion carried his followers by way of Sicily and Cyprus : making a transient conquest of the latter. In the Holy Land the siege of Acre consumed the time and strength of the Crusaders. They suffered terribly in the wilderness of Mount Carmel, and when at last preparing to march on Jerusalem (1192) were recalled to Ascalon. Richard now advanced to Bethany, but was unable to reach the Holy City. The tale is that while riding with a party of knights one of them called out, 'This way, my lord, and you will see Jerusalem.' But Richard hid his face and said, 'Alas!—they who are not worthy to win the Holy City are not worthy to behold it.'

Stanza XII., *line* 1 : The Church of the Holy Sepulchre was built by the Emperor Constantine ; A.D. 326—335.

Line 3 : This vision forms the subject of one of A. Tennyson's noblest *Idylls*.

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TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GREEK TRAGEDIANS.

ÆSCHYLUS.—THE SUPPLIANTS (*continued*).

PRAYER OF BLESSING ON ARGOS.

PRO-ODE.

Come, o'er the Argives let us raise
  Prayer that is guerdon for goodly deed ;
Zeus, in whose hand are the stranger's ways,
Guide the grateful voice of a stranger's praise
  To fair fruition of perfect meed.

STROPHE I.

Hear, oh ye gods divine and holy, the vows for this people I implore ;—
  Never the flame of fire on this city Pelasgic beat,
  Nor horrid shout of insatiate Ares * her borders greet ;
Ares, reaper of slaughter in other fields evermore ;—
  For that their mercy to us was great,
  For that they minded our low estate,
Reverencing Zeus' handmaids, his sorrowful flock and poor.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Not to the men was their favour shown, or turned from the women's sorrowful cry ;
  One they regarded, the holy, all-seeing, vengeful in might,
  Not to be overcome ; a dread to the house if he light
Foul like a bird, on the roof; for he percheth right heavily ;—†
  For to their kin have they kindness done,
  Handmaids of Zeus, of the holy one ;
Wherefore by blameless altars they shall please the gods on high.

STROPHE II.

Then let our lips which the olive shrouds pour forth for their country the votive strain ;—
  Never the pestilence' breath
  Chill her streets with the hush of death,
  Nor her soil grow red beneath,
Rank with the blood of her children by hands of her children slain ;
  But safety her fairest keep,
  Nor her blossom Ares reap,
Lover of Aphroditè, who joyeth in slaughtered men.

ANTISTROPHE II.

And still with rich gifts blaze the altar-stair where the steps of the hoary elders wait ;—
  So shall the city be blest ;
  And to Zeus be prayer addressed,
  Great helper of the distressed :
He who by hoary law makes the paths of destiny straight ;
  Her fruit still earth bestow,
  And Artemis aye show
Mercy on them that travail, nor ever slay in her hate.

---

* The god of War.

† The meaning is, that the vengeance of Zeus broods over an evildoer or a family, just as foul birds beset a roof and defile it– a circumstance which was always looked upon as an evil omen.

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STROPHE III.

Nor ever her streets re-echo the cry that a city hears
When the banded citizens arm,
And rouse to each other's harm
Ares, hot hater of lyre and of laughter, lover only of tears;
But let sorrow and sickness fly
Ere they come the people nigh,
And kindly look the Wolf-god * on those that the city rears.

ANTISTROPHE III.

And Zeus to the earth give increase that she her tribute lend
By the seasons' wealth benign;
And the city's browsing kine
Teem and be fat in the pastures with store from the gods without end;
And grateful bards their praise
By the happy altars raise,
And the song with the lute accordant from hallowed lips ascend.

STROPHE IV.

And ever a rule that with forethought directs the state,
Uphold its ancient honours inviolate;
Keeping steadfast the city, making the people strong;
And by just and kindly laws
May they judge the stranger's cause,
Or e'er to battle they arm them to quit with vengeance the wrong.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

And ever their country's gods who the land uphold
May they worship, as did their sires, with rites of old;
Victims decked for the altar and maidens bearing the bay;
For that honour to parents be
Is writ in the precepts three,†
Midst the laws of awful Justice that shall not pass away.

THE PERSIANS.

MANY points of great interest centre in this play. It is the earliest specimen of Greek history we possess, and the poet who wrote it was also the soldier who, at Marathon and Salamis, had taken an active part in the scenes he describes. Regarded from the literary side, the subject must have seemed to a Greek unsuitable for dramatic treatment; yet it is the play of all others which possesses for us moderns that 'reality in ideality' which was the very life of the Athenian drama. It is our world-legend, touched by time with all the hues of poetry, yet most real, inasmuch as it hymns the triumph of that very civilisation under which we now live. The visiting of the sins of Œdipus on his children may affect us with but languid interest, but it is not without moment for us that in the conflict of East and West the gods

* Apollo, who was supposed to send sudden death upon men, as Artemis did upon women.

† This triple precept, which formed part of the laws of Draco, was: to 'honour parents, to worship the gods with the fruits of the earth, and to hurt no living creature.'

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preserved the city of Athenê, and that the Greek spear vanquished the bow of the long-haired Mede in the day of Marathon or Platæa. This was the subject that Æschylus treated with such tact ere he allowed his hand to expend on it all its accustomed vigour. The problem was how to represent to an Athenian audience, accustomed to see on the stage gods and heroes moving in a world far different from their own, that discomfiture of the Persians which was fresh in every one's memory, and which had been wrought out in most actual fashion so short a time ago. But Æschylus perceived the exceptional character of this cotemporary subject, and under his conception it became strikingly *ideal*. A contrast between East and West, between civilisation and barbarism, between light and darkness; a free people banded together to resist a nation of slaves; above all, the overweening insolence of a mortal (Xerxes) humbled to the dust by the gods—what could be more Æschylean than this? Here were great world-issues such as the poet loved to work on, and the story he wove from them made him the poet not of Athens merely but of the whole Greek world, and unconsciously of our modern world.

These great world-deeds are shaped into epic rather than dramatic form. Instead of the painting of individual character, we have the broad phases of the hope or foreboding, the triumph or despair of a nation. The scene is laid at the Persian court, far from the field of the actual strife. By this fine device the poet was enabled both to invest his drama with a due share of mystery, and to view it in a large spirit as from a lofty vantage ground, which permitted no meaner details to obtrude; while by a splendid irony it is from Persian lips that he evokes the story of their own downfall and the glory of the Greeks. The Persian elders who, with the Queen-mother Atossa, have been left by Xerxes in charge of his kingdom, are not without anxiety as to the fate of that invading army which has gone to enslave the little unknown state of Athens, and their fears are too quickly confirmed by a messenger, who bluntly announces the annihilation of the Persian host at Salamis. The kingly shade of Darius, summoned to give aid—if any aid there be—at this awful juncture, predicts only greater disasters. Xerxes arrives but to increase the consternation, and the play ends with lamentations over the downfall of Persia, which suggest only more vividly the greatness of the Greek triumph.

The opening song of the chorus and the description of the battle of Salamis will afford a fair idea of the general scope of the play and of the irony pervading it. The description of the battle, ringing as it does with a trumpet note of triumph as for some day of Trafalgar or the Armada, is peculiarly heart-stirring to an English reader.

The lines in which Atossa describes the offerings she is about to make to the shade of Darius, are added because of their wonderful simplicity and grace. They form one of those passages which lie scattered, pure gold of beauty, amid the sterner ore of the Æschylean verse.

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OPENING CHORUS.

The scene is at the royal palace of Susa, and the chorus is composed of Persian elders.

PARODOS.

Lo we of all the Persians gone
To Hellas' strand, here left alone,
The Trusty Councillors are hight,
And of the glorious palace bright,
  The Guardians and stay;
Whom Xerxes' self, Darius' heir,
Our kingly master, chose to share,
By meed of age, his princely care,
  And hold his realm in sway.
Now fain my lord returned to see,
And all his glittering chivalry,
Sad auguring of woe to be,
  My mind within me yearns;
And for my youthful prince makes moan,
For Asia's prowess all is gone,
And messenger or horseman none
  To Persia back returns.
From ancient Cissa's fortress steep,
Ecbatana and Susa's keep,
  They took their distant way;
On horses some; some plough the deep;
On foot with measured tramp they sweep
  To swell the war's array.
Amistres, Artaphernes there,
Astaspes, Megabazes fare,
Kings, who the Great King's service bear—
  His warriors who lead;
A countless host they wield in fight,
Of archer skilled and mounted knight,
Fearsome and terrible for might
  Of soul and daring deed.
There joying in his horse one sees
The noble knight Artémbares;
Masistres and Pharandaces;
Imœus the stout archer true,
And Sosthenes who loves to view
  His courser's fiery speed.
And others mighty Neilos gave,
Who dwell by his all-nurturing wave;
Susicanes, and the swart son
Whom Egypt bare, Pegástagon;
  Great Arsames, whose sway
The sacred Memphis keeps in awe,
And Ariomard who giveth law
  To Thebê's city gray.
With dwellers from the marshy shore,
Well trained to labour at the oar;—
  Their numbers, who shall say?
A swarm of Lydians next attend,
The race luxurious, who blend
With all the mainland peoples—these
Are led by brave Mitragathes
And valiant Arcteus, kings in sway;
And Sardis poured them to the fray,
  From forth her streets of gold—
On countless chariots forth they pressed;

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Their steeds were three and four abreast!
Sight dreadful to behold!
And they who dwell beside the height
Of sacred Tmolus swear
That Hellas through their conquering might
A captive's yoke shall wear;
Mardon and Tharybis who front,
Like anvils set, the spear-heads' brunt,
And Mysians skilled to throw
The dart; next golden Babylon
A vast commingling tide sends on
Of those that or on shipboard wonne
Or bend the trusty bow.
Flocks too from Asia near and far
The race that wields the scimetar,
At the king's stern behest;—
Such Persia's loss of those that are
Her bravest and her best.
For whom all Asia maketh moan,
In yearnings blent of many a groan —
Who nursed them at her breast—
And wives and parents day by day
Count the slow hours pass away,
With trembling fear possessed.

STROPHE I.

By this to the brink opposed of the mainland's neighbour shore,
Hath the host of the mighty king the destroyer of cities passed o'er—
By the moored barks * was their wending athwart the waters wild
Of Hellê, Athamas' child.
And they cast a welded path for a yoke on the neck of the ocean hoar.

ANTISTROPHE I.

And of Asia many-peopled the shepherd warrior-souled,
O'er the whole land is urging, twy-parted, his sacred fold,
Some over the land and other the sea; and he putteth his trust
In his captains stern and just;
He, the godlike hero of the line that sprang from the seed of gold.†

STROPHE II.

And with lurid gleam in his eyes as the look of a dragon thirsting for prey,
Countless for men and ships, and speeding the chariots of Syria,
A war of the bow he brings, to lay low the men whose spear is their stay.

ANTISTROPHE II.

But to stem the flood of that living stream the chieftain where is he
With strong barriers to keep a billow shall sweep as from ocean resistlessly?
For lion-hearted are Persia's sons and matchless her chivalry.

MESODE.

But who is the mortal shall 'scape from the god with his craft and deceit,
Or is any so lord of his leap as to warily light on the soles of his feet?
For Delusion her fair face turns on a man till seduced and o'er-flattered he set
His feet unaware in her net.‡
But thence for a mortal o'er-leaping is none that he rise up and fleet.

---

* *I.e.*, the bridge of boats, thrown by Xerxes over the Hellespont; it is alluded to more than once further on.

† That is, from Danaë, who was wooed by Zeus in a shower of gold, and from whom sprang Perseus, the mythical ancestor of the Persians.

‡ The reference is to one who is infatuated by the gods to his own destruction, as a beast might be entangled in the nets of a hunter.

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STROPHE III.

For the gods laid on Persia this fate of old and fulfilled her with lust for the fight;
For the fall of high towers from their height—
The clangour of charging steeds and ruin of wasted cities laid low.

ANTISTROPHE III.

And they learned on the wide sea's billowy waste to look with steadfast sight,
As the strong blast smote it to white;
And their trust was in moorings lightly-weft—a way for their host to go.

STROPHE IV.

Wherefore, wrapped in dark distress,
All my heart is racked with fear—
(*Wail*)—for Persia's warlike press;
Lest this cry our country hear;
Mighty Susa mourns in loneliness.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

And with breasts loud buffeted
Cissa's citadel reply;
As, on girlish utterance sped,
Wail!—wail!—floats heavily,
And many a linen vesture rending shred.

STROPHE V.

For the folk their way have ta'en,
Horse and foot, an endless train.
Following like a swarm of bees their leader gone before—
Passing by the headland hoary that was woven from shore to shore.
Making one of twain.

ANTISTROPHE V.

Now shed down with longings deep,
Tears the widowed couches steep;
And each Persian dame soft weaving for her lord lament,
Him her knight, her arms' strong lover, whom to battle forth she sent,
Mateless now must weep.
But come, ye Persians, one and all,
And seated round this ancient hall;—
Since sorest is our need;—
Your wisest lore and forethought bring,
That we may learn how fares the king,
Darius' royal seed;
Xerxes, our lord, whose birth doth claim
The ancestral honours of our name:—
Whether the bow it be
Whose arrowy flights have vanquishëd,
Or now the stubborn shafts' spear-head
Hath won the victory.

DESCRIPTION OF THE SEA-FIGHT AT SALAMIS.

CHORUS. ATOSSA. MESSENGER.

MESSENGER (*entering*).

Oh citadel of Asia, oh thou land
Of Persia, and ye splendid palaces,
How at one blow hath all your glory fallen
To nothing, and Persia's manhood is no more!
Hard, sure, his dole, who first ill-tidings brings,
Yet, since necessity so wills it; lords,
I tell ye, slain lies all our Persian host!

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CHORUS.

Wail for the grievous tidings, the horror with terror blent ;
Cry aloud and spare not ; yea mix with weeping lament.

MESSENGER.

Think not we have an army—all is lost ;
Nay, I myself scarce looked for safe return.

CHORUS.

Fondly our old age dallied loath on the verge of the tomb,
That on us should smite this anguish with the stroke of a sudden doom.

MESSENGER.

And, lords, this is no hearsay that I speak,
These eyes beheld our ruin that befell.

CHORUS.

In vain, in vain that countless band,
The trusty bow, the dart that bore,
From Asia parted for the land
Too dear to heaven, Hellas' shore !

MESSENGER.

Thick lie the dead, too piteously slain,
Round Salamis and many a neighbour shore.

CHORUS.

I see—I see those friends forlorn,
Sea-tost their limbs and darkly dyed,
In death betwixt the sea-banks borne
And heaving with the heaving tide !

MESSENGER.

For nought their bows availed, but the whole host
Went down before the shock of brazen beaks.

CHORUS.

Raise aloft a bitter cry
For the brave untimely lost ;
Since the gods have willed—ah misery !—
Miserably should perish all our host.

MESSENGER.

O most detested name of Salamis ;
Oh Athens !—as I think of it I groan.

CHORUS.

Yea, full oft shall Athens' name
Yield her foemen cause for hate ;
When they think of many a Persian dame
Guiltless, widowed and made desolate.

ATOSSA.

Ah me ! I have kept silence all this while,
Being stunned with grief ; this sorrow so exceeds,
That I can neither speak nor ask my woes.
Natheless we mortals must those burdens bear
The gods lay on us ; therefore steel thy heart,
Howe'er it suffer, to rehearse at length
This tragic tale ; speak it composedly ;
Who is *not* dead ? what chieftains must we mourn ?
Who, high advanced to some authority,
Dying bereft their troops of their fair head ?

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MESSENGER.

Xerxes yet lives and doth the light behold.

ATOSSA.

Great light indeed thou showest to my house,
And day-dawn glorious following night of gloom!

MESSENGER.

But him, who led ten thousand horsemen on,
Artémbares, the breaker lifts and smites
'Gainst the rude headlands of Silenïæ's shore.
And Dádaces, lord o'er a thousand, sprang
From off his decks, spear-wounded; Tenagon,
The noblest heart e'er ancient Bactria bore,
Flits on by Ajax' billow-beaten isle.*
Lilæus, Árs ames, Argestês too,
Worsted in fight by the dove-nurturing isle,*
Were smiting with dumb heads the flinty shore.
Adeúes, Pheresseúes and Arcteus (he
From sources of the Nile Egyptian),
Pharnúchus, these from the same decks fell slain.
And there Matállus—Chrysa claims his birth—
Still onward his ten thousand leading, fell,
And all the shaggy auburn of his beard
Dabbled, and to dark purple changed its hue.
There Bactrian Ártames—black was his troop—
Ten thousand horse thrice told—with Árabus fell,
The Mage, to lay their bones on that stern shore.
Amistres too, Amphistreus, whose spear waves
Incessant, noble Áriomard, whose loss
Sardis shall weep, and Mysian Séisames;
With Thárybis, lord of five times fifty ships,
Whom Lerna nurtured—comely man he was!
Now lies he stark and drifts a piteous corse.
He too, Cilicia's chief, Syénnesis,
The bravest of the brave, whose single arm
The foe most daunted, gloriously died.
Such were those valiant chiefs; yet halts my tongue,
Ere half told out the story of our woes.

ATOSSA.

Alas! thou hast named the height of all our woes,
Persia's dishonour, theme for bitter wail.
But say, thy speech retracing, what the count
Greece had of ships, that dared their beaks advance,
And cope with Persia dreadful in her might?

MESSENGER.

If victory were in numbers, oh, be sure
Our Persian fleet had conquered; say, the Greeks
Had ten times thirty ships the tale is told;
Not naming ten picked vessels, set apart.
But Xerxes led—I speak that I do know—
A thousand ships, whereof ten score and seven
Were wonderful for speed; so stands the count.
Think'st thou we did not top them in this fight?
Nay, but some demon, to our army's loss,
Did bear down fortune's scale unequally;
The gods have Pallas' city in their care.

* Salamis.

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ATOSSA.

Stays then Athenê's city still unravaged?

MESSENGER.

Yea, for her heroes are her bulwark sure.

ATOSSA.

But of the ships' first onset tell me—say,
Which side—the Greeks—began the fight—or was't
My son, too bold for his thick-thronging ships?

MESSENGER.

By some foul fiend, some wandering sprite of ill,
My queen, was the whole mischief set afoot.
For from the Athenian host a soldier came,
A Greek, and thus did tell the king thy son;
That, once the night its darkling veil shed down,
The Greeks would tarry not, but leaping on
To their ships' benches, each as best he might,
Flee for dear life in headlong stealthy rout.
And straightway hearing, since that Greek's deceit
He knew not, nor the angry gods his foes,
The king to all his captains gave command;
Soon as the sun's bright rays should cease to gild
The earth, and night possess the spacious sky,
To range in triple row their dense-massed fleet,
The outlets guard and every seaward strait;
Nor less with others girdle Ajax' isle.
For if, some secret channel for their ships
Being found, the Greeks that fell destruction shunned,
Their heads should pay the forfeit, 'twas decreed.
So with proud hope presageful spake the king,
Not knowing what the wrathful gods should do.
They cheerly, with prompt heed, their midday meal
Made ready, and his oar each mariner
Looped to the thole, and gave it easy play.
But when the light of day declined, and night
Came on, each man who knew to wield an oar,
Or fought in panoply, went to his ship.
And rank to rank, through their long war-ships, called
Eager; and as his place was, each one sailed.
So all night long did the ships' captains keep
Their whole armada sailing up and down.
And the night deepened, but nowhere their prows
To secret flight the Grecian host addressed.
But whenas, fair and bright to see, the dawn
With her white steeds had covered all the earth,
Then first the Greeks sent forth a shout, so loud,
So clear, it sounded like a song, which straight
The rocky isle did shrilly render back
In echo; fear on all the Persians fell
Frustrated of their hopes; no coward note
Thrilled in that solemn pæan the Greeks hymned,
But battle-fervour of heroic hearts.
Now rang the trumpet's blast kindling their fleet.
At once together dipped the plashing oars
And clave, with ordered stroke, the billow through,
That quickly all their sail stood out to view.
The right wing first, in gallant trim array,
Led orderly, and following, their whole line
Bore down on us; then rose from many lips

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One mighty cry; *Sons of the Greeks, go free*
Your country, free your wives and little ones,
The temples of your fathers' gods, the tombs
Of your forefathers; now ye strive for all.
Nor less from us a roar of Persian tongues
Hoarse answering, rose; then was no more delay,
But straightway ship on ship its brazen beak
Dashed; and a Greek ship foremost smote and shore
From a Phœnician prow the head away;
Then ship outsingled ship, and so they fought.
And fair at first the stream of Persian sails
Held on; but when their multitude of hulls
Thronged in the strait, and mutual aid was none,
Then they through side-ranks of their oars right on
'Gan break, dashed helpless each 'gainst other's prows
Brass-beaked, and warily the Grecian ships
Closed round and battered them on every side,
And ships heeled o'er, and all the sea was hid,
Choked up with wrecks, teeming with slaughtered men;—
No shore or reef was there but teemed with dead.
And not a ship of Persia's armament
But plied its oars in flight disorderly.
But still, as it were tunnies a man spears,
With broken oars or spars of wreck they smote
Our men and brake their backs; and moans and shrieks
Went up together over the wide sea,
Till that night's eye, darkling, made lasting pause.
But for our loss in full—though ten days long
My tongue should wag of it—'twere still untold.
Know this at least; never one day before
Did light such countless numbers to their death.

ATOSSA'S OFFERINGS TO THE SHADE OF DARIUS.

. . . . .

So fierce a stroke of ill unhinges me;
For which ye thus behold me back returned
On foot here from the palace, stripped of all
State's former show, and bearing in my hand,
For my son's sire, libations kind that take
With blandishment the dead; here's white sweet milk,
Fresh from the cow's pure udder, lucent sweets
Of honey, drop o' the blossom-labouring bee,
With water limpid from the virgin fount;
And clear as when it laughed within the veins
Of the woodland vine its mother, this pure draught,
The sunny ichor of old wine; here's too
The yellow olive's fragrance-breathing fruit,
That ever blooms its life on, hid in leaves;
With wreathèd flowers, children of boon earth.
But ye, my friends, a strain auspicious raise
To speed these gifts, and oft by name invoke
Darius' shade; the pomp I'll lead, and pour
Those liquid honours for the gods below.

GERARD W. SMITH.

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A CONVERSATION ON BOOKS.

BY THE EDITOR.

HISTORICAL TALES.

Spider. My brother says that in the lectures on history at Oxford, the men were advised to read up the really good historical novels and poetry illustrating the period.

Arachne. Very good and very agreeable advice too. Nothing brings the surroundings so vividly forward, or makes the people so real to our minds.

Spider. But the novels must be good.

Arachne. Assuredly; and there are two ways of failing—one by the utter inattention or ignorance that leads to gross anachronisms, the other by incapacity to put life into the characters, so that the poor creatures are fairly crushed under the weight of antiquarianism.

Spider. I want you kindly to help me to make out a list of the best, such as don't fail much in either way, and will really light up history.

Arachne. With a view of reading them all in succession?

Spider. Not quite; but I should like to know which to take up for any special period, and to tell Bee what would be useful in the library of her girls' school, or college, or whatever she calls it.

Arachne. And where shall we begin?

Spider. Oh! at the beginning, whatever that was.

Arachne. Of time, I suppose you mean. Mind, I don't answer for all in every part, and I only say what is worth reading. There have lately appeared two wonderful German novels that have many of the highest qualifications—*Uarda*, which contains a most vivid picture of Egypt just before the Exodus.

Spider. Is there anything about the Israelites?

Arachne. No. Moses is only seen for a moment, praying, while he was in the land of Midian. It is thoroughly interesting; and so is *An Egyptian Princess*,* a poor daughter of Pharaoh Hophra, who is married to the madman Cambyses, son of Cyrus. The prosperous couple are a granddaughter of Sappho and a Greek mercenary, who is nearly demolished for drowning a family of kittens. There is also a book called *Dion and the Sibyl* which struck me much when I read it. There is in it a moment's glimpse of our Blessed Lord and S. John, which leaves something the same feeling as the Ober Ammergau mystery. After these we must make a great leap, for I can think of nothing I care for until Lord Lytton's *Last Days of Pompeii*.

* Translations of both are published by Tauchnitz, to be had of Williams and Norgate.

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Spider. Oh, I know that. One cannot help believing that all the houses and the skeletons found now did really belong to the people there described. And how awful all the revelry is, with the black, pine-tree-like column hanging over the doomed city! Then there are hosts of stories of the early Christians.

Arachne. There are not many of great mark, some failing from want of sufficiently realising the Roman manners and habits of mind, others, from running away on special theories, and making the primitive Church follow exactly the ritual—or no ritual—the authors themselves prefer. There is one that I like on the S.P.C.K. list, called *Gaudentius.*

Spider. I know! The architect of the Colosseum, who was martyred there.

Arachne. I think, however, the subject is more striking than the execution. Dr. Neale's *Farm of Aptonga*, *Egyptian Wanderers*, and *Exiles of the Cebenna* are all good and life-like in their way; but the two books that bear the marks of real power are Cardinal Wiseman's *Fabiola* and Cardinal Newman's *Calista.* The first brings in SS. Sebastian and Agnes; the scene of the last is in Africa, and has some wonderful descriptions of locusts. As I have heard remarked, it is curious that Cardinal Wiseman, the old hereditary Roman Catholic, should make the new converts the untrustworthy people, while Cardinal Newman's Christians born and bred are the people unprepared for trial. Both books are well worth reading for their beauty and effectiveness, though not with a whole surrender of the mind, as there is an undercurrent of pleading for Rome. There is also *Hypatia*, which I mention on account of its fame, but I do not like it well enough to advise you to read it.

Spider. Is there anything through all the long time of the Dark Ages?

Arachne. I really do not know of anything that can take any real hold of the imagination. We must leap over those five or six hundred years, and begin on the romances and tales of modern history, for though there are a few attempts at tales of the days of conversion of England and Germany, none of them have much ring of life in them.

Spider. Saxon times come in the *Chronicles of Æscendune.*

Arachne. Carefully elaborated, and sound, sensible reading, but not very brilliant. You may like to take up the Dukes of Normandy with the book of your childhood, the *Little Duke;* and then you have a real great book in Lord Lytton's *Harold*, which is one of the tales that rises in merit to a poem.

Spider. We are well off here, for there is Kingsley's *Hereward.*

Arachne. Which is not equal to his other books. It appears that it was a grind to him to write it, and he has made Hereward coarse and rough, as I do not think a high-born Englishman would have been,

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nor do I believe in Torfrida; so I prefer *The Camp of Refuge*, though it is not quite so clever, and I am afraid both are founded on what was little better than a historical romance.

Spider. I once met with a French book called *L'Abbaye de St. Tiphaine.* Do you know it?

Arachne. Yes, it is very sad; but it ought to be better known, as it gives a good picture of the beginnings of the communes in cities. There is a translation, by an American, I believe.

Spider. Now for Crusading times.

Arachne. Beginning with *Count Robert of Paris*, which is most unjustly despised, for it gives an admirable view of the state of Constantinople, with the Crusaders passing through it. The whole court of the Comneni is wonderfully shown, and the only slip is that Sir Walter over-estimated the Norman contempt of the Saxon when he made the lady insist on her maid being re-baptized.

Spider. And now we come into the region of Walter Scott! commencing with *The Betrothed*, the beginning of which is so much better than the end.

Arachne. I believe he hurried the end. At any rate, the expedition where Henry II., with Richard and John, takes the Garde Douloureuse, is impossible. There was no time for it after they had assumed the Cross. But we know that Scott considered that a romance might deal with facts as best suited the course of the story, and was not bound to accuracy in detail; he only dashed in his sketches for effect—in a way no imitators should dare to follow.

Spider. One cannot regret these little inaccuracies when one thinks of the charm of the dear old *Talisman.* It is droll to think of Sir Kenneth being the Earl David, from whom all the Bruces and Balliols descended; but there is no accounting for Edith Plantagenet!

Arachne. Scott himself could not do that, so he wraps her in mystery; but it is rather a pity he did not make her the Fair Maid of Brittany. If ever you fall among the old books in some country house, and meet with Madame Cottin's *Mathilde*, you will see a curious French romance of Richard's Crusade, utterly improbable and impossible, but which had genius enough to take a great hold of people's imaginations before Scott's time. Mathilde is Richard's sister, and the hero is Malek Adel, Saladin's brother, a very noble person, who has once made her prisoner, and who is baptized when dying.

Spider. Then *Ivanhoe* is the king of such romances, though the chronology in it is very puzzling.

Arachne. Because it was at first intended to deal with the return from the first Crusade; but Richard was a more fascinating hero than Robert of Normandy.

Spider. No wonder! Besides, there would have been no Robin Hood!

Arachne. There is a capital novel of G. P. R. James called *Philip*

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Augustus, which should come in next. All the part about Prince Arthur, and on the Interdict on France, is most interesting. There ought to be something good about the Barons' Wars; but I really know of nothing but a sad crusading story of Dr. Neale's, and *The Prince and the Page*, to carry you through all the long reign of Henry III. Then there is a somewhat absurd story of Miss Anna Porter's, called *The Scottish Chiefs*, which my mother talked of with so much affection, that I read it eagerly when it fell into my hands, and then I was disgusted to find Wallace a very conventional ladies' knight, who was beheaded by proxy at last.

Spider. What became of him then?

Arachne. He was dying or dead of his wounds, and it was only for the sake of his feelings that the condemned criminal was substituted.

Spider. There is nothing then about the Scottish war till we have *Castle Dangerous*?

Arachne. Scott's last tale. Lockhart's description is most touching of his visit to Douglas Castle to study the scenery; and the story, though not equal to his prime works, still has his own surpassing charm, and shows how things went while the English were being driven out of Scotland.

Spider. I wonder there are not more tales about the wars of Edward III. I can only think of *The Lances of Lynwood*.

Arachne. And I, of the contemporary Italian tale of *Marco Visconti*, of which a capital translation has lately been published. It is sad, but a fine and noble story.

Spider. There are a great many more tales of Lollards and Wickliffites.

Arachne. Which I don't trust. I don't think the good ladies who write them have much knowledge of what most Lollards really did wish or believe; and there is no good ground for representing them as good evangelical Christians. None of these tales are of any mark, though Miss Holt has taken much pains with the *mise en scène* of hers. We pass on to *The Fair Maid of Perth*, with the terrible tragedy of poor Rothsay's death; and to the charming French *Fée des Grèves*, founded on the strangely similar end of Giles of Brittany, almost at the same time. It is one of the prettiest French books I know, with its adventures on the sands of Mont S. Michel.

Spider. There is the *Caged Lion* to carry us through the latter part of Henry VII.'s time; and Miss Wilbraham's *For or Against*.

Arachne. Though wanting in life and fire, that is a very instructive story, being, in fact, rather oppressed with details of the Wars of the Roses. There are some capital descriptions in it. It is rather a contrast to *The Last of the Barons*, a most brilliant book, though it seems to me to give quite a wrong impression of the king-maker.

Spider. And don't you like Lady Georgiana Fullerton's *A Stormy Life*, telling us about poor Margaret of Anjou?

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Arachne. It gives her on her best side, and carries us on happily to the region of *Quentin Durward* and *Anne of Geierstein*, where Scott has made Louis XI. one of the best embodiments of a historical character ever seen, but has been less successful with Charles the Bold, who really was a dignified, chivalrous, melancholy man, shamefully ill-used by the Swiss, at Louis's instigation.

Spider. But he did wrong about the Peronne affair.

Arachne. Yes; and his conscience and character never quite recovered it. The Bishop at Liège was not murdered, and he was a very bad man. Thus Scott here followed his fashion of sacrificing accuracy of fact to effect; but the whole picture is a splendid one, and makes the history of the time most real and lifelike ever after.

Spider. I wish he had called the two De Veres by their real Christian name of Aubrey, and told of the good Countess living by her needlework all the time.

Arachne. Then Reade's *Cloister and Hearth* shows Flemish domestic and scholar-life just then in the adventures of the parents of Erasmus; but it is a book that will not do for the girls' library, and which a wise elder had better read aloud to young people, exercising 'the noble art of skip.' For themselves, they had better go on with James's *Mary of Burgundy*, which conducts her to marriage with Maximilian.

Spider. And Maximilian comes into *The Dove in the Eagle's Nest*, and we have Theodora Phranza for the fall of Constantinople.

Arachne. Go then, for Cinque Cento feeling, to that wonderful book *Romola*, though I do not think it was *in* George Eliot to understand Savonarola, and the religious portrait of him and his people is truer in an otherwise far inferior English book called *The Home at Fiesole.*

Spider. Are there not some Italian books to go on with?

Arachne. Yes, if I could only get young ladies to study Italian, though I believe there are translations of Azeglio's books. *Ettore Fieramosca*, the story of the great challenge of French and Italian knights at Barletta, has certainly been recently translated, and a noble though sad story it is, though not equal to *Niccolo de Lapi, or the Siege of Florence*, where an old pupil of Savonarola and his daughter are the grand figures.

Spider. You like Miss Manning's *Household of Sir Thomas More?*

Arachne. Very much. And it brings us to the whole mass of Reformation stories, which are very seldom successful. Very few people have the power of realising what the opinions on either side were; and they make huge mistakes, which I will not specify, it would be too ungracious. The *Schönberg Cotta Diary* is one of the best, though Luther is a poor feeble bit of lady's handiwork where he does not speak for himself out of his diary and letters. And Miss Emily Taylor's story, *The Knevetts*, gives some good pictures of the days of Henry VIII.; but I do not care for Miss Manning's *The Fair*

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Gospeller, or any of the others of this era. Foxe and Burnet so falsified history that anything written on their authority is sure to be untrustworthy.

Spider. Then we have the *Monastery* and the *Abbot*. Are they quite right in history?

Arachne. Sir Piercy Shafton and his Euphuism appear too soon. I believe he was meant to have belonged to Queen Elizabeth's Northumberland, and the Rising of the North, and was shoved back some twenty years or so to give time for Roland Græme to grow up and take the part of Willie Douglas, in the escape from Lochleven. I rather wish that Sir Walter had kept to Willie Douglas, who, being a mysterious foundling, might have had any history he pleased. Lady Georgiana Fullerton's *Constance Sherwood* is too Roman Catholic in spirit for ignorant reading, but it gives the other side of the question, and tells what is worth knowing of the sufferings of the seminary priests.

Spider. *The Chaplet of Pearls* takes the French part of the story.

Arachne. So do several of James's novels; but the only one I can remember enough to recommend is *Henri of Guise*, which puts the Duke in a right light, as a fine character warped by the horrible times; but James's novels may always be trusted to be pure, conscientious, and gentlemanlike.

Spider. Is there anything good for the Dutch Revolution?

Arachne. No. The *great* story of that has yet to be written, though there are plenty of little ones, and many people have tried their hands on the siege of Leyden. On the whole, I think Miss Bramston's *For Faith and Fatherland* the best to be had, as it is fair and true, and free from bad horrors such as are in the *Hosspelaers*, who were in the siege of Utrecht.

Spider. Then comes *Westward Ho!* for the Armada. Somehow there is a strength and reality in that which makes it like a bas-relief in contrast with a mere outline.

Arachne. The only things I do not like in it are some Kingsleyisms about self-consciousness in religion, chiefly in speaking of the Jesuits; but they do not interfere with the story.

Spider. I suppose the *Fortunes of Nigel* come next in date.

Arachne. Also that admirable French story *Cinq Mars*, and what I think the king of all novels, *I Promessi Sposi*, with its marvellous scenes describing Federigo Borromeo and Padre Cristoforo, rising higher, to my mind, than any other work of prose fiction.

Spider. It is translated, I think?

Arachne. Yes, published by Burns, long ago. Next comes the Thirty Years' War literature, represented by James's *Heidelberg*, and Miss Bramston's charming *Thorn Fortress*, with Sir Dugald Dalgetty in the *Legend of Montrose* to show its veterans in our own civil wars.

Spider. And oh, what to choose among the books about them! There

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are such quantities of dullish little stories, so much alike, that I sometimes wish everybody was prohibited from writing about our great Rebellion.

Arachne. I would not banish in my wrath George Macdonald's very striking *St. George and St. Michael*, nor in a smaller way the *Journal of Lady Beatrix Graham*, nor a curious and beautiful new book, called *John Inglesant*, by a Mr. Shorthouse, who must have studied the times very deeply, though I do not agree entirely with his views more than with Dr. Macdonald's.

Spider. I enjoy, too, Miss Manning's two books, *Mary Powell* and *Deborah's Diary*, though I believe they make out Milton to have been much more amiable than he ever was. Next we have delightful *Woodstock* and *Peveril of the Peak*, though I like that less than anything of Sir Walter's, and it won't do for the girls.

Arachne. It is all wrong about Lady Derby, who was of an old Huguenot family in France; and never could have been suspected of being in the Popish plot. The *Carved Cartoon* has a silly name, but is a pretty tale of the fire and plague of London.

Spider. Old Mortality comes in here for the Covenanting times.

Arachne. I believe *The Last of the Cavaliers* is a good picture of Claverhouse at Killiecrankie, but I have not read it, or some novels of James's, which deal with the intrigues under William III.

Spider. The poor *Bride of Lammermoor* is of that date. Was not her father the Lord Stair who had to do with the massacre of Glencoe?

Arachne. Yes, I believe so. Here, too, comes in Lady Georgiana Fullerton's very striking but sad *Comtesse de Bonneval*, and her wonderful story *Too Strange not to be True*, which is not for the school girls.

Spider. And don't let us forget *The Old Oak Staircase*, which, though only a child's book, makes the story of the poor maids of Taunton so very interesting. That, with the *Danvers Papers*, takes us into the revolution days, *faute de mieux.*

Arachne. And passing from small things to great, we come to *Esmond*, which is a classic, though I do not much like its plot, and Thackeray was always unjust to Marlborough. Of course it is not for the girls.

Spider. By way of a mild little story under Queen Anne, I like Miss Holt's *Maiden's Lodge.*

Arachne. The *Old Chelsea Bunhouse* is another good study of those days in a quiet way, before we come to the Jacobite literature. For nice ladylike little books, Miss Manning is to be depended on, though there are several of hers that I have passed over, as less effective. Of the same quiet order are *Dorothy Compton* and *Lady Betty*, both worth reading in their way, though of course they pale before the dazzling lights of *Rob Roy*, *Waverley*, and *Redgauntlet*, as representing the three phases of Jacobitism. Are you satisfied?

Spider. There is all the Revolution time to come.

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Arachne. The American first, then, if you please, beginning with Miss Wilford's *Dominie Freylinghausen*, for the preceding generation, with its strange quaint ways in Albany, the early part of the *Virginians* for Washington's youth, Fennimore Cooper's *Lionel Lincoln* for the actual outbreak, and *Near to Nature's Heart* for the war itself, while *Mother Molly* gives Plymouth in the invasion panic.

Spider. Should we not take Miss Drury's charming *Blue Ribbons* and Mrs. Mitchell's very pretty *Little Blue Lady* to represent the brighter days of poor Queen Marie Antoinette?

Arachne. On the Edge of the Storm brings us to the verge of those terrible times; and then we have the *Atelier du Lys*, *Citoyenne Jaqueline*, and *Mademoiselle Matilde* to show us different aspects of them. I think the *Atelier* the best, but *Matilde* the most powerful and terrible.

Spider. Don't forget *Through Rough Waters*, nor *Sidonie's Dowry.*

Arachne. There are two other books that will surprise you to hear of, but the graver part of Marryat's *Peter Simple* gives a capital idea of our achievements by sea; and Charles Lever's *Tom Burke* is an excellent picture of Napoleon's campaigns in Germany, and of parts of the last struggle, while Buchanan's *Shadow of the Sword* fills up the picture, and to take a much smaller book, *How they were Caught in a Trap* tells the story of our English *détenus.*

Spider. I suppose *Doctor Antonio* is a true and sad instance of what might happen in Italy in its days of oppression.

Arachne. And *Mademoiselle Mori* gives the first struggle against it. But here stories bad and good thicken so much, and our time draws so short, that I cannot do more than mention *The Parisians*, though alas incomplete, as the *facile princeps* of the numerous tales of the Franco-German war, though Hesba Stretton's *Max's Diary of the Siege of Strasburg*, Mr. Cobbe's *Workman and the Soldier*, and Miss Bramston's *Ralph and Bruno* are both worthy aids to history.

Spider. And the *Belfry of St. Jude's.*

Arachne. And now don't let any one think these tales are to dispense with real historical reading. They are only to light it up, and should be taken as a *bonne bouche* after the true narrative, as manners in action, or as tracing what might have happened to private individuals under the circumstances.

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KEEPING THE VOW.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'JOINED TO AN IDOL,' &C., &C.

PART I.

HOW THE VOW WAS MADE.

CHAPTER VI.

ACCORDING to Mr. Lindsay's desire, Stuart now went every day to his house, and being naturally healthy and of a vigorous constitution, the abundant and wholesome food which he received soon restored him to his usual health both of body and mind. In the quaint imagery of the ever-fresh, ever-interesting *Pilgrim's Progress*, he had 'come to a little spot called Ease; but it was quickly passed over.'

One day about the close of this peaceful period Mr. Lindsay asked Stuart to come and spend that evening with him, to help in arranging and tying up some papers, and other matters which he wished to have sorted; and, in order that he might easily do so, he desired him to engage, at his expense, the kind neighbour-woman who occasionally helped at the 'Red House' to go in and watch over his grandfather, and attend to all requisite domestic duties.

Stuart was delighted at the invitation, and, having made himself as clean and tidy as much soap and water and the scantiness of his wardrobe would allow, he appeared in Mr. Lindsay's little sitting-room punctually at the hour of five, the time appointed for him to arrive, for in the north of Scotland the January nights begin early and last long. The mirk and cold air of the outer world made the room, with its glowing red peat and wood fire and small oil lamp, seem the brighter, and even the faded tapestry curtain (its once ambitious design nearly lost in the mists of its age) drawn closely in front of the one high set window, added to the air of cosy comfort; and there was something more than mere comfort there. A beautiful and rare painting or statue in the midst of homely surroundings, not only looks the more beautiful itself because of its contrast to the things around it, but also sheds a lustre upon them, drawing their plainness into its beauty; and if an inanimate object can have this power of beautifying as well as of being beautiful, in how much greater degree does it belong to any human being, out of whose material beauty of form and feature shines forth a living soul richly endowed with all things pure and honest, lovely and of good report? Mr. Lindsay had a presence that could be felt; it surrounded those who were within it like an atmosphere, and, beautiful in itself, it beautified every person and thing

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within its reach. Although now nearly seventy years old, his singularly tall figure, save for the forward pose of the head and neck, was still strong and upright, and in the worn, much-lined face the eyes still shone as with the glow of youth, and their piercing keenness was apt to startle offenders, until some call upon sympathy brought into their blue depths the exquisite tenderness, the self-forgetting kindliness, that once seen were never forgotten. Unlike most of the clergymen of our suffering Church of Scotland, Mr. Lindsay was well, even nobly, born; but he never thought of his high breeding and hereditary refinement in any other light than as talents to be used, like all other gifts of whatever sort, in his Master's service. For that Master's sake, he had early *chosen* affliction with the people of God; poverty and persecution had been his lot; but wealth and promotion would have been his had he consented to give up his allegiance to his earthly king, and what he held to be his duty to his heavenly Father. He was fitted personally and mentally to shine in kings' palaces; yet the radiance of his presence never seemed brighter than when it was thrown upon the bed of sickness, the haunts of poverty, and the homes of sorrow.

Many a person, older and more highly cultured than Stuart, might well have envied him the pleasantness of that evening's occupation. Letters from distinguished names in Church and State were read to him—relics of the great leaders in the Stuart cause; even of 'the hope of the cause,' bonnie Prince Charlie himself, were shown to his delighted gaze; and delicious anecdotes, full of small life-like touches of description, and redolent of reality, as only the tales of actual eye-witnesses of the scenes described, or the actors in them, can be, were poured with pleasant ease into his attentive ear.

'Eh, sir, you had a terrible lot o' trouble and sorrow i' those days, you an' the other ministers!'

'Yes, they were troublous, stirring times; but I for one would not have been without the training that they gave us: nothing else would have tested the reality of our principles, and proved whether we honestly loved our Church and our king better than worldly honour and personal ease; besides, amidst all the sorrow and anxiety, we had gleams of wonderful brightness, such as the touching kindnesses that we received from the poor and lowly, and the heroic fortitude displayed by noble women and even by little children; nay! the very dangers themselves were often romantic adventures, and had a spice of real fun in them.'

Stuart looked quickly up from a bundle of papers that he was tying together, and his kindling eye and smile showed that he fully understood what the brave old speaker meant. Mr. Lindsay, smiling back at him, said—

'Ay, laddie, I'm thinking that you ought to be a soldier yourself.'

'That is what I would like fine to be, sir, better than ony ither thing.'

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'Well, and why? Do you think that fighting is so delightful?'

'Na, na, it's not the fightin'; that's only a pairt o' the life o' a soldier, and not a vera agreeable pairt: it's the *life* I'm thinkin' is grand.'

'In what way is it so grand? Explain yourself.'

A little flush mounted into Stuart's cheek, and he looked down; but still answered steadily—

'A soldier doesna stand by himsel'; he's ane o' a regiment, pairt o' an airmy, it's like bein' in the Church itsel'; it's livin' under an earthly banner, just as ane lives under the heavenly banner; an' a soldier canna please himsel', an' he's no left to his ain thochts; he has but to obey an' dae the wull o' his captain; nae his ain wull, an' a' *that's* grand, I'm thinkin'.'

Mr. Lindsay was touched, and, to tell the truth, a little surprised thus to learn how sorrow and responsibility had developed the mind and heart of the boy; but he was inclined to try him a little further.

'Yes, there's good truth in what you say; but isn't there something humiliating in not being able to have a will of one's own—in being obliged to obey like a mere machine?'

Stuart glanced up with surprise, and, with a little laugh in his voice, replied—

'It's not for onybody, gin he isna' a born natural, to be wi'oot a wull o's ain; nae captain *could* tak' that frae him, an' God *wouldna;* but a gude soldier can use his ain wull to make him follow his captain's wull, and to learn him not to obey like a mere machine, but as an honest man who kens weel what he's doing, an' sees the gude o't, or if he canna see the pint o't just at once, learn him to 'bide quaietly until sic time as it wull come oot plain till him.'

'With such feelings and thoughts as those, my boy, I wish much that you could be a soldier, but I don't see how that can be; you might enter the service of the French king, indeed, but there are terrible drawbacks—unusual temptations in foreign life.'

Stuart, lowering his voice to the veriest whisper, but not his eyes, for they were intently fixed upon Mr. Lindsay, said—

'Div ye not think, sir, that *he*'ll come back, an' let us fight for him ance mair?'

Mr. Lindsay's face was inexpressibly sad as he replied, slowly and with effort—

'Indeed, Stuart, I cannot rightly answer you in this matter. His Majesty, God bless him! seems to have given up all thought of striving to get back his ancient kingdom, and to have submitted himself to his exile; the gentleman who now fills the British throne is godly, kindly, and honest; his grandfather and great-grandfather have held it, and it may be that God intends that the House of Hanover should take the place of that of Stuart. In His own earliest kingdom, amongst His first chosen people, such changes of dynasty did happen,

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and that by His own manifest desire and appointment; perhaps so it will be with us.'

Stuart felt awed more by the manner of the speaker than by his words, and did not venture to press the subject. Mr. Lindsay could not tell the boy, indeed it is to be doubted whether he really acknowledged to himself, how bitterly and deeply Charles Edward Stuart had disappointed his faithful friends and followers, not merely by having allowed the defeat of Culloden to be the decisive ending of all attempts to attain to the throne of his ancestors, but more by the nature of the life that he had since led, by the daily destruction of all the inherited manliness within him, and the habitual indulgence in those evil passions which had been such dark blots in the characters of too many of the royal house of Stuart; of men and women who, but for those blots, were indeed brave-natured, generous, and kindly-hearted, with a marvellous power and gift of attaching to their persons, as well as to their lawful cause, friends far superior to themselves in all virtue and godliness.

After a pause of silence, Mr. Lindsay said, in slightly hesitating tones—

'Gowanbraes, your own natural chief and kinsman, has found soldier's work in India, and though the East India Company is subservient in a certain sense to the British Government, and to Prince George of Hanover, yet to belong to its ranks is scarcely the same thing as being enrolled in one of his regiments in this country, and receiving pay directly from him; that, indeed, you could not do.'

'Na, sir, I wouldna dae that.'

'No, no, not as matters still stand. The time may come when circumstances will wear a different aspect. Our king and his brother may waive their claim—that would make your duty different; but anyhow, whatever may be the will of God on that head, there can at least be no doubt that our beloved Church has a happy and honourable future before her. I firmly believe that the day will come when she will be outwardly, as well as inwardly, one with her sister Church in England, and on perfect equality with her in all things but wealth. Wherever your lot in life may be cast, Stuart, do not forget the Church of your baptism, the Church that, spite of her sufferings and her poverty, yet remains, and ever will remain, a witness to the truth, and a monument to the care of Him who has promised to continue with His own even until the end of the world.'

'Indeed, sir, I'm thinkin' I'll not forget: the thoct o' you an' grandfaither wull aye keep me mindfu'. But here, sir, are some bills and papers dated Rockhaven; if ye please, what wull I du wi' them? they're terrible auld an' yellow lookin'.'

'They may well be that; they date back since '48 and '49, when I was there for six months in the Tolbooth jail,—I and others of our ministers.'

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'Eh! I mind noo o' grandfather tellin' me that they had putten you i' the jail; wull ye not tell me aboot it, sir? I'm wondering hoo ye could thole sic' an affront as that.'

'It would have been ill to bear had I deserved it. I don't mean to say that the trouble and annoyance were not good for me, and well deserved by many shortcomings; but, viewed as a legal punishment, it was unjust and tyrannical. Ah! there was a different ruler in high places then from the one who sits there now; this is a Christian and a gentleman, a man with a knightly soul, although they tell me that his person is homely enough. Ever since men put him into the seat he occupies he has shown plainly that he desires the peace of our Jerusalem, and that his best sympathies are with our suffering Zion; and I honour and love him for this.'

'But the time in the prison, sir, wull ye not tell me o' that?'

'Well, it was not a particularly pleasant time, you may be sure of that, laddie; the place was just the common jail, close down upon the shore, and my cell was damp with a damp that I feel whiles in my bones even now. We had but little money to buy ourselves better food than the prison fare; yet we had joys even in that dreary life. I can tell you of a bonnie sight that I saw more than once during those six months; and that was the baptism of the bairns of some of the faithful.'

Mr. Lindsay paused to give Stuart the chance to ask the question which he saw was trembling on his lips.

'Eh, sir, hoo culd that be, seein' ye were'na allowed to haud services i' yer vera ain dwellin'-hooses; surely ye couldna get leave to be baptizin' bairnies i' the jail itsel', under the vera een of that ill-doin' folk!'

'It does not sound likely, does it? Nay, but there's an old proverb that love *will* find out a way; and another that love laughs at locksmiths; so, surely, what is true of the lesser and lower love of a man's heart may well be true of its highest and noblest emotion. The poor and lowly mothers, the fishwives of the district, found out a way to obtain the blessing, and laughed at prison bolts and bars. One evening in the gloaming, I was sitting near the window of my cell catching the last rays of light to finish some particular bit of reading, when I heard a scratching on the thick glass outside the closely grated bars, and looking down I saw a woman's hand. I rose at once, and found that, standing on tip-toe on one of the slippery weed-covered rocks lately left bare by the receding tide, was a young fishwife. I should have told you that my cell was one of those in the lowest story, and the woman, being tall, could just manage to touch the window. I opened the little door of coarse greenish glass, and said, "Good even to ye, mistress." I fancied that, like many of our kind folk, she was bringing me a little present of fish or maybe eggs.'

'"Whisht, sir!" replied the young woman; "wull ye please

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haud yer heid doun a wee bittie lower, for I daurna speak ower loud."

'I bent down as low as I could, but my head and throat were all that could be passed through the narrow middle opening of the iron bars. Great indeed I confess was my surprise at the next words I heard.'

'"Please, sir, I hae my bairnie here wi' me; it's a wee bit lassikie, an' she's my first, an' I'm seekin' baptism for her; eh, sir, wunna ye christen her for me?"

'I cannot describe the joy that rushed into my heart. Now, indeed, I felt sure that the Lord was remembering His own, and that His promise was sure. As soon as I could speak, I said, "Wullna I, gude mistress, ay wull I wi' a' my hert, an' I thank the Lord for giving me this work to do for Him. Where's your bairn? is't in yer creel?"

'"Ay, I brocht her i' the creel for I hae traivelled mair than saxteen mile the day, an' I'll just lay her on the top o't an' fasten her firm, an' haud it up sae that ye can easy sprinkle the water upo' her broo."

'In a moment more I had filled a bowl with water, and placed it on the window-seat, against which I leant as I whispered a few prayers; the bowl was right common, and the prayers could be but few. You may be sure though that I did not leave out the Gospel. I *could* not have omitted that; those always beautiful words seemed to bear a new beauty that night. The tallness of the young mother, and my own length of arm, allowed me not only to drop the water on the bairnie's brow, but also to make on it the holy sign which never had seemed dearer, nor a more glorious banner under which to fight, than it seemed then. That done, we breathed more freely, and ventured on a few words of talk, for a babe and the creel could tell no tales, and, as I have said, the women frequently came to us with various small presents. She told me about her "man at hame wha' had been richt willin' that she suld come, though some fearfur o' hairm happening till her," and of other matters; and then we parted, never to meet again, I suppose, in this world; but I heard of her often, for other women came to beg a similar blessing for their little ones, and all of them named her, Elizabeth Alexander, as being the person "wha had pit it intill their heads to come." Blessed woman, she did indeed make a holy use of her natural woman wit and quickness of expedient. I doubt not but that her reward will be great in that day when the Lord shall make up His jewels.'

'Eh, sir, an' wull ye not be richt glad to see her again i' that day?' said Stuart, who had listened to the story with deep attention.

Mr. Lindsay smiled. 'It will be one of its many joys, laddie, if only I may be found worthy to enter into such; but now let this story remind you that even prison life may have its gleams of brightness and its moments of gladness.'

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'Aye, sir, I hope I'll mind o't, if troubles come to me that are not my ain blame.'

'But, Stuart, even troubles that come to us by our own fault, which are the very consequences of our sins, may yet have some brightness if they lead us to see the sins and to repent of them. You have seen raindrops sparkle in the sunlight and take bonnie colours to themselves; and in like manner the tears of repentance may be turned into a very rainbow of hope if the light of *love*, the love of God, shine upon them and through them. I say this to you, laddie, because the world—ay, and godly men too—are apt to be hard upon folk who have brought trouble upon themselves, as the saying is, and to forget that the very fact of the ill-doing having brought punishment and trial is a proof that God is still dealing with those who have thus done ill, and that the only irremediable curse, that of being let alone by God, left to themselves, has not fallen upon them. If ever, in the days that are to come, you find yourself being punished and tried, and know why you are punished, turn to God with thanksgiving that He still regards you as His child, still loves you enough to chasten you for your good.'

For answer, Stuart made a gesture of respectful acquiescence, and Mr. Lindsay was satisfied; for he was one who neither expected nor greatly liked young people, boys especially, to be communicative as to their deepest and best feelings. He now changed the conversation, saying, in lighter tones, 'Have you found anything else amongst those things that you feel curious about, and would care to hear the history of?'

'Yes, sir. Wull ye please tell me what was the use o' this bonnie baggie o' pink silk, a' covered ower wi' wee siller chains? It looks as gin it had been some lady's.'

Mr. Lindsay took it from Stuart's hand with a sweet sad smile, as drawing out the tiny, delicate silver threads by which the little bag was opened and shut, he answered, 'And so it was, laddie. It belonged to my mother; but first to my aunt, Lady Balhaines, to whom it was given by no less a person than his late Majesty's honoured mother, good Queen Mary Beatrice. Are you not favoured to have handled something that was once actually in the hands of that long-suffering, patient, and exemplary wife and mother?'

'Ay, 'deed am I!' replied Stuart, who had evidently been given his Christian name to some purpose. 'And why, sir, did she give it to Lady Belhaines, an' when; wull ye please tell me?'

'Yes, you shall hear. Before James the Seventh came to the throne, when he was Duke of York, he and his Duchess were for some time in Scotland, living chiefly at Holyrood, and making themselves popular with all who were privileged to be in their presence. My uncle, who early succeeded to our family title of Balhaines, and his younger brother, my father, who both afterwards gave their lives to their king

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and country at Sheriffmuir when I was just one month old, were, at the time of the Duke's visit, in his suite, and holding office in his court; and during that period my uncle married the Lady Elspeth Carmichael, the elder sister of the little girl who ten or twelve years later married his brother, my father. The Duchess kindly took a great interest in the wedding, and honoured it with her presence, giving to the bride, amongst other gifts, this purse, which was worked in those delicate silver rings by one of her own ladies. It was used by the bride to receive the coins of differing values which, according to a custom then prevalent in England, the bridegroom presented to her at that part of the wedding ceremony where the husband promises to endow his wife with all his worldly goods. This purse was hung from my aunt's waist, in readiness to receive the coins, by the gracious Duchess herself, and was an object of admiration to her baby bridesmaid, Lillias, to whom, on her marriage with my father twelve years later, my aunt gave it, loyally believing that she could offer scarcely anything more valuable. It is almost the only relic of my mother which I possess; for I was born, as I have told you, one month after Sheriffmuir, in which my father fell; and at her death eleven years later, and in our troubles and poverty, we became a scattered family—some of us are in France, one in America. I shall leave this purse to my niece, Mrs. Angus, who lives near Edinburgh, and is godmother to your Colonel Hepburn's little daughter, a child in whom I feel a deep interest. I am told that she is singularly beautiful and charming, and quite a wise-like wifie, although only six years old. You know, of course, that the Hepburns and my family are connected?'

'Yes, sir, I hae heard grandfather say that they were friends of yours.'

'Near friends too. My mother's mother was own sister to the last baron, the Colonel's father; so you see you had a right to be my name-son, for we are kin.'

'I'm richt prood o' that, sir; but I'm fearin' it's some far off, the kinship atween you an' me.'

'Not just so very far. I have known persons more distantly connected than we are claim kinship. You know that we Scotch are laughed at in other countries for counting kindred with far-away cousins; but I don't think it's an ill thing, this natural affection and reverence for ties of blood.'

'Maybe no', sir, when sic a ane as *you* are kind eneuch to claim kinship wi' ane like me; but gin *I* was to mak' bauld to count cousinship wi' you and the Colonel, I'm doubtin' it wouldna' be just sae weel.'

Mr. Lindsay was not ill pleased with the spirit of this speech, yet he wisely thought it necessary to say, somewhat gravely, 'Take care, my laddie, that honest self-dependence doesn't lead you into the sins of pride and of stifling natural affections, just for fear folk might think you were running after great people. But I was going to tell

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you that Hamish and I have frequently remarked that there is more of personal likeness in you to me than we have noticed in my very own nephews and nieces.'

At that moment Hamish McBean came into the room to spread the table for supper, and, hearing what his master was saying, interposed his word, as was his wont in that homely little household of two.

'Ay, we will often haf been sayin' that—the minister an' me. It will be his eyes and the shape of his brow that you will haf; and it will be you that will be proud of the likeness.'

''Deed am I, Maister Hamish, though I canna' say that I see it mysel'.'

Hamish McBean was as remarkable a man in his way as his master was in his: his hair, which he kept unusually long, and tied with a black ribbon (in imitation of Mr. Lindsay, who did not wear a wig, but who so far conformed to the fashion in hairdressing of the day), was snow white, although he was barely sixty years old. He was born in France, at St. Germains, whither his father had fled after Sheriffmuir with some of the Hepburns; and his mother was a Frenchwoman. He had been wounded at Culloden when not quite twenty, and, disabled by the nature of his wound from further active service, he had attached himself to Mr. Lindsay, who had tended him as he did others after that fateful battle to most of which he had been an eye-witness—being ready, in disguise, to offer his priestly help to the members of his own Church in need thereof.

Hamish followed his master, whom he passionately loved, in all his wanderings, and had lodged in Rockhaven during the time of his imprisonment, walking every day on the shore that he might see him at his window, and seize every chance of speaking to him. When Mr. Lindsay finally, after occasional visits to the place, settled down in charge of the Ennerleddie congregation, Hamish came also to be his sole domestic and personal attendant; for he could cook and clean the house as skilfully as any woman, and also could perform the duties of a valet, rejoicing in keeping his dear master in that state of beautiful neatness and refined elegance which always characterised even his shabbiest clothes; but his so coming had been one of the greatest proofs of his love, for his nature and early habits alike led him to hate a settled life; and especially he hated that the settlement should be in a county in which the Doric Scotch, a tongue he neither liked nor quite understood, was alone spoken, and in which the Highlanders proper, the pure Celts, were objects of dread and aversion. Naturally, he had not made many friends in the place, Maister David Hepburn and Stuart being his only intimate associates; of the latter he was singularly fond, probably from that strange, subtle likeness to his master which he had been the first to discover; and, in order not to be annoyed by his Scotch tongue, he had taught him Gaelic and French, either of which was easier to Stuart than the 'high English'

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which Hamish was always urging him to acquire, unaware that he himself never spoke English without using Gaelic and foreign idioms, although his accent in speaking it was as delicately pure as that of Inverness-shire people in general. There was a grand supper spread that night; Hamish had stewed a fowl after some fashion learned in his childhood from his French mother; it, and cheese and 'cakes,' a small pat of fresh butter, with milk for the boy, and whisky and water for the minister, made a sumptuous meal in the opinion of those simple people; for in each of them, minister, boy, and serving man, there was an almost childlike simplicity combined with great natural shrewdness and sound judgment.

When the supper, with all its bright talk, in which Hamish, standing behind Mr. Lindsay's chair, took his full share, was over, the hour was somewhat late, and Stuart had to hasten home; and he felt, as he went, that he would ever remember the pleasantness of that evening.

One day, about a week later, Stuart, perceiving that his grandfather was not so well as usual, felt reluctant to leave him for even the short time which eating his dinner at Mr. Lindsay's house would occupy, and therefore he ran to the Parsonage to beg to be excused from dining there that day. The door was opened to him by Hamish, dressed in his bonnet and scarf ready for going out, and who said, immediately on seeing him—

'I will be afraid that I canna be giffing you your dinner this day, for the minister will not be well, and I will be bidding him keep in his bed. I will be going out for two minutes to buy him a little tea, which he will haf a fancy for;—a strange kind of a drink it will be to haf a fancy for, when one might be getting the best of fine coffee; but his mother was taught the fashion of drinking it by one who had the good right to set any fashion; and he will always be wishing for it whenever he will not be ferry well; and I see he will be getting it, the poor dear gentleman.'

'What's wrang wi' Maister Lindsay?'

'Oh! he will just haf taken a terrible cold with being out yesterday away up to Glenleddie seeing Margaret Souttar, the creature! and the rain, and the snow, and the wind, they did all come together all the day through: there will be nothing else wrong with him, and I will be thinking that he will be his own self again to-morrow.'

'Wull I rin an' get the tea till ye, an' then ye needna' be going awa' frae the minister?'

'Well, and I will be thinking that will be a ferry goot offer; and it will always be a ferry considerate laddie that you will be. You will be buying me two ounces of the tea and a quarter of a pound of the loaf sugar; and here will be four shillings which will be paying for them; and you will buy them at Sandy Davidson's, if you will be pleased.'

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Stuart speedily executed the little commission, and then hastened back to his grandfather, attendance upon whom kept him fully occupied for the remainder of that day and the following, which was Saturday.

CHAPTER VII.

On the Sunday following, the minister was unable to appear in his wonted place in the little humble 'chapel,' literally an 'upper room,' wherein he and his small flock often enjoyed true rest, and joined together in worship more full and fervid, and beautiful in its loving devotion, than the merely fashionable attendants upon the ornate services of splendid modern churches would be willing to believe it was possible could have arisen in a room so humble and bare of all material beauty, and in itself so wanting in all that could charm and please the outward senses. There are some people who cannot realise that it is possible to 'have nothing, and yet to possess all things;' but many of those white-haired shepherds, comely country lasses, ancient widows and mothers of small merchants, retired captains of coasting vessels, and hardy fisher folk, who worshipped in that bare, white-washed, tiny-windowed room, understood the Apostle's words. They were men and women who by their worshipping there at all, entailed upon themselves much real self-denial, and painful physical exertion (for many had to walk long distances), much self-repression, and not a little of the world's contumely and ill-will; nevertheless they would have said cheerfully and heartily that having nothing, they yet 'possessed all things.'

To a congregation such as this the absence of their minister and the loss of a service were real griefs; and although he sent them a kindly loving message, which Hamish McBean delivered in hushed tones within the doorway, their hearts were heavy within them as they turned away, and commenced what was to many of them a long, wearying homeward walk. Stuart, on his return to the 'Red House,' tried to make his grandfather understand what had happened; but the aged man had passed so far beyond the knowledge of all earthly things, that this event, which only a few months before would have stirred him deeply, now awoke no gleam of interest, or even of comprehension.

A strange sense of desolation crept into Stuart's heart as he sat by his grandfather's bed through that curiously long Sunday; he did not understand the sensation, for he was too thoroughly a boy to be given to self-analysis and introspection, yet he could not help fearing that some heavy trouble was at hand, but whenever the fear renewed itself in his mind, he shook himself in impatient irritation at the unwonted feeling.

About ten o'clock the next morning, he went to the parsonage, and knocked gently at the outer door. Receiving no answer, he ventured,

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as he had often done before, to lift the latch, and step into the little lobby. All seemed still and quiet with what immediately struck him as an uncanny stillness. He looked into the kitchen and the one sitting-room; there was no one in either, and whilst hesitating as to whether to ascend the short, steep stair leading to the two attic rooms, he caught sight of Hamish sitting on the topmost step, his head buried in his hands, and his whole frame shaking with suppressed voiceless agitation. In a moment he was by his side whispering, 'What's wrang? what's wrang wi' ye, Maister Hamish? for Gude's sake tell me!'

Stuart never forgot the face that the old man lifted to his; it was so bloodless that even the snowy beard seemed less white, and it was full of awe that could not be called fear. One bony, trembling hand he laid upon Stuart's arm, with the other he pointed to the room behind him, and in tones that sounded hollow and far away, he said—

'He will be lying there, my laddie, and it will be nefer that he will speak to us any more; nefer again that he will say to me, "*Bon jour, mon ami,*" as he will haf been doing *effery* morning, because he knew that old Hamish will haf loffed the tongue of his mother; and Stuart, it wass when he wass all alone; it will be that which will be tearing my heart, that I will haf left him; he will haf said to me that he wass better, he wass, and that I wass to go to my bed, and to sleep; and it was to sleep I will haf gone, like a selfish old beast; but he wass not sleeping; the thought of that will be ferry, ferry bitter to old Hamish; he went away, with his eyes, his great beautiful eyes all open, and he had not Hamish there to put his arm around him, and to say, "Be of good courage, my comrade, and master, my father and friend." Ochone! ochone.'

One of Stuart's hands was still in Hamish's, but with the other he tightly pressed his throat to keep down the rising sobs. Though quite understanding the Franco-Celt's hazy, dreamy talk, and too fully believing the truth of his story, he yet, like most of us in similar circumstances of sudden sorrow, found a pitiful comfort in saying over and over again, 'It canna be true, it canna be true. It's no real; it's only a dream!'

At last, the meaning of these oft-repeated words penetrated into Hamish's brain, and getting up with difficulty from his low, crouching attitude, he said—

'Come in then, with me, my friend, and you will see all too well that it will be no dream that I will haf been telling to you. I will haf dressed him in his white robes, and will haf made him as a ferry pretty picture to look upon; and you will haf no fear in seeing him.'

With lowly-bowed head, and down-dropped eyes, Stuart suffered himself to be led—for only the second time in his young life—into the presence of death. The room was small, low-roofed, scantily-furnished, and carpetless, but even now, though the light of life had fled from

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his eyes, Mr. Lindsay's presence still seemed to fill it, and to make its poverty rich. It was indeed a fair picture to which Hamish led the boy, who, after the first timid glance, felt no longer afraid; but as if he could never satisfy himself with looking. All marks of toil and hardship, disappointment and pain, had gone out of the face for ever, and the peace of God's giving—which, indeed, had always been there, but which had been somewhat shadowed by those other marks, also of God's giving—now shone forth in all its ineffable beauty. The silver-threaded hair, which had never been straight, but that had rippled itself away into little curls, was now brushed back, so as to form almost a halo above the large, noble brow, the full size of which its luxuriance had formerly concealed. The shapely, beautiful hands in which their owner had felt a little innocent pride and pleasure, because they were inherited, 'family hands,' were folded across his breast, and within them (their fair heads rising above them), were a Christmas-rose bud, two or three snowdrops, a blue hepatica, and a tiny spray of red-berried holly, all bound together with a bit of vividly blue ribbon, which Hamish had taken from the small store of streamers wherewith he loved to adorn his 'pipes,' pipes which had been seldom played except when he had accompanied his master on some long country walk—for Ennerleddie, although on the confines of Highland counties was not in any sense a Highland town, nor had the majority of its inhabitants any great love for the natives of the mountainous wilds, people differing greatly from themselves in most of their characteristics.

Hamish touched the little knot of flowers tenderly, and said—

'He wass one who will often haf been speaking to me of what he will haf called the meanings of the colours. They will haf had words and thoughts for him, the colours will haf had. He will haf said to me, "The blue will be speaking of Heaven and the clearness of God's Truth; and the green will be telling me of the love of the good God, the one only love which will always be young and always fresh, although it will haf always been old; and the red colour will be bringing to my mind the fiery, burning zeal of the martyrs, and the Precious Blood of the dear and holy Jesus." All these so beautiful words he will haf said to me when we will haf been alone, he and me, in the hills and the glens, when he will haf looked at the flowers with the many colours, or at the sky when the sun will haf been setting; and so, Stuart, you will see that I will haf giffen them to him, the red and the green, the blue and the white.'

'Ay, I hae heard him speak sic words mysel',' replied Stuart, his eyes still fixed on the dear, calm face, and each minute learning some new lesson from the gaze.

'That will I well pelieve,' said Hamish; 'for he will always haf been saying the good words to all people; and to you whom he will haf loffed much, without doubt he will haf spoken often, and you will

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now be making a treasure of all that he will haf said to you. For me, effery thing will be to me a memory of him; there will be nothing that will not haf a voice, and it will be his voice that will be in effery thing.'

The plaintive tone of the speaker, even more than his words, brought the tears into Stuart's eyes—tears that now could not be repressed. The large drops fell quickly and heavily, and he did not attempt to conceal them. The sight of them broke down Hamish's unnatural calmness. With the wild cry of his race, and all the Celtic vehemence, he threw himself upon the ground beside his beloved dead, and his tears—fiery, passionate tears—rained down upon the beautiful hands that were already cold and beginning to take the marble stiffness. If Stuart could before have persuaded himself that the minister was not dead, but only sleeping a peaceful sleep, now he would have been all too sure that he was indeed dead, else would he never have been deaf to those bitter cries—else would not the hands which had ever been about the Father's business have kept their cold, regardless clasp through all that baptism of tears; yet although this fact came home with keen reality to the boy, he felt that the true self—the *very man* whom they so loved, and who loved them—was with them still, that his presence remained with them. There was something more than a memory, there was reality of possession; there was that mystic communion of the saints in which, day by day, we profess our belief, and which yet we rarely realise as we might do, and ought to do, to our great and endless comfort. That article of the Christian creed came home with its own most blessed note of certain truth to Stuart's heart as he knelt by Mr. Lindsay's dead body; and never, throughout his long after life, did he lose the echo of that most music-full note; he never heard or said those words without the music first heard on that day coming with them—the music of undoubting faith, of realisation that 'the saints above and saints below but one communion make.'

Hamish was not just then realising this glorious truth; he was crying aloud out of the emptiness of his heart, using the most pathetic idioms of both his fatherland and his mother-tongue, in his passionate yearning to hear his master's voice again, once more to see his master's smile and sun himself in its radiance. That smile was indeed a thing to be missed, and the Celtic nature is keenly sensitive to things missed, and craves pathetically for that which has been taken away from the bodily eye, not always able to realise that when a joy or a blessing has been drawn up into the regions beyond earthly ken, it becomes thenceforth an inalienable possession.

'Why, oh why will it haf been that thou wilt haf been taken away when it will be efferybody that will mourn for thee, and be full of sorrow without thee, and I, who will be of no falue at all to anybody —I, who will not be any one at all in the world, will haf been left?

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What will I do without you, my master, my friend? What will Hamish do when he will hef to lif in the dark alone, all alone?'

These words roused Stuart. He felt that he must endeavour to give some comfort; and, with that rare tact and thoughtfulness for which he was afterwards so distinguished, already dawning in him, he talked in the poor old man's native tongue. At first a little stiffly, but gathering ease as he went on, and after a while, his kindly suggestions of consolation because of their kindliness, simple though they were, had their wished-for effect. Hamish's sobs grew less violent, his tears less passionate, and at last, raising his head and catching Stuart's hand, he exclaimed, also in French—

'But thou art very blessed, my child, for thou hast said good words to me, and taught me to remember that our friend is in the happiness of the good God. Ah! he was very, very tired, and men—evil men—had given him much grief and pain; but now he will never again be tired and will have no more grief or pain, and I will not be selfish enough to wish to have him back. I will be glad for him, as thou hast told me to be. Yes, I will be glad that he will have no more long and weary walks and be very tired; I will be glad that he will get no more letters with the sad news about the dear king who does not live the life that he would have had him live; that he will no more have any trouble and pain. Yes, I give thanks unto the good God for him that he is at rest. And now wilt thou come away with me, for I must ask thee to do some work for me that I cannot do myself, and there is no one whom I can trust as well as I can thee?'

Stuart lingered an instant to press his lips upon the folded hands, and almost unconsciously (like an inspiration) arose in his heart the thought, that was half a prayer—May I do something, some day, worthy of the blessing of having known such a friend as this! That thought was the embryo of the vow, the making and keeping of which ennobled Stuart's life, giving him higher rank than any mere patent of nobility could have bestowed upon him.

'I dinna like to leave him his lane,' Stuart said wistfully, as he and Hamish turned away from the room where Death held his stately court.

'It will not be Hamish that will be leafing him long alone. No, no, my friend, it will be Hamish that will stay with him; but his dear, quiet body will be now in the arms of the angels. You and I will not be seeing them; but they will be there, and they will be making a soft, white bed for him with their wings.'

Stuart found that Hamish wished him to go and inform the nearest of the neighbouring clergymen of Mr. Lindsay's death, and ask him to come on the following Friday and conduct the funeral ceremony. There were at that period, the year 1785, only four Episcopalian clergymen in the large diocese in which Ennerleddie was situated, and Stuart knew that the nearest of these lived more than fifteen miles away, and

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the prospect of the walk in the raw cold and damp of February, with all its other difficulties and dangers, was not pleasant even to the naturally courageous boy, because he was not physically strong enough for it; but no word of this shrinking feeling did he express. He arranged to set off about ten o'clock the next day, if the services of the widow woman could be procured for the day and the ensuing night, which of course he must spend in Donaldstown, at the parsonage.

Other work Stuart had to do that forenoon—work which tried him sorely, for it was that of giving orders in Hamish's name for the making of the coffin, also that of taking the sad news to such members of the congregation as lived in Ennerleddie, and of writing to some of Mr. Lindsay's relations. When night came he was too tired and excited to settle quietly to sleep. He could not understand why he could not rest, but knowing how much sleep was needed to enable him to go through the fatigues of the coming day, he got out of bed, and having noiselessly stirred the smouldering peat fire into a little ruddy blaze, he endeavoured by its light to read, choosing, at random, one of a small parcel of books which, on that delightful evening spent at his house, Mr. Lindsay had given him for his own possession. He little guessed, as he drew forth the thin, brown volume, dingy-looking as nearly all books of that day were, how greatly its contents would influence his whole after life and the lives of many of his country people yet unborn.

(To be continued.)

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STRAY PEARLS

FROM THE

MEMOIRS OF MARGARET DE RIBAUMONT, VICOMTESSE DE BELLAISE.

CHAPTER III.

CELADON AND CHLOE.

My tears were soon checked by dreadful sea-sickness. We were no sooner out of Dover than the cruel wind turned round upon us, and we had to go beating about with all our sails reefed for a whole day and night before it was safe to put into Calais.

All that time I was in untold misery, and poor nurse Tryphena was worse than I was, and only now and then was heard groaning out that she was a dead woman, and begging me to tell some one to throw her overboard.

But it was that voyage which gave me my husband. He was not exactly at his ease, but he kept his feet better than any of the other gentlemen, and he set himself to supply the place of valet to his uncle, and of maid to me, going to and fro between our cabins as best he could, for he fell and rolled whenever he tried to move; and he never stayed five minutes by my side before a sharp shriek or howl, or a message through the steward, summoned him back to M. le Marquis, who had utterly forgotten all his politeness and formality towards the ladies.

However, our sufferings were over at last; my husband, who was by this time bruised from head to foot by his falls, though he made no complaints, came to say we should in a few moments be in port. He helped me to dress, for Tryphena thought she was dead, and would not move; and he dragged me on deck, where the air revived me, and where one by one the whole party appeared, spectacles of misery.

M. le Marquis did not recover himself till he was on shore, and caused himself to be assisted to the quay between his nephew and the valet, leaving me to myself; but the dear Viscount returned for me, and after he had set me ashore, as he saw I was anxious about Tryphena, he went back and fetched her, as carefully as if she had been a lady, in spite of the grumblings of his uncle, and of her own refractoriness, for she was horribly frightened, and could not understand a word he said to her.

Nevertheless, as soon as we had all of us come to ourselves, it turned out that he had gained her heart. Indeed, otherwise I should have had to send her home, for she pined sadly for some time, and

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nothing but her love for me, and her enthusiastic loyalty to him, kept her up during the first months.

As to my husband and me, that voyage had made us as fond of one another's company on one side of the Channel as we had been afraid of it before on the other, but there was no more riding together for us. I had to travel in the great coach with M. le Marquis, the three ladies, and all our women, where I was so dull and weary that I should have felt ready to die but for watching for my husband's plume, or now and then getting a glance and a nod from him as he rode among the other gentlemen, braving all their laughter at his devotion; for, bashful as he was, he knew how to hold his own.

I knew that the ladies looked on me as an ugly little rustic foreigner, full of English *mauvaise honte*. If they tried to be kind to me, it was as a mere child; and they went on with their chatter, which I could hardly follow, for it was about things and people of which I knew nothing, so that I could not understand their laughter. Or when they rejoiced in their return from what they called their exile, and found fault with all they had left in England, my cheeks burnt with indignation.

My happy hours were when we halted for refreshments. My husband handed me to my place at table and sat beside me; or he would walk with me about the villages where we rested. The ladies were shocked, and my husband was censured for letting me '*faire l'Anglaise*'; but we were young and full of spirits, and the being thus thrown on each other had put an end to his timidity towards me. He did indeed blush up to his curls, and hold himself as upright as a ramrod, when satire was directed to us as Celadon and Chloe; but he never took any other notice of it, nor altered his behaviour in consequence. Indeed, we felt like children escaping from school when we crept down the stairs in early morning, and hand-in-hand repaired to the church in time for the very earliest mass among the peasants, who left their scythes at the door, and the women with their *hottes*, or their swaddled babies at their backs. We would get a cup of milk and piece of barley-bread at some cottage, and wander among the orchards, fields, or vineyards before mesdames had begun their toilettes; and when we appeared at the *déjeuner*, the gentlemen would compliment me on my *rouge au naturel*, and the ladies would ironically envy my English appetite.

Sometimes we rested in large hostels in cities, and then our walk began with some old cathedral, which could not but be admired, Gothic though it were, and continued in the market-place, where the piles of fruit, vegetables, and flowers were a continual wonder and delight to me. My husband would buy bouquets of pinks and roses for me, but in the coach, the ladies always said they incommoded them by their scent, and obliged me to throw them away. The first day I could not help shedding a few tears, for I feared he would think I did not

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value them; and then I perceived that they thought the little Englishwoman a child crying for her flowers. I longed to ask them whether they had ever loved their husbands, but I knew how my mother would have looked at me, and forbore.

Once or twice we were received in state at some château, where our mails had to be opened that we might sup in full toilette; but this was seldom, for most of the equals of M. le Marquis lived at Paris. Sometimes our halt was at an abbey, where we ladies were quartered in a guest-chamber without; and twice we slept at large old convents, where nobody had lived since the Huguenot times, except a lay brother put in by M. l'Abbé to look after the estate and make the house a kind of inn for travellers. There were fine walled gardens run into wild confusion, and little neglected and dismantled shrines, and crosses here and there, with long wreaths of rose and honeysuckle trailing over them, and birds' nests in curious places. My Viscount laughed with a new pleasure when I showed him the wren's bright eye peeping out from her nest, and he could not think how I knew the egg of a hedge-sparrow from that of a redbreast. Even he had never been allowed to be out of sight of his tutor, and he knew none of these pleasures so freely enjoyed by my brothers; while as to his sister Cécile, she had been carried from her nurse to a convent, and had thence been taken at fourteen to be wedded to the grandson and heir of the Count d'Aubespine, who kept the young couple under their own eye at their castle in the Bocage.

My husband had absolutely only seen her twice, and then through the grating, and the marriage had taken place while he was in Savoy last autumn. He knew his brother-in-law a little better, having been his neighbour at Nidemerle; but he shrugged his shoulders as he spoke of '*le chevalier*,' and said he was very young, adored by his grandparents, and rather headstrong.

As to growing up together in the unity that had always existed between Eustace and me, he had never heard or dreamt of such a thing; and he confessed that it had been an absolute surprise to him to find that my dear brother was grieved at parting with me. He said he had lain and heard our shouts in the passages with wonder as we played those old games of ours.

'As though you were in a den of roaring wild beasts,' I said; for I ventured on anything with him by that time, and when he tried to say they were wild beasts with sweet voices, I teased him about his feelings at having to carry off one of these same savage beasts with him; and then he told me how surprised he had been when, on the last evening he spent in his chamber in our house, Eustace had come and implored him to be good to me, telling him—ah, I can see my dear brother's boyish way!—all my best qualities, ranging from my always speaking truth, to my being able to teach the little dog to play tricks, and warning him of what vexed or pained me, even exacting a promise

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that he would take care of me when I was away from them all. I believe that promise was foremost in my husband's mind when he waited on me at sea. Nay, he said when he remembered the tears in my brother's eyes, and saw how mine arose at the thought, his heart smote him when he remembered that his sister's marriage had scarcely cost him a thought or care, and that she was an utter stranger to him; and then we agreed that if ever we had children, we would bring them up to know and love one another, and have precious recollections in common. Ah! *l'homme propose, mais Dieu dispose.*

It was only on that day that it broke upon me that we were to be separated immediately after our arrival in Paris. M. de Bellaise was to go to his regiment, which was in garrison at Nancy, and I was to be left under the charge of old Madame la Marquise de Nidemerle at Paris. I heard of it first from the Marquis himself in the coach, as he thanked one of the ladies who invited me—with him—to her *salon* in Paris, where there was to be a great entertainment in the summer. When I replied that M. de Bellaise would have rejoined his regiment, they began explaining that I should go into society under Madame de Nidemerle, who would exert herself for my sake.

I said no more, I knew it was of no use there; but when next I could speak with my husband—it was under an arbour of vines in the garden of the inn where we dined—I asked him whether it was true. He opened large eyes, and said he knew I could not wish to withdraw him from his duty to his king and country, even if he could do so with honour.

'Ah! no,' I said, 'I never thought of that.' But surely the place of a wife was with her husband, and I had expected to go with him to his garrison at Nancy, and there wait when he took the field. He threw himself at my feet, and pressed my hands with transport at what he called this unheard-of proof of affection; and then I vexed him by laughing, for I could not help thinking what my brothers would have said could they have seen us thus.

Still he declared that, in spite of his wishes, it was hardly possible. His great-uncle and aunt would never consent. I said they had no right to interfere between husband and wife, and he replied that they had brought him up, and taken the place of parents to him; to which I rejoined that I was far nearer to him. He said I was a mutinous Englishwoman; and I rejoined that he should never find me mutinous to him.

Nay, I made up my mind that if he would not insist on taking me. I would find means to escape and join him. What! Was I to be carried about in the coach of Madame de Nidemerle to all the hateful *salons* of Paris, while my husband, the only person in France whom I could endure, might be meeting wounds and death in the Low Countries while I might be dancing?

So again I declined when the ladies in the coach invited me to their

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houses in Paris. Should I go to a convent? they asked; and one began to recommend the Carmelites, another the Visitation, another Port Royal, till I was almost distracted; and M. le Marquis began to say it was a pious and commendable wish, but that devotion had its proper times and seasons, and that judgment must be exercised as to the duration of a retreat, etc.

'No, monsieur,' said I, 'I am not going into a convent. A wife's duty is with her husband; I am going into garrison at Nancy.'

O how they cried out. There was such a noise that the gentlemen turned their horses' heads to see whether any one was taken ill. When they heard what was the matter, persecution began for us both.

We used to compare our experiences; the ladies trying to persuade me now that it was improper, now that I should be terrified to death, now that I should become too ugly to be presentable; while the gentlemen made game of M. de Bellaise as a foolish young lover, who was so absurd as to encumber himself with a wife of whom he would soon weary, and whose presence would interfere with his enjoyment of the freedom and diversions of the military life. He, who was only just free from his governor, would he saddle himself with a wife? Bah!

He, who had been so shy, defended himself with spirit; and on my side I declared that nothing but his commands, and those of my father, should induce me to leave him. At Amiens we met a courier on his way to England, and by him we despatched letters to my father.

M. de Nidemerle treated all like absurd childish nonsense, complimenting me ironically all the while; but I thought he wavered a little before the journey was over, wishing perhaps that he had never given his nephew a strange, headstrong, English wife, but thinking that, as the deed was done, the farther off from him she was the better.

At least, he no longer blamed his nephew, and threatened him with his aunt; but declared that Madame de Rambouillet would soon put all such folly out of our minds.

I asked my husband what Madame de Rambouillet could have to do with our affairs; and he shrugged his shoulders, and answered that the divine Arthenice was the supreme judge of decorum, whose decisions no one could gainsay.

(To be continued.)

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LITTLE QUEEN MARY.

A FAIRY TALE.

BY THE LATE REV. DR. W. SEWELL. EDITED BY ELIZABETH M. SEWELL.

CHAPTER V.

It was at least an hour before little Mary at all recovered from her fright and fatigue. But after many sobs and tears, at last she cried herself to sleep. Nor did the good fairy disturb her till it was time to dress her for the grand coronation banquet, to which upwards of three hundred of the greatest lords and ladies in the empire had been invited, and which was to take place at eight o'clock precisely. Indeed Maga had so pitied her troubles, that she had been allowed to sleep even longer than she should have done; and the fairy, on looking at her watch, was distressed to find that it only wanted three hours of dinner, and that there would be scarcely time for the Queen to dress. So she blew her little silver whistle in great haste, and, as before, the eight elderl ladies, with red high-heeled shoes, and plumes of feathers on their heads, and the twelve maids of honour, who were most beautiful young ladies, all dressed alike, in white tulle slips over white satin petticoats, came in, two and two, and kneeling round the bed, they waited till the young Queen should speak to them. And as it was absolutely necessary that she should be awakened, the most illustrious of the elderly ladies, who was no less a person than the Dowager Duchess of Griffgrimmini, according to ancient usage, took a beautiful peacock's feather, and in the most delicate manner imaginable she gently tickled the little Queen under her nose; for by the old statutes of the realm it was high treason to disturb the sovereign's rest in any other way.

Her majesty soon showed signs of returning consciousness. She twitched her hand—then she put her finger up to her nose and rubbed it—then she moved in the bed—then she rubbed her nose harder than before—then she sneezed violently; at which the dowager duchess withdrew the peacock's feather, and waited respectfully to see if her majesty would awake. But as the Queen began to snore, she was obliged to resume the tickling, and that with so much more vigour that her majesty at last tossed up her hand, and rubbing her nose quite hard, she cried, 'Let me alone.' These words were immediately forwarded to the reporter of the *Court Gazette*, as the first sentiment expressed by her majesty since the auspicious moment of her coronation, and were hailed with the greatest cordiality by her loving subjects, as betokening the energy and authority with which, like the good Queen Baratilda, she intended to govern her empire.

However anxious the dowager duchess, and the seven other elderly

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ladies, and the twelve beautiful maids of honour, were that little Mary should be dressed for the grand banquet in time (and indeed, as you will soon hear, perhaps, her very life and the safety of the empire depended upon it), yet, as by the ancient laws of the land no one could speak to the Queen without her first speaking to them, they remained all silent, and kneeling with the greatest respect round her bed. At last little Mary opened her eyes, and sitting up, very much frightened, she asked them 'who they were'—'what they wanted'—and 'where she had got to?' Upon which the dowager duchess humbly informed her that they were in waiting to assist her majesty in dressing.

'I do not want to be dressed,' cried little Mary, impatiently; 'I have my clothes on already.'

Upon which words all the ladies and the maids of honour looked up at her with the greatest amazement.

And the dowager duchess, beseeching her majesty's pardon, humbly ventured to suggest that no queen of Brakara-kakara, from the time of her illustrious predecessor King Sigismund downwards to the late lamented Queen Baratilda, of glorious memory, had ever been seen twice in public with the same dress on; that her loving subjects would look anxiously to see that her majesty was attired as became her exalted station and the dignity of the empire; and that in fact the ancient usages of the realm required that she should put on a new frock at once, in order to make her appearance at the grand state banquet.

Little Mary, as might be expected, was very tired and sleepy; and like most tired and sleepy persons, she was also very peevish and fretful. So that the dowager duchess's harangue made very little impression upon her, though she liked the idea of having a new frock every day. And for the second time that day she declared that she did not understand about ancient usages, and did not care for the late lamented Queen Baratilda, nor even for King Sigismund himself; she wanted to go to sleep again.

I cannot describe the dismay and distress both of the duchess and the other ladies when they heard her declare this: they remained gazing at each other, not knowing what to do or what to think. And it is impossible to say what might have happened, if just at this moment the fairy had not made her appearance. She sat down by the side of the grand state bed, and, taking little Mary's hand, she addressed her with the greatest respect; for now that Mary had been crowned, even the fairy treated her as the real queen; and the only difference between Maga and the other ladies was, that the fairy had a little chair placed by the Queen's throne, and sat down in her majesty's presence, while all the other ladies, however tired they might be, were obliged to stand all day long,—seeing other people stand being one of the principal privileges of a queen. And now the fairy thus spoke:—

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'May it please your majesty, it is with the deepest grief that your loving subjects intrude upon your repose; but, as the illustrious duchess has explained to your majesty, it is absolutely necessary to the peace and welfare of this great nation, and also to the safety of your majesty's beloved person, that your majesty should without any delay rise and permit yourself to be attired in a new grand state frock for the royal banquet. I have just received intelligence from your majesty's prime minister that the great and powerful emperor of the neighbouring island, Muckakoykey, has landed on the eastern side of your majesty's dominions, and is advancing with an army of twenty thousand men upon the city, for the purpose of putting one of the five pretenders on the throne, and, as a necessary consequence, cutting off your majesty's head. Your majesty's troops are at present devotedly attached to your majesty's person: but the five pretenders and the emperor himself have been endeavouring to corrupt their fidelity. And I could not answer for the consequences, if your majesty were to do anything which might displease them. And as they would be justly alarmed for the ancient liberties and privileges of your people if your majesty departed from the ancient customs and laws of the realm, it is of the utmost importance that you should comply with them in every respect.'

The fairy ceased to speak; and little Mary, dreadfully frightened at the thought of the great Emperor of Muckakoykey, and the twenty thousand men coming to cut off her head, no longer made any resistance. Maga expressed her great delight, and assured her that the grand banquet would be a most beautiful sight; especially as there had been made for it one of the largest and richest plum-cakes that had ever been seen in the kingdom. Upon which Mary dried her eyes,—and being carefully lifted out of the grand state bed by the illustrious dowager duchess, assisted by the other ladies, she was placed on a most splendid damask chair, and the ceremony of dressing her commenced.

All this, however, had wasted a great deal of time; and the dowager duchess, and the other ladies, were in the greatest distress and vexation, because they knew it would be impossible to dress little Mary in three hours without leaving out many of the ceremonies which, according to ancient usage, were always observed in dressing the Queen. And if her majesty should be one minute later than eight o'clock in entering the grand banquet hall, it was known that her loyal and loving subjects would become extremely impatient, and even angry; and in the present excited state of the public mind, with the five pretenders to the throne, and the great Emperor of Muckakoykey marching already with twenty thousand men to cut off the young Queen's head, there was no saying what might happen.

Now, the ceremonies of dressing the queens of the kingdom of

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Brakara-kakara on the day of their coronation had been handed down from time immemorial; and they were so numerous as to fill a very large folio book, bound in crimson velvet, and lettered in gold, which was always in the keeping of the great lady of the bedchamber. This office was now filled by the dowager duchess, as the most illustrious lady among her majesty's nobility. The book itself I have never been able to see; and never having been present when the ceremonies were performed, I am afraid I cannot give so good and accurate an account of them as you may desire: but these, I know, were some of them. In the first place, all the maids of honour stood round in a circle, holding each a single pin, which, when it was wanted, they bore upon a crimson velvet cushion, trimmed with rich gold lace three inches broad. Every time any one of them had to move, she was obliged to make three low courtesies to her majesty, who returned double the number; for those who are in high rank are always obliged even to surpass in courtesy those who wait upon them. And when any of them were summoned to bring pins to the dowager duchess, who alone had the privilege of touching her majesty's royal person, they were obliged to slide across the room in a very slow minute step, keeping their eyes carefully fixed upon the ground, lest the Queen should see them looking at her; and stopping three times at certain distances, in order to make at each point three distinct courtesies, and wait till her majesty had returned them. None of them were ever allowed to turn their backs upon the Queen; and as they all wore very long trains, whenever they were obliged to retire from her it was with the greatest slowness and caution lest they should tread upon their gowns, and so tumble down, to do which in the presence of her majesty was made, by the laws of the land, a high crime and misdemeanour, and was punished by fine and imprisonment. It was also thought most suited to the dignity of the Queen of such an illustrious empire that everything should be done for her by a separate person. None but the most common and vulgar people in that country had servants of all work; and the higher the rank, the greater number of servants were employed by the nobility,—one to brush the shoes, another to brush the coat, another to brush the hat, another to brush the waistcoat, another to brush the cloak, another to brush the upper part of the boots, and another to brush the lower part; and this was considered a great mark of birth and distinction; so that the Queen herself could not be dressed without having sixty-five ladies waiting upon her, each to do a different thing. And as each of them, as I before said, every time she moved had to make three courtesies, and the Queen to make six in return, you may well understand that three hours was but a short time to complete her majesty's toilette.

It was also necessary, in order to show their profound reverence for her majesty's person, that neither of them, upon any pretence

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whatever, should sneeze, or cough, or blow her nose, or wipe her mouth, or fidget with her hands, or shrug her shoulders, or scratch her cheek, or shift her posture, or wink her eyes, in her majesty's presence. All these acts were construed as great marks of irreverence, and the offender was punished with instant dismissal. And if either of them had a cold, or felt anything tickling her, or found a pin running into her, or had left her pocket-handkerchief behind her, or, in fact, had any reason whatever for being obliged to leave the room, it was necessary that she should first ask and obtain her majesty's leave. Now, as no one of them had the privilege of speaking directly to her majesty except the great dowager duchess, and as none of the inferior ladies were allowed to speak to the duchess herself without being spoken to, and as none of them ventured to speak even to each other in her majesty's presence without first obtaining leave, and every one who spoke had to make three courtesies before each sentence, you may suppose what time it took to obtain leave, and to go backwards and forwards out of the room.

All this little Mary had to learn. And as the good fairy was very anxious that she should make a favourable impression upon her loyal subjects, and should show how fit she was to be their Queen, she asked leave of her majesty to sit down at her side while the ladies were dressing her, and explained to her everything which she was to do, especially when she was to rise up and courtesy, which, indeed, happened during the first half hour no less than one hundred and forty-three times. At last little Mary was so tired that she asked if she might not have a doll to play with, while the dowager duchess was fastening some magnificent diamonds into her hair; and, to her great delight, the fairy assured her that there was in the royal treasury a most magnificent doll, with a whole baby-house, and everything complete, which had been sent by the grand sultan of Beccarabia, four hundred years back, as a present to the great Queen Clothare, one of her illustrious predecessors, and that this now belonged to her, and that to-morrow, perhaps, there might be time to see it; but now her majesty had to rise from her seat, and make so many courtesies every minute, that it would be impossible to think of anything else. She added, also, that if her majesty's loving subjects, and particularly her brave soldiers, were to hear that she had played with her doll while the great ladies of the court were waiting on her, it would probably give them great offence; and now, especially, that there were five pretenders to the throne, and that the Emperor of Muckakoykey had landed with twenty thousand men to attack her and cut off her head, it was most necessary that she should take care to do nothing which her loving people would dislike, for fear of a rebellion, the consequences of which, the fairy added, with a deep sigh, would be inconceivably dreadful.

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Little Mary turned as white as a sheet at the mention of this, and was ready to cry: she was so frightened whenever the name of this terrible emperor was mentioned. But Maga besought her to take care, and not shed any more tears, for that it made her eyes red; and if her loving subjects thought that she had been crying they would naturally suppose that she would not like to be their queen, which would of course give them great offence; and now that there were five pretenders to the throne, and that the Emperor of Muckakoykey had landed with twenty thousand men to attack her and cut off her head, it was of the utmost importance that she should do nothing which they would dislike. She intreated her, therefore, as she valued her life, to smile and look quite happy, for perhaps it was the only way of preventing a rebellion.

Poor little Mary listened with a very heavy heart; and she could not help sobbing as she answered that she would not cry, provided they would not let that terrible emperor come and cut off her head. Upon which the fairy comforted her, and assured her that she hoped there was not much danger, provided she did not make her loyal subjects dislike her; for that her majesty also had twenty thousand soldiers who would fight for her, as she would see in a day or two, when her majesty would review them, and ride out at their head to battle on the back of the one-eyed golden-horned rhinoceros, as her illustrious predecessors had always done—a situation, the fairy added, than which she could not imagine anything more noble and spirit-stirring, or more worthy an illustrious queen.

Little Mary shook from head to foot as she heard these words, but she did not dare to say anything; and though her cheek turned very pale, and her lip trembled, and her eyes were very full of tears, she endeavoured to look as if it was just the very thing in the world she should most like. She even tried to smile, which, as might be expected, considering in what a dreadful state of fear she then was, made her look anything but beautiful,—for, as you have already heard, she never was very pretty, and now she looked quite ugly.

The good fairy could not help observing this, and became extremely anxious; in fact she knew that scarcely anything so wins at first sight the heart of a queen's subjects, and especially of her soldiers, whom it is so important to keep in good humour, as for the queen herself to be very pretty; or at any rate, if the people are inclined to rebel, they are much more likely to obey a beautiful queen than an ugly one; so that at this moment, when there were five pretenders to the throne, and the Emperor of Muckakoykey had landed with twenty thousand men, it was of the greatest consequence that Mary should look as pretty as possible.

Maga's distress was very much increased by observing that the great golden crown which had been placed on the little Queen's head

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that morning had come down, as I said before, over her forehead, and had made a great red mark all round it, which was positively hideous. Mary herself looked in the glass, and when she saw herself she was ready to cry. She asked the dowager duchess, who was dressing her hair, if it could not be taken out; and then she quite sobbed aloud to think how ugly it looked, and even turned to all the ladies present, and asked if they could not help her to remove the frightful mark out of her forehead. The ladies were very much abashed and surprised to hear her majesty speak to them, because, according to ancient usage, the queens of this great empire never spoke except to the chief lady of the bedchamber. It was considered beneath their dignity to address themselves directly to any lady of less rank. However, they all fell down, and holding up their hands, as if in admiration of the Queen's beauty, they declared that they had never seen any one so handsome; and that as for the great red mark, it was perfectly beautiful, and made her majesty appear the very image of the late lamented Queen Baratilda, of glorious memory. Now this was anything but true, and, indeed, the ladies knew it to be a story; but it was an ancient usage of the court of Brakara-kakara, which they dared not transgress, never to say that anything about her majesty's person was ugly, or indeed not the most beautiful thing of the kind that ever was seen.

The fairy, however, was not bound to comply with this custom, so she did not hesitate to say that in her opinion it was very ugly indeed, and that they must all do everything in their power to rub the mark out; indeed she confessed that if she had seen such a mark on little Mary's forehead when she had gone to her on the sunny bank by her mamma's cottage, she doubted whether she could conscientiously have caused her to be elected Queen of this great kingdom, all the queens of which up to this time had been remarkable for their beauty; and there was nothing in which the people were so particular, and at this moment especially, when there were five pretenders to the throne, and the great Emperor of Muckakoykey had landed on the frontiers with twenty thousand men, it was of the utmost importance that their young Queen should be made to appear as beautiful as possible.

I cannot tell you how many things they tried in order to get the hideous red mark out of her majesty's little forehead. The dowager duchess rubbed it with pearl powder; then she endeavoured to smooth it down with a silver plate; then she was thinking of painting the rest of the forehead to match it: but the fairy told her that a red forehead was never pretty, and that all the queens of Brakara-kakara had foreheads of the purest ivory or whitest marble. What to do they could not tell; and, to make matters worse, the time had slipped away, and it only wanted a few minutes of the hour when little Mary was to make her appearance in the great banquet room.

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They were all in despair. The more they tried, the more red and ugly the mark became. In their distress they even forgot all the ancient usages of the court of Brakara-kakara, and the rules written in the great velvet book; and kneeling down round little Mary, they joined in rubbing her forehead, and then ran about the room for pearl powder, and proposed such a multitude of things, all talking at the same time, that the noise was quite bewildering.

At last the fairy, first asking her majesty's permission, gently rapped the table with her fan, and out of the floor who should rise up but Hubbub-bubaboo himself. You cannot imagine the terror and shrieks of all the ladies. The dowager duchess went into hysterics. The twelve maids of honour ran up into a corner and shrieked for help. As for the elderly ladies in red-heeled shoes, and feathers on their heads, they fell down upon their hands and feet, and cried for mercy. Only the little Queen was tolerably composed, for she had seen Hubbub-bubaboo before, and knew who he was.

The fairy begged the ladies to be quiet, and not make such a noise, for that there was nothing to be afraid of—it was only her little page; and she then desired Hubbub-bubaboo to go instantly with her compliments to the fairy Pacoletta, who lived on the banks of the river Ganges, in the centre of America, and request the loan of half an ounce of her celebrated depurating antiphlogistic salve, sold in boxes at half a crown each, at Messrs. Newbury's, in Fleet Street, London; the public being warned against counterfeits, and cautioned to look on the wrapper, which always bore the fairy's signature in her own handwriting. Hubbub-bubaboo no sooner heard this than he touched his hat, which, by the bye, had a gold-lace band round it, and a black cockade, because the fairy Maga was a magistrate for the county; and vanishing through the floor, before the ladies could recover from their surprise, he reappeared, and handed a small blue paper parcel to his mistress, accompanied with a kind three-cornered note from the fairy Pacoletta, expressive of the pleasure which it gave her to be of any service, and desiring that her most humble and dutiful respects might be offered to the new Queen.

The fairy took the box, and dismissed Hubbub-bubaboo, to the great relief and satisfaction of the ladies, who were dreadfully frightened. And she then turned to little Mary, and told her that this was a most celebrated salve for purifying the skin, invented by the fairy Pacoletta herself, entirely out of vegetable ingredients, without any deleterious admixture of mineral substances, and patronised by the princes of the blood royal, and by all the most distinguished subjects in the realm, especially by the lord high chancellor and the principal judges of the Queen's Bench, who had written to the fairy, and allowed their letters to be published, thanking her for the great service which she had conferred on the world by the discovery, and describing how their complexions,

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which had been pimpled all over and yellow as parchment, had become of the most beautiful pink and white by the use of no more than three seven-and-sixpenny boxes, containing two ounces each.

'But,' continued the fairy, 'may it please your majesty this anti-phlogistic salve has one peculiar property,—it only keeps pimples and red spots from coming out on the face when the lady or gentleman who uses it is not vexed, or discontented or impatient. Whenever persons become fretful, or refuse to submit quietly to orders which they receive from proper authority, or to laws which they are bound to obey, as, for instance, the ancient usages and statutes of this empire, the salve loses its power, and the red spots come out of a purplish and green and yellow colour, which is the most hideous thing your majesty can imagine. I venture, may it please your majesty, to suggest this. And may I now request to know your majesty's pleasure if it shall be applied to your majesty's royal forehead, which it will in a moment make smooth as marble, and white as ivory?'

Little Mary was so rejoiced at the thought of getting rid of the hideous red mark, and not making herself unpopular by her ugliness, that she thanked the good fairy a thousand times; and a silk napkin, ornamented with gold fringe, having been procured, Maga herself delicately touched her majesty's forehead with the salve, and in an instant the red mark vanished; and the ladies with high-heeled shoes and the maids of honour all exclaimed in wonder and with rapture, that the Queen's forehead was now quite as beautiful as the forehead of the late lamented Queen Baratilda herself. This happy event was scarcely accomplished, when a flourish of drums and trumpets was heard at the door, and the lord high chamberlain, in his state robes, was announced, who came to ask if it was her majesty's pleasure to appear in the grand banquet hall; for, as we have observed before, whenever it was absolutely necessary that the sovereigns of Brakara-kakara should do anything, it was one of the established usages to come and humbly ask their pleasure whether they would do it or not. And as the palace clock at that instant struck eight, the procession was formed; and little Mary, with her train borne by the twelve beautiful maids of honour, and followed by the sixty-five ladies in waiting, issued from her apartment.

CHAPTER VI.

You wish, of course, to know how the Queen was dressed; and there was a full account given of it in the *Morning Post* of the twenty-ninth of August, the same year in which these events happened. I will therefore only say that she wore a magnificent Brussels lace robe, over a blue satin slip, trimmed with broad flounces of blonde and silver

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fringe escolloped à la Reine Marie Antoinette. Around her waist was a broad girdle, or sash, of massive gold, set with gems, and a stomacher of diamonds, of such enormous value, that whenever the late Queen Baratilda had worn them she was accustomed to sit up all night with them in her hands, lest they should be stolen before they could be placed safely again in the royal treasury. Round her neck she wore all the crown jewels, which I have described already, and especially the three rows of immense pearls, each as big as a small pear. And on her head there were not only six strings of large diamonds entwined with her hair, but a magnificent plume of thirty-seven ostrich feathers, being twice the number which any lady in the court, or indeed throughout the whole empire, was permitted to wear. In my own opinion her dress now was even more splendid than in the morning; and all the great officers of state seemed to admire it very much when she made her appearance.

Little Mary was at first very much alarmed to find herself surrounded by so large a number of illustrious persons, all of whom made way as she approached with the most profound respect. And she did not like the idea of walking alone. But as there was a pretty little boy about her own age who was standing near the door, holding up the train of one of the great lords, she thought it would be very nice to walk hand in hand with him, and sit by his side at dinner. So she called out to him, 'Little boy, little boy, come here; I want to walk with you.' To her great surprise, however, the pretty little boy, who had been extremely well brought up, and knew all the ceremonies of the court, seemed greatly alarmed and abashed, and coloured very much, and instead of coming up and taking her by the hand, made the most profound bow, and retired behind the great nobleman whose train he was bearing.

All the company at the same time seemed extremely astonished and dismayed. And the prime minister, of whom we shall hear more by and by,—the same ugly gentleman with red hair and greenish eyes who had addressed her in the morning—approached her now, and kneeling down on one knee, he begged to know if her majesty, according to the ancient usage of the realm, would permit herself to be conducted into the banquet hall by her two most illustrious subjects—the lord high chancellor, and the commander-in-chief of all her forces.

Little Mary was more alarmed than ever at the thought of walking next to two such great persons; and her alarm was not at all diminished when the fairy, who was standing at her side, informed her, in a whisper, that the lord high chancellor was the most learned and wise person in her majesty's dominions, and that the commander-in-chief was the celebrated hero Howshypowski, who had fought no less than thirty battles by sea and land, in all which he had vanquished

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the enemy—that he had killed no less than twenty-seven of the enemy's most valiant generals with his own hand, and blown up five towns, besides three fleets of ships—and that the soldiers were so fond of him that they would do anything he commanded. Therefore the wise fairy advised little Mary to pay him the greatest attention, and express to him how much she loved and admired him. 'Otherwise,' said the fairy, 'your loving subjects, those fierce-looking soldiers, may take offence, and then there is no saying what might happen, particularly at this critical moment, with no less than five pretenders to the throne,' &c., &c. I need not repeat the rest of the sentence, for it was the same which the good fairy had so often said over and over again, and it never failed to put poor little Mary into the greatest agitation.

She waited, now, with considerable fear, for the lord high chamberlain to bring into her presence in procession the lord high chancellor and lord chief commander of her majesty's forces, and expected to see two of the greatest and tallest persons she had ever beheld: but, what do you think? to her great surprise, the lord high chancellor was a little old man, about five feet high, with a brown bag-wig, a very yellow face, great bushy eyebrows, a little nose, and a pair of large green spectacles; besides which he had the gout in both his feet, and could scarcely move without a crutch. As for the lord chief commander of her majesty's forces, he did not appear to be in much better condition. One of his arms had been shot off in the celebrated battle of Colotinda, which was fought, as you must all have learnt in your *Pinnock's Catechism*, the very same year and the same day with the great battle of Actium on the Nile, between the Emperor Charlemagne on the one side, and King Henry VIII. on the other. He had also lost a leg by the explosion of a cannon, which he had fired with his own hand against Julius Cæsar, at the siege of Babylon. Besides which he had a great black patch upon one eye, two great gashes and scars, one across his nose, and the other down his cheek: and as all his teeth had been knocked out by a battering-ram, when he was valiantly defending the Tower of London against the Austrian forces under Alexander the Great, he could only mumble out his words very indistinctly. In fact, it was almost impossible for any one to understand a word that he said—a circumstance which made him ill-tempered, and liable to take offence.

If little Mary had not been so extremely frightened, I think she would most probably have laughed at the appearance of these two poor old gentlemen; for it was, indeed, one of the faults of her character (and you will hear more of it by and by) that she would make faces and laugh at persons who were not handsome, or had anything odd about them: but she was now in no laughing condition, so she could only do as the fairy bade her; and when the lord high

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chamberlain, with a multitude of the lowest bows, presented to her her two illustrious subjects, she held out her hands, which the two old gentlemen only ventured to touch with the tips of their fingers, and escorted by them, one at each side, she advanced along the splendid suite of rooms which led to the grand banquet hall.

I have already said that this summer palace, now belonging to little Mary, was one of the most sumptuous and beautiful buildings which had ever been seen; and each successive monarch had added to it something or another, till it covered I know not how many acres of ground. You may suppose, therefore, what a beautiful appearance the grand procession made in passing through the state rooms; and if it had not been that the lord high chancellor could only hobble along with the greatest difficulty, in consequence of his gouty feet; and that the lord chief commander of the forces found the greatest difficulty in keeping up with him, because of his wooden leg; and that her majesty, the young Queen herself, found the weight of her pearl necklace, and gold zone, and diamond stomacher, not to mention the diamonds in her hair, and the thirty-seven ostrich feathers, extremely oppressive, it would have been delightful to them all to advance, as they did, to the sound of slow music through the grand apartments. They proceeded first through her majesty's own private suite of rooms, which were each 100 feet square. From these they passed into the grand statue gallery, lined with the most beautiful white marble statues, which gallery, being intended only for the private accommodation of her majesty, was much smaller in proportion than the rest of the building, and in fact not more than a quarter of a mile long. This opened into the principal picture-gallery, the walls of which were completely covered with the most exquisite pictures by the first masters, and valued at an enormous sum. And this gallery ran round all the four sides of the principal quadrangle of the palace, extending a length of nearly a mile and a half, and far surpassing in size any gallery of the greatest sovereigns of Europe. Ten more suites of rooms opened beyond this, and then you reached the long corridor, which, from its being narrower than the others and only fifty feet wide, appeared much longer than it really was, for it did not extend more than ten furlongs. All these were most brilliantly lighted up, and lined with ladies and gentlemen in rich dresses, who were admitted to see the procession; and it is impossible to describe how much they admired everything, or how they longed to be in the place of little Mary, who had such magnificent rooms to walk through every time she went to dinner.

It must be confessed, that by the time they had gone half a mile, and had reached the end of the picture-gallery, both the lord chancellor and the lord commander of the forces became very much distressed. Each of them had on a very splendid crimson robe, with a long train,

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which was every now and then getting between his legs, to the great risk of throwing him down. Add to which, as the rooms were lighted up with I know not how many or-molu chandeliers, and thousands of wax candles, the two elderly gentlemen were so hot that, what with the pain of the gout for one, and the awkwardness of limping along upon a wooden leg to the sound of slow music for the other, and the fear they both felt of doing anything contrary to the usage of the court, and the weight of the orders which hung round their necks, and the reverence they felt for little Mary, and the necessity of keeping their arms stretched out at full length to hand her along by the tips of their little fingers, they would have given worlds to have been able to wipe their faces with their pocket-handkerchiefs. But, as I have before said, such an act would have immediately subjected them to instant dismissal from their high offices, if not to impeachment in parliament, since it was an ancient maxim of the constitution of Brakara-kakara that none but wicked and seditious persons could be guilty of such an act in the presence of any of the royal blood.

At last, however, to their great relief, little Mary herself could walk no further without resting herself, so she said very faintly, 'I should like to sit down,' upon which a sumptuous crimson velvet chair was placed for her immediately. And the lord chancellor and the lord commander of the forces, hiding themselves behind it, and requesting a number of other lords and ladies to stand round them, so that they might not be seen, they also sat themselves down upon the floor, where her majesty could not perceive them, and even ventured to wipe their foreheads, and take breath, which they both very much needed.

As soon as her majesty had sufficiently rested, the procession moved on in the same order as before, and without being obliged to stop more than once again in the middle of the long corridor, so that it reached the grand dining hall in rather less than an hour and twenty minutes after leaving the state bedchamber.

And now I wish it were in my power to describe the magnificent sight which burst upon their eyes. The vast hall, all covered with a most rare gold and purple marble from the quarries of Brontoliko, the gilded ceiling, the enormous pillars, round which were hung a profusion of the most beautiful tapestry and wreaths of roses, the long tables, stretching down on each side as far as the eye could reach, and groaning under the most delicious viands,—soups, and game, and fruits, whole roasted peacocks, with their feathers on, fish from every quarter of the globe, the most exquisite sweetmeats, guava jelly, plum-puddings, orange marmalade, immense sugar comfits, with large sweetmeats in the inside, besides tartlets, and custards, and jellies, and trifles, almonds and raisins, oranges and apricots, with a number of the richest pound-cakes, and dishes of hashed calf's head. In fact, no less than one hundred French cooks had been employed for

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three weeks past in preparing this grand dinner; and every one must have allowed that it was worthy of the occasion, and of the greatness of the empire, and of little Mary's exalted rank. All the dishes, moreover, were of gold and silver; all the glasses were of the finest and most expensive manufacture. There were beautiful gold and silver vases filled with the rarest flowers—roses, and geraniums, and lilies, and tulips—placed at intervals down the table; and among them were mixed groups of figures, also of silver and gold, bearing lamps and wax candles.

I cannot tell how many servants with powdered hair there were to wait upon the company, all dressed in blue coats with gold epaulets, and crimson velvet breeches, and carrying napkins on their arms; whilst behind the Queen herself there stood six who looked like gentlemen without any livery, because little Mary was now in too exalted a station to be waited on by any but the first nobility.

As for the great throne on which Mary was to sit at the head of the table, it was covered all over with crimson velvet and gold, and there was a magnificent canopy over it, lined with white satin, and covered with a crown of gold. But probably you are tired by this time of hearing so much about silver and gold, and velvet, and satin; and, indeed, as every one knows who has seen much of them, there are very few things in the world more fatiguing, so I will proceed to tell you how the little Queen behaved at this grand dinner.

She was conducted up to the throne by the lord high chancellor, and the lord chief commander of her forces; and after a flourish of trumpets, the banquet commenced.

The which first thing little Mary saw before her was a large silver tureen of the most delicious soup, and she immediately said that she should like to have some. But, to her great surprise, instead of bringing her any, two of the gentlemen behind her bowed down to the ground, and intreated permission to communicate her majesty's wishes to her prime minister. In a few minutes the prime minister advanced, and, kneeling down upon one knee before little Mary, he intreated her gracious forgiveness, and represented how dreadful would be the sense of her displeasure to him; but still he was under the painful duty of reminding her majesty, that six hundred years ago one of her majesty's illustrious predecessors had made himself sick by eating some mock-turtle soup, and that his sickness had very much endangered the peace of the empire; so that a law, borrowed from ancient Egypt, had been passed that, in future, no king or queen of the great island of Brakara-kakara should ever eat anything but the plainest and most wholesome food; for that her majesty's life and health were of the utmost importance, and could not be risked without endangering the safety of the whole country.

Poor little Mary, when she heard these words, would willingly, I

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am afraid, have given up the peace and safety of the whole country; nor, indeed, would she much have cared if the island itself had sunk to the bottom of the sea, provided she could have saved herself (for indeed she had become lately a sadly selfish child); and what good there was in being a queen, if she was not allowed to eat and drink whatever she liked, she could not see. She was very nearly on the point of crying with vexation; but fortunately there was a large and splendid looking-glass nearly opposite to her, and as she happened to look in it, she saw the red mark coming out upon her forehead, mixed with red and green and yellow, in the most frightful way you can conceive; and she was so terribly frightened at this, that she dried her tears in a moment, and just in time.

For now a flourish of trumpets was heard, and a beautiful procession came into the room, bearing, in two gold dishes ornamented with diamonds, her majesty's own dinner. I need not attempt to describe the many ceremonies with which the dishes were placed upon the table before her. Suffice it to say, that the covers were at last taken off, and, to little Mary's great vexation, she saw under them nothing but some slices of plain roast mutton and some mashed potatoes. Even this, however, she would gladly have eaten, for she was very hungry. But another ceremony remained to be performed; and before her majesty could taste her dinner, the head cook was summoned, and in her majesty's presence was commanded to eat a small portion of each dish.

Mary was rather surprised at this, but the good fairy whispered kindly to her, that it was a necessary practice at all the royal meals, since no less than ten of her illustrious predecessors had been poisoned by pretenders to the throne, and that, in the present state of the empire, this was more to be dreaded than ever. I cannot describe how frightened poor Mary was at this news. She was obliged, however, to conceal her alarm; and though she fancied that every morsel which she put into her mouth tasted of something nasty, she ate as well as she could, and was glad to satisfy her thirst with some delicious spring water, which was brought to her in a beautiful goblet made of a single precious stone, of inestimable value. After she had finished her repast, she had the satisfaction of watching all the great lords and ladies, whose lives were of so much less consequence than her own, enjoying themselves without any restraint, and eating whatever they liked. It was not a very easy lesson for little Mary to learn, that persons are placed in high rank, and made kings and queens, and lords and ladies, not to amuse and indulge themselves, but to contribute to the comfort and happiness of others. Nor was she less surprised to find that the more important her life was, the more necessary it was to abstain from the very things which she was most fond of, lest they should make her ill. But the good fairy took care to explain this to

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her, without being overheard by any one. And although Mary was at one moment disposed to be out of temper and cross, she was so afraid lest the frightful red mark should come out again upon her forehead, that she tried to smile and appear pleased, so that she even looked rather pretty.

The fairy was glad to see this, and now ventured to whisper to her majesty, that the lord high chancellor had been for many years busily engaged in contriving some changes in the penal legislation of the empire; and that, if her majesty would permit, she would invite him to explain his system, to entertain her majesty after dinner, as it would certainly interest her much, and would please the lord chancellor, who would of course make it known that the young Queen had conversed with him upon this important subject, and that this would render her very popular. Poor little Mary had never heard of penal legislation, and did not know what the words meant. But Maga, turning to the lord chancellor, informed him that her majesty would much like to hear his opinion on the subject of secondary punishments; and she added, that although young, and newly come to the throne, yet as her majesty had for a long time looked forward to becoming a queen, she had doubtless taken pains to acquaint herself with all the important subjects connected with the discharge of such a responsible office; for that nothing could be so foolish, or indeed wicked, as to covet a post for the duties of which we are incompetent. 'And no one,' added the good fairy, 'could dare to suppose such a thing in their admirable sovereign.' Poor little Mary blushed very much, and then turned pale, when she heard these words, for she remembered how careless and inattentive she had been at her lessons —how little she knew even how to work her sampler—how in her very last lesson of geography she had made the river Nile run through the heart of America; and when asked where Tartary was, had answered that it was an island in the Red Sea; while, instead of attending to her studies, she had been thus dreaming of nothing else but fairies and queens.

She was too much afraid, however, to confess that she knew nothing of the matter; and therefore she was obliged to act hypocritically, and to pretend to listen to the lord chancellor, who was too delighted with the permission given him to delay entering upon a very long and tedious explanation of his notions. And, as when persons once begin to act artfully they soon learn, unhappily, to be skilful in deceit, Mary bowed her head from time to time as if agreeing with his opinions, and answered yes or no, whenever he appealed to her, till at last she became so drowsy that her head nodded, and if it had not been for the fairy at her elbow she would certainly have fallen fast asleep.

Just, however, as she was dropping off once more into a doze she caught a few words of the lord chancellor, which woke her up. He was

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illustrating the importance of his theory, by observing that there were for instance, at that moment, in her majesty's prisons no less than seventy-four criminals, who had been tried for heavy offences, and to-morrow it would be his duty to wait upon her majesty to know whether they should be put to death. And the fairy took care to observe that it would depend on her majesty's pleasure whether they should be hanged or not. It would be difficult to describe how shocked poor little Mary was at these words; for though far from what she ought to be, she was at times kind-hearted and good-natured; and the notion that she would have to order seventy-four unhappy persons to be put to death was inexpressibly dreadful.

Nor was she made at all more comfortable when the lord high commander of her forces, who thought that the lord chancellor had been talking quite enough, and wished to say something himself, gruffly asked the little Queen if she had seen the new invention for blowing up cities, so that five or six hundred houses, with all their inhabitants, could be set on fire and tossed up in the air in five minutes. Mary faintly answered No. And then the commander-in-chief proceeded to explain how the beams and walls of the houses, and the heads and arms of the men, women, and children within them, were blown to pieces. And he added, that her majesty would have an opportunity in a few days of seeing it tried on a grand scale, and in a very interesting way, for that to-morrow he should wait upon her majesty for her orders, and send a body of troops against a town which had revolted, and refused to pay taxes to the government; and that he hoped he should reduce them without difficulty by means of this grand invention. 'At any rate,' he said, 'her majesty would to-morrow issue her royal proclamation, declaring war against the Emperor of Muckakoykey. And as the emperor himself had purchased the secret of this invention, he would no doubt try it as well as the Queen herself,—nay, perhaps he might even march up to the capital, where they now were, in order to seize upon her majesty, and then there was no doubt that the two armies would endeavour to blow each other to pieces, and her majesty would be able to see it from her own window; unless, indeed,'—the commander-in-chief corrected himself—'unless, indeed, when her majesty led out her troops, mounted herself upon the one-eyed golden-horned rhinoceros, her enemies fled before her, which he himself thought most probable.'

At these words, which were uttered with a grim and terrible smile, and took it for granted that poor little Mary was to be mounted again upon that dreadful animal, she turned pale and shivered all over. And though she scarcely dared to speak, she whispered to the fairy that indeed she was not well, and that she should like to go home; that she thought her mamma would be anxious about her, and in fact she did not wish to be Queen any longer. But the fairy either did not

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hear or pretended not to understand what she said, and only bowed and smiled, as if she assented and was pleased to see her majesty so happy. But poor Mary was really becoming very unwell—so unwell that even when the large and magnificent plum-cake—quite black with plums and sweetmeats, and frosted over with sugar—was set before her, and Maga informed her that it would be an agreeable condescension if she helped the lord chancellor to some with her own hand, she had no desire to eat any of it herself, and would willingly have given all the plum-cakes in the world to be safe at home once more in her little cot, with nothing to wear but her gingham frock, and nothing to eat but roast mutton and potatoes.

I think I may as well pass over the remainder of this magnificent banquet, towards the end of which her majesty became so tired and so sleepy, that at last the prime minister was obliged to give the signal, and a procession being formed, little Mary was carried back to her private apartment (for she was too sleepy to walk) in the arms of the fierce and grim-looking commander-in-chief; and the ladies having put her into the grand crimson velvet bed without her knowing where she was, and scarcely what they were doing, she dropped off to sleep.

(To be continued.)

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WOMAN'S WORK IN THE TOWN AND COUNTRY PARISH.

BY CAROLINE M. HALLETT.

II.

MOTHERS' MEETINGS.

UNTIL the last few years it never seems to have occurred to any of the promoters of parish schemes to set on foot any kind of entertainments or gatherings exclusively for working women.

The wants of working *men* have been fairly well provided for on the whole. In most towns they have the chance of belonging to Mechanics' Institutes and Mutual Improvement Societies; they have reading-rooms and coffee-taverns, besides a public-house in nearly every street; while, in the country, the labourer is generally a member of some club which ensures him a certain amount of festivity in the course of the year, to say nothing of harvest homes and harvest suppers, and their modern development—the harvest festival.

And ever since national schools came into existence at all, school children have been in anything but oblivion. They are 'regaled' (why is this word invariably used?) yearly, if not oftener, in the most various ways. I have felt almost inclined to grudge the dinners of roast beef, the cake and tea, the Christmas trees in winter, and excursions into the country in summer, that fall to the lot of lucky school children nowadays, when I have thought of the hard-working, stay-at-home mothers of these same children, into whose lives the element of pleasure hardly ever seems to enter.

From one year's end to another there is little change or variety for working women. They toil as hard, or harder, than any class in the community. Let any one who doubts this imagine herself combining, or, more properly, trying to combine, the offices of cook, house-cleaner, laundress, and all in one small room. Besides this, a mother has often the charge of three or four young children to wash, dress, feed, and keep out of mischief. If she is ill, or ever so tired, she cannot lie down for half an hour, for there are the children scrambling about the house, and running the risk of scalding themselves to death; to say nothing of the making, mending, patching, and contriving that the clothes of the family involve.

And, generally speaking, it is the woman who bears the brunt of the battle with poverty. To her lot falls the difficult, incessant task of making those two troublesome 'ends' meet. If the food runs short it is not the hungry children who go without, nor the father, but it is the

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mother, to whom the sacrifice comes naturally and as quite an every-day matter. The Sunday dinner of two pounds of meat, divided, as I have known it, between eight people, is a puzzle, which the mother simplifies by leaving herself out of the calculation. There are many true heroines in this class, and more quiet, homely self-devotion than the world will ever know.

On the other hand, there is the darker side of the picture. Who has not known instances of how a tidy maid-servant can sink by degrees into a slatternly drudge, with all the energy crushed out of her by cares, anxiety, and hard times? And then comes the old, old story—the husband driven away from the dreary home to find comfort at the bright fireside of the public-house. Enough has been said and written about all this, we know it by heart, and the wives have come in for fully their share of blame.

And what of drunkenness among women? Alas! this is no mere phrase, but a sad and too common reality, as any district visitor among the lowest class in our towns can bear witness. Drink is often a woman's refuge from grief, remorse, or trouble; still more often a refuge from the dreariness of her hard, struggling life. What sort of existence may we suppose is enjoyed in those sad-looking courts, where no sun ever shines, and where the smoky atmosphere settles down and keeps even that next best thing to sunshine, daylight, from being full and broad? We, who live in cheerful, bright rooms, amid pleasant sights and sounds, with a dozen resources and amusements within our reach—books, fancy-work, music—try in vain to realise what life must be in these dusky abodes. The women look depressed and dispirited; and well they may. And I repeat there is no kind of wholesome recreation for them. Is it any wonder that many seek the only pleasure within their reach—the fleeting one of drink? If life looks *couleur de rose* for a few moments after the glass of gin is swallowed, shall we utterly condemn them? For is not society, the intercourse of friends, to us a *mental alcohol*, only of a far less hurtful kind?

Then there is the fault, so common among working women (and here perhaps town and country are alike), that of passionate temper. Again and again one has been reminded of the tongue being, if not literally a fire, at any rate a most dangerous member. There is something very fearful in the demon Anger, but it does almost 'possess' some women. And of all the evils that it causes, the worst is that this want of self-restraint in wives and mothers takes away from what should be such a mighty power—their influence for good over husbands and children. She who cannot rule her own spirit must fail in ruling her woman's kingdom.

Yes, 'woman's influence,' though a well-worn phrase, ought to be, in good earnest, one of the powers of the earth. If we inquire into the history of families, it is not a little striking how extraordinarily much

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depends on the mother. The father is the occasional influence, the mother the continual, and (because she is a woman) the stronger one. It is the children of mild and loving, yet self-disciplined, women, who turn out the best in after life. For self-control, especially of that kind learnt in the school of Him 'Who when He was reviled, reviled not again,' gives a power over others of the noblest and most lasting kind.

If, then, it be granted that there are evils to be remedied, is it not especially the work of ladies, to whom much has been given, to attempt the cure? We will not stand aloof in judgment, but go lovingly and patiently among our sisters, not resting until we have won a vantage-ground from which to help them—the sure vantage-ground of friendship. And thus it is that of late years a real effort has been made to encourage and help the working woman on her way, to point out to her where rest is to be found for the most heavy laden, to make her influence stronger, and her life happier as well as nobler and better.

I do not know who was the first person who thought of Mothers' Meetings, but at any rate the idea was a happy one. The alliteration of the name caught everybody's ear, and, what was more, the missing link which had so long been wanting was supplied. Nothing could have been better than the suggestion of gathering working mothers together away from their busy homes, and providing them with amusement, fresh thoughts, and at the same time interweaving some amount of pleasant instruction.

In many parishes this is now a recognised part of parochial work, and from the original scheme has diverged several branches. From a Mothers' Meeting have sprung clubs for clothing and bedding, and money in small sums is brought week by week, even by the poorest, who, without the influence of the Mothers' Meeting, would not or could not have learnt even the first lesson in the invaluable art of saving. And under the plea of employing the fingers—which might be restless even if the minds are interested—needlework has been introduced, and each woman is asked to make a garment, of which she is allowed to become the purchaser afterwards, thus securing her interest in her work.

But, after all, the object of a Mothers' Meeting is to get at the *minds* of working women, and to rub from them a little of the dust of their toilsome lives; and so the needlework should occupy, generally speaking, a rather secondary place, or even in some cases be omitted altogether.

There is hardly a parish or even a district in which a Mothers' Meeting could not be established and carried on, no matter whether the population be large or small. Nor is any special talent needed for organising it. A teacher or nurse may require especial qualifications for her post, but any educated woman may conduct a small gathering

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of women without fear of failure; for a Mothers' Meeting does not want elaborate machinery nor expensive outlay, and is in reality a very simple affair.

Here, then, is a field of work for ladies, and work of the most definite kind. Will not some, nay, many, undertake it for the sake of their poorer sisters, and for Him Who sat at meat at a working woman's board, and Whose mother toiled and spun in the quiet village home of Nazareth?

And indirectly our influence will reach the husbands and sons of these said mothers. Are not mothers the real teachers of mankind?

The first practical step to be taken is, to *house* your Mothers' Meeting, *i.e.* to procure a room suitable for the purpose. In the country parish there is seldom any public room or hall that is available, so the meeting must not be ambitious, but must restrict itself to the limits of a cottage. It is always sound philosophy to content oneself with such materials as exist, instead of giving all up because we cannot find the precise thing we want ready-made to our hand. A wise man once said that he had observed most successful undertakings began either in *a cellar or an attic*. A humble, quiet beginning is at any rate no drawback, but on the contrary often leads up with sure steps to greater things hereafter. In fact *small* Mothers' Meetings are the best in some respects. A very large gathering is apt to be unwieldy; and of course the larger the number of women, the less personal intercourse can there be between them and the lady managers. Even where there is a large room to be had, I would prefer two or three small meetings to one gigantic one.

A room that will hold fourteen or sixteen people, and is in a tolerably central position, will answer our purpose. It is better to *hire* than to borrow it, for the room is then the hirer's own for the time being, and its actual owner suffers no loss through wear and tear, etc. Besides this, she is remunerated for the trouble of preparation and the cost of firing. Fourpence or sixpence a time is generally considered satisfactory payment, unless coals should be unusually dear, as they were a few years ago in the South of England, when I remember ninepence, the price of half a hundredweight, being charged.

Winter is always the best time for Mothers' Meetings, so that a blazing fire is quite indispensable, and is suggestive of welcome and kindliness, and all sorts of pleasant things. The most homely room may be made to look comfortable with a good fire. Physical warmth is a most real boon to poorly clad people, and indeed with everybody has an influence on minds and tempers.

About a dozen chairs may be wanted in addition to those in the house, and as plain rush-seated ones may be bought for 2*s.* each, 30*s.* with (say) a shilling or two in addition for hymn-books, will cover all expenses for a dozen meetings.

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But a Mothers' Meeting cannot be collected without a certain amount of trouble, which, however, I cannot think our lady manager will grudge bestowing on it. She must make what I can only call a *personal canvass* of the women for whom the meeting is intended, and begin by consulting them as to the day and hour to be fixed. The afternoon is of course a more leisure time than the morning, and they may very probably choose three o'clock as the most convenient hour. In one place I have known women attend willingly and regularly at half-past five, who either could not or would not come earlier in the day. And it may be so elsewhere; at any rate it is absolutely needful to the success of a meeting, that the right hour, *i.e.* that suiting the majority, should be chosen.

If the lady who proposes to have the meeting is no stranger to her neighbours, but is already on friendly terms with them, all these preliminaries are very soon arranged. Her views are warmly entered into, and there is a comfortable faith in any scheme she may propound. A comparative stranger has the ground less prepared for her, and it may seem up-hill work to go about among strange women describing a plan that appears to them only vaguely productive of good. Nevertheless *it must be done.* No class of people like to be treated *en masse*, but as individuals having a personality; thus each one need not be invited in precisely the same form of words, for each one's circumstances are different to those of her neighbours. Some need much persuasion, some little; but I need hardly say there should be the same courtesy shown as to ladies in our own class. Or if this canvassing be for any reason impossible (though I cannot see why it ever need be), it is far better than nothing, to send round written notices mentioning the day, hour, and place of the meeting. In any case it is as well to have some of these, to leave 'next door,' if the inhabitants of any house are out, and as a general reminder to all. Nothing is more certain than that Mothers' Meetings succeed exactly in proportion to the amount of trouble and preparation bestowed upon them. The hearty interest of their promoters is reflected in everybody concerned, while on the other hand supineness is a terribly infectious quality! If there be unwearying love and zeal and pains, there cannot be absolute failure, however cheap and homely the machinery or the materials may be with which we have to work.

And now the preparations being completed, we will pass on to the meeting itself. Everybody, by dint of a little crowding, has been seated, and everybody has been kindly welcomed by the lady, who is a kind of hostess on the occasion. If it has been decided to have needlework, the garments which have been cut out beforehand, are distributed, and all is in readiness. The most suitable beginning is a short religious reading of the most simple and intelligible kind. It need not be a sermon, but be direct and familiar, and suited, if

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possible, to the special wants of working women. The difficulty often is to find books that are clear and simple enough, and chapters that are *short* enough for this purpose. Alas! how many excellent writers I have found too discursive and *wordy* to be of any use; for our audience cannot follow a long train of thought, far less an argument obscured by unfamiliar words. A great test of a good book is whether it 'reads' well aloud, and keeps the attention of the listeners fixed and unflagging. There is an *instinct* which every reader ought to have, whether the words she is reading are doing their duty as words should, picturing scenes to the mind's eye, penetrating, thrilling, and moving hearts, or whether the whole is not falling distressingly flat, without really reaching any inner chord. I have felt hot all over with the painfulness of the latter sensation.

There should be *rapport* between a reader and her audience, and, if the former is experienced and capable, she will not read straight on, like a clock that is wound up to go a certain time, but she will boldly skip, simplify hard words, and interpolate others when they are needed to make the sense clear; she will stop to explain an allusion if she sees a look of perplexity on the faces. Once I was reading a passage in which the word 'unselfishness' occurred several times. It evidently conveyed nothing to my audience, until I stopped, and said with a smile, 'I knew a mother once who made a jacket for her little boy out of some dark flannel that had been given her for a petticoat. Now she put *herself* second, not first; and that is what is meant by "unselfishness."'

A reading should, like a Sunday-school lesson, be got up beforehand, and anecdotes and illustrations sought for, so that it will not consist of a single passage read from a single book, but from two or more.

If it is possible to dispense with reading altogether (though not with books as helps in preparation), so much the better; I mean that it is really the best plan, when it can be done, to *talk* to a Mothers' Meeting, much in the same way that some teachers talk and tell stories to a class, and for the same reason, namely, that far more interest is aroused by a narrative or lesson given in the teacher's own words, than one in those of somebody else read out of a book. And in everyday life, if we want to convince a friend of any truth, or win him over to our side of a question, we do not *read*, but *speak*, as a matter of course. The most silent person can find words, when he is thoroughly in earnest.

I do not see in what respect a Mothers' Meeting differs from an adult Bible-class; if a woman may, without stepping out of her province or 'usurping authority,' address one, she may address the other, as simply and naturally as she is able, asking occasional questions if she finds her audience inclined to respond.

Everybody, however, who conducts a Mothers' Meeting cannot do this, from shyness or inaptitude; but everybody *can* read aloud, and

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with a little trouble can choose passages which not only will be effective and telling at the time, but will suggest thoughts that may be carried home to sweeten the daily round of hard homely work.

For what, after all, is the aim and object of all efforts such as Mothers' Meetings, but to make religion an abiding influence, a real guiding power of life, a cheering, living faith in a living, personal Saviour? Often we find an undefined impression among working women that there is not time nor necessity for much religion in their daily lives, but that devout thoughts may be put aside and kept as a particularly suitable accompaniment for sickness or old age. Yet all the time many have a longing for something more than this—a thirst, for it is nothing less, for present help, and comfort, and peace. And thus no thought is more welcome, next to the central one of the Redemption, than that of the continual presence of Christ with His people, and of His intense human sympathy with the weary and heavy laden.

Such a story as that of the woman of Samaria coming to Jesus, whose daughter was grievously vexed with a devil, is at once keenly appreciated; her woeful cry, her boldness, her persistence, come home to every mother on whose heart anxiety has ever pressed—for all mothers know what anxiety is, in some shape or other.

Next may follow about ten minutes of secular teaching; and this should be literally teaching—clear, simple, bright. It should be on a subject which we may briefly name Health in the House (to borrow the title of Mrs. Buckton's excellent little book). This may be divided into sections, somewhat as follows:—Fresh Air, Pure Water, Food, Temperance, Management of Children.

I do not recommend any one book, for I do not know of any quite suitable for reading aloud *verbatim;* but there are many excellent ones * from which facts, which are the bones and framework of our lesson, can be collected.

And if any one should ask if this secular teaching is a necessity, I would answer in all reverence that I believe it ought to come next to religious knowledge. Nay, is not this self-same knowledge religious in a sense? Is not the human body a Divine thing made in God's image, and is it not religion to keep it pure, and sound, and healthy?

And yet what do we find in our great towns? Whole families 'below par' as to health, children and adults in a weakly unhealthy state—just the state that furnishes so fertile a soil for scarlet and typhoid fever, and all the other diseases classed under the head of 'preventible.' And I would say in all humility that I believe many

* *Health in the House;* Longmans. *Food and Cookery;* Longmans. *Pathway of Health;* Jarrold. *First Lessons in Health;* Macmillan. *Temperance Primer;* National Temperance League. *Advice to a Mother,* by Chavasse. Miss Nightingale's *Notes on Nursing.*

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another disease (probably nine-tenths of children's diseases), are 'preventible;' and 'preventible' by whom? By mothers.*

For instance, I have known a mother stuff her young infant with thick farinaceous food, which it is utterly unable to digest; then because it cried at night (as well it might!) give it soothing syrup, which is slow poison; and finally when the child's sufferings reached a climax, in the shape of fits or convulsions, send for the doctor. He, if a sensible man, points out the error, and gives a bottle of medicine; but alas, it is not the advice which is believed in, but the medicine. There is a triumphant belief in medicine which is quite indescribable, in poor women! Prevention is so flat, cure so dramatic and piquant. Such is my theory to account for the strange preference. Yet let us *try* at any rate to advocate prevention. Let us point out what gloriously-constructed machines human bodies are; how little they need the interference of drugs; how true it is that the closer we keep to Dame Nature, the safer we shall be.

But if we thwart nature, if we persist in supplying bad air for the wondrously-constructed lungs to breathe, or unsuitable food for the organs of the stomach to digest; if we keep that porous beautiful covering we call skin, choked up with poisonous particles, what is the result? Dame Nature *will be revenged*, and a low imperfect state of health, if not positive disease, ensues. And doctors' stuff can no more set to rights in a few days what has been going so terribly wrong, than a gardener can immediately straighten and restore an unhealthy tree that has grown crooked. Nay, can he restore it *at all* to what the Creator meant it to be?

Health then, and all that bears upon it, should occupy a prominent place in the teaching of a Mothers' Meeting. And it is a root from which springs many branches; I have only indicated a few of them. Cookery springs naturally out of the food question, and food is closely alied to its procurer—money.

And from thence branches out the important subject of thrift, in connection with which we may explain the valuable aids to saving, and purchasing annuities which are now offered by Government through the Post-office, about which all needful information may be gained from Mr. Fawcett's little book to be had at any post-office.

The temperance question bears materially upon thrift; the amount of money saved by total abstinence being, on the whole, the most convincing argument to use in its favour.

Thus we have ample materials on which to found a whole 'course' of secular lectures; but they must be brief—and not only brief, but clear and vivid. Your facts may be few, but they should be telling ones. It is of no use perplexing the minds with many elaborate explanations,

* The number of children who died in Leeds in 1872, was 1,170. Now it is not likely that the death-rate in Leeds is higher than that of other great towns.

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but a single truth reiterated in various forms, such as the good of fresh air, will in time penetrate even a dull or prejudiced mind.

And now we will pass on to the second part of the meeting. But it is by no means a bad plan to have a little singing by way of interlude. Hymns have too strong a hold on the popular taste to be neglected altogether at a Mothers' Meeting. Very likely the women will be shy of hearing their own voices at first, but they will join in one by one after a time, as the tunes become more and more familiar. If a harmonium can be bought, borrowed, or hired, it is the greatest possible help, as it gives a comfortable solid foundation, even if the voices *are* wavering at first. It is best to have no great variety of tunes, but a few bright lively ones, not droned out, but sung in the spirited modern manner.

Such a hymn as 'Daily, daily, sing the praises,' * with its cheery Tyrolese tune, is sure to become popular, and will soon carry hearts and voices with it.

There is often a strong love of music in poor women; and it sometimes seems a little hard that the taste should so seldom be gratified when ladies have their piano at hand as a very potent soother and consoler. Who has not known half the worries and vexations of the day cleared off by evening music, by the soft rush and rhythm, may be, of one of Mendelssohn's Songs without Words?

And the simple music that is within the reach of a Mothers' Meeting need not be despised, for it is not ineffective in its way unless anybody is decidedly devoid of a musical ear. I remember one woman of whom her neighbours used to say that she had such a *lonely* voice, and certainly she had a peculiar isolated manner of singing tunes of her own quite irrespective of the one going on, yet with a calm pleasure in the performance that was truly edifying!

And now for a story to be read aloud. There is no doubt that this part of the meeting will be looked forward to with pleasure. Some of the women (the elder generation especially), are not educated enough to enjoy reading to themselves, or at least they are apt to be baffled by the comparative lengthiness of a story, and can only plod their way by slow degrees through a simple religious book or tract. And thus to listen to a tale read aloud by a lady, with fluent clearness, is a new and keen pleasure. Most vivid and *real* to them very often, is what they hear in this way. There is a look of enchained attention on the faces which shows how strong the enchantment is. And surely the world of Fiction *is* enchanted ground, where home cares and troubles cannot come, or at least are forgotten for a little space; and this in itself is no slight refreshment to people who live in a most drudging, matter of fact, work-a-day world.

* The S.P.C.K. Parochial Mission Hymn-book contains this hymn, and is a suitable collection for the purpose.

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Happily, in these days, there is little difficulty in the choice of stories. Surely this is a century unsurpassed for fiction! In a homely way nothing more pathetic has been written than some of Hesba Stretton's stories and Mrs. Sewell's ballads, such as *Mother's Last Words*. Truly noble works they are, that have been able to touch the best and tenderest chords of many hundred thousand hearts! We must not underrate the emotional element in stories; very possibly the feeling aroused may be called transient, yet it does not wholly pass away without leaving some refining and purifying effects on the whole nature,—as in a shower, the greater mass of raindrops evaporate, but *a few* find their way to the hidden roots under the ground.

A Mothers' Meeting will thoroughly enter into the pathos of the parting between Transome and his old wife in the *King's Servants*: 'The Lord knows that I love thee more now than when we were wed. Dost remember, lass? But tell me quick what were those words thee learned me afore we came into the house? "Faithful unto death," quick, Ally.' Words such as these have often a stronger hold over the memory than those of the most eloquent and telling sermon.

Then there is another class of stories not quite so popular, on subjects that may be generalised as thrift and industry. Sometimes these are a little too direct, and too obviously written 'for the working class' to suit their taste; still they have a power of stirring the slothful, who are apt to forget that such things *are* attainable as a clean bright home, the furniture shining with polish, the tiles beautifully red, the boards exquisitely white, &c. &c.

There is no need to put the moral into so many words. It is unnecessary to say that the best tales are those which speak for themselves, and are not overloaded with 'reflections' at every step of the way. If a good tale is heavily weighted in this way, I fear there is nothing for it but most unconscientious skipping.

And now I will say a word about what is a very pleasant offshoot of the Mothers' Meeting—the mothers' tea party. Just as scientific societies have their *conversaziones*, when the 'feast of reason' is met by a feast of material kind, so will we entertain our society in a similar way. There is nothing that 'it' enjoys so much as cups of tea, with cake and bread-and-butter, eaten and drunk, deliberately, and comfortably, in a warm cosy room. The cost is not great (about 8*d*. per head), and the trouble is certainly not overwhelming, for if our available room is small, then let us invite half our number of mothers one night, and half the next.

After tea there may be reading aloud, or games, such as 'The Old Soldier,' or 'How, When, and Where.' A bran pie, stuffed full of trifling presents, is very popular, and every dip is greeted with shouts of laughter. Ah, it is pleasant to hear the sounds, and to see smiles beaming out on worn, anxious faces, that perceptibly soften as the

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evening goes on. Truly the teapot is a most effective missionary if we want to win and warm hearts.

And those provoking *bêtes noirs*—shyness and awkwardness, or the simple difficulty of not knowing what to talk about, that will ever and anon haunt us in our cottage visiting, all these vanish away as though by magic when everybody meets in the same room. Tongues are loosed, and yet because the entertainers are ladies, there is a gentle check on voices that might grow noisy. But on the whole it is wonderful how refined and courteous many of our mothers are, especially when seen in the character of guests. There is a charm in being entertained, and ill-humour and roughness might almost be supposed to have dropped out of existence during the rose-coloured two hours of our mothers' tea-party.

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SHAKSPERE TALKS WITH UNCRITICAL PEOPLE.

XI.—THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

(*Supposed date* 1596; *published* 1600.)

How pleasant it would be if some magic power could give us a picture of the circumstances in which Shakspere got hold of the first suggestions of his people and their adventures. Our dear Hans Andersen declares that every genuine story comes knocking at the brain-door of the man who must tell it; if so, to what myriads of fairy knocks must Shakspere's mental door have resounded! How did the *Merchant of Venice* first present itself? Perhaps Shakspere was turning over his Holinshed, a little tired of kings and queens, with their fights and struggles; and perhaps the day was hot, and visions of cool lapping streams and fair moonlight nights in that unlucky deer-park at Stratford mingled in his head, and then perhaps through the casement he heard some street minstrel droning out the 'Ballad of the Crueltie of Gernutus the Jew,' to the tune of 'Black and Yellow,' and scraps of Italian novels telling the same story came back to his mind, and all these things mixed themselves together till he awoke from his day-dream with a start, knowing what his next play was going to be like. He had two stories to go upon—that of 'The Cruel Jew,' and the 'Fair Lady of Belmont with the Caskets,' both well known to the Italian romancers, from whom he probably got them in their separate form. Not that he was the first to put them together, for an old play existed previously which represented 'the greed of worldly chusers and bloody minds of Usurers:' this description is all which now remains of it, but the title sufficiently indicates the two stories it combined. Going further back for the origin of the plot, the tale of the 'Caskets' is found in the 'Gesta Romanorum,' in a shape closely corresponding to our version; and that of the pound of flesh, with most of the incidents which Shakspere uses, is in *Il Pecorono*, a set of romances written about 1378, by one Ser Giovanni, a notary of Florence. Both stories are dramatic in themselves, and give ample room for the display of most varied characters; *perhaps* they do not combine quite easily, and we may feel, in reading the play, the Casket scenes to be superfluous; but then they were meant to be acted, and when well acted are delightful, greatly helping us to form our estimate of Portia. This, however, is anticipating.

After the fragmentary splendour of *King John*, we should thoroughly appreciate the dramatic completeness of the *Merchant*, which goes on steadily working up our interest to one grand climax, and, when the

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principal excitement is over, keeps us pleasantly curious to know how it all ends, and how Bassanio makes it up with Portia after giving away her ring. We should notice at the same time that this sustained interest is not derived from one great character as in *Richard III.*; here all the characters are developed freely, not interfering with each other. Antonio may be considered as the central figure; but, instead of overshadowing the rest, he rather serves as a point of union connecting characters otherwise far apart. What with the exciting story, the picturesque scenes, the force and the grace of the people represented, the pathos in some parts, and the fun in others, we cannot wonder that the *Merchant* remains one of Shakspere's best-loved plays. It is delightful to read it, even more delightful to see it acted, perhaps most delightful of all to realise it to oneself without the limitations of the stage. Then each scene becomes a moving picture, full of all the beauty of Venice, the transparent atmosphere, the heaving sea, the stately buildings, all setting off the human figures in the foreground. Any tolerable picture of Venice will show us some spot, some grand staircase or shady colonnade, where we may fancy Antonio standing with his friends, looking down at the deceitful waves to which he has trusted his fortunes. Antonio's first words suggest the standing puzzle of his character, which gives him the peculiar fascination belonging to anything mysterious. From whence comes the gentle melancholy which pervades the whole nature of this prosperous merchant, this true gentleman, so worthy in himself, so deeply beloved by others? Shakspere never explains the mystery, so we may imagine either something in Antonio's antecedents to account for his gravity, or else a natural sad turn of mind, which only now and then becomes manifest to his associates. He is never bitter nor morose, but a certain stately sadness rests upon him, making him appear years older than his lively friends. Yet it is mostly in relation to his friends that we see anything of Antonio; he stands as the representative of friendship in its highest form of unselfish devotion, even while suggesting all sorts of interesting possibilities in his own past and future. How this suggestiveness increases among Shakspere's people as we leave the early plays behind! Among the great tragedies and comedies we find ourselves thinking out the possibilities of the characters as if they were alive now, while previously we were content with what was shown us of their histories. Antonio's is the only grave face in the group around him, for the rule of contraries seems to draw to him these merry-tempered men who are all fond of him, notwithstanding his sober ways. Not that they are all of one pattern. First we have Salario and Salarino, ordinary sort of good-humoured men, who try to understand Antonio, and if they fail it is not their fault. Then come in the three lovers of the story, each differing widely from the others, but all such good fellows. Bassanio is simply the perfection of a romance hero—that handsome, charming adventurer, who gets through

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marvellous perils, killing giants and rescuing distressed damsels, the dear 'third brother' in a fairy tale, bound to succeed where his elders have failed. He is Valentine in the *Two Gentlemen* again, older, more developed and experienced, but as hearty, frank, gallant, and lovable as the earlier hero. Everybody likes him (he has better luck in his friends than poor Valentine), Antonio gives him the intense affection of a calm but deep nature. Lorenzo is a little pushed out of sight by the other people; otherwise he would make a good enough hero if he had more room to show himself. He is a more complete adventurer than Bassanio, which does not exclude a strong dash of poetical feeling and sentiment. Then between the two looks out that absurd, saucy Gratiano, who really likes Antonio while completely misunderstanding him. His lecture to Antonio always recalls Landseer's *Dignity and Impudence*, though there is plenty of sense mixed up with the delightful fooling. Gratiano is not malicious, nor even excitable like Mercutio, only bubbling over with wit and fun, and not greatly caring who gets a splash of it. Don't we know the sort of man whom he reviles so comically? A solemn pompous being trying to be important and look wise; not really a bit like Antonio, by the way, though he winces a little at the mischievous description. Gratiano is evidently licensed to play the fool among his companions, and we hear his merry laugh as he whisks Lorenzo off, leaving Antonio and Bassanio to settle their affairs. In the quiet passage of conversation which follows, how much is suggested of both characters. Bassanio, sanguine and adventurous, longing to try his chance with Portia, yet hesitates to ask his friend to help such a wild scheme; he tries to lead up to the proposal, but Antonio brings him to the point with that perfect calm confidence which says far more than fierce protestations of affection. He never even enters into the question whether Bassanio will succeed or not, nor says that he will grant his request; but as soon as he knows what is wanted, he simply takes steps to procure it, as if his helping Bassanio is so entirely a matter of course as not to be worth mention. So it appears to Antonio.

Now (Act i. sc. 2) Shakspere changes to his other story, and shows us 'the faire lady of Belmont' in her splendid house, chafing at the hard fate which bars her from her maiden right of choice of a mate. It is very hard on her, for imagine if ill luck had given her to the horsey Neapolitan or the drunken Saxon, or even the handsome, unintelligible Englishman. Portia has but one fault; she is just a little bit too perfect; you can hardly think of a quality that a woman should have which she lacks. True, generous, bright, wise, full of all pure feeling, strong to act as well as feel, quite capable of standing alone, and equally capable of superbly giving herself away, no wonder so many want to get her. She is no unnatural creature either, above common things, but a happy-tempered girl, glad to drop her dignified proprieties and have a little fun with her companion; Nerissa being something above

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a mere maid. There is no spite in Portia's mockery of her lovers; she takes herself slightly to task for making game of them, but really she cannot help it, they are such a queer set. The obvious parallel conversation in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* here should be compared with this, if only to notice how far more vividly Portia sketches off her suitor's characters than Lucetta could do for Julia (*Two Gentlemen*, Act i. sc. 2). Also in the former story the heroine sought advice from her confidant; here she gives her own opinion, and the difference is in complete harmony with Portia's self-reliant character. The orphan heiress of Belmont has been forced to depend on herself, and the result is that throughout the play she preserves a clear understanding of herself and a just confidence in her powers of executing what she undertakes.

Certainly she suffers a good deal with those caskets. It is hard enough for her to have her fate settled in that most uncomfortable fashion, without being kept in agonies of suspense while her lovers speechify; and, unluckily, there seems to be something in the very sight of the caskets which sets them talking. Even Bassanio philosophises about beauty and outward appearance in a way which is, under the circumstances, exasperating, especially when he goes off into those gruesome remarks about false 'dead' locks flaunted on a second head, while the skull that bred them mouldered in the sepulchre. Why had Shakspere such a violent dislike to false hair? He never resists a fling at it.

In both the first and second casket scenes (Act 2, sc. 7 and 8) there is the same element of comedy, the contrast between the conceit of the Princes and Portia's politely hidden terror lest they should succeed. The scenes, otherwise monotonous, become exciting enough when we realise what Portia undergoes while each suitor tries his luck. Thus we can fancy her agony of fear while the dark Morocco actually stands with his hand on the leaden casket, and the delicious relief when he proclaims, 'I'll then nor give nor hazard aught for lead.' How she would glance shyly at Nerissa, and hide her triumphant face behind her great fan, lest her looks should betray her!

The old stage direction makes a number of people be present at each of these trials, but we cannot help wondering how the secret was kept among so many, unless they were all marvellously discreet.

No doubt these short scenes are not meant to be of as much importance as the events in the other story which goes on at Venice, and now brings before us the most powerful figure of all—the terrible, immortal Shylock. People have taken to whitewashing the Jew lately, making out that there is a good deal to be said for him, and that most of his viciousness came from the injustice with which he and his race were treated by the Antonios of Venice. Undeniably Shakspere does suggest all that side of the case in his own impartial fashion, yet, allowing for every debasing influence, surely Shylock still remains a

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wonderful representation of a cruel crafty nature, hardened by the life-long practice of griping extortion and relentless avarice. Antonio's character *is* flawed by his fierce intolerance of the Jew, even though it is really excited far more by Shylock's usurious practices than by his nationality, just as Shylock hates Antonio worse for lending money gratis than for all the scorn he has heaped upon him. Here would come in a curious question as to what Shakspere knew of Jews, as they had been expelled from England in 1286. He might have met Jews elsewhere; yet it would be worth knowing how much anti-Jew feeling survived in England in Shakspere's day, and whether he had seen any of the sentiments which he represents here displayed in action, but this would lead us too far afield at present. It is really difficult to discuss Shylock's scenes from their very fulness, the variety of points of character disclosed, and the endless mental phases which are suggested. Ideas are crowded so thick together that one is forced to pass over a great deal of extreme interest, where one would willingly linger. The first scene where we meet Shylock exemplifies this (Act i., sc. 2). He is considering the subject of the loan to Antonio, and he passes so rapidly from one idea to another that we can barely keep up with him. Avarice, fear of loss, hatred, revenge not prompted by one motive but many, overmastering passion forcing its way through every barrier of prudence, all these various points are suggested in a few lines. At the same time his individuality is intense and unmistakeable; we could never put a line of his into the mouth of any one else; he is always terribly real, and always fiercely in earnest. He can use an Oriental cunning at times, as when he fawns on Antonio, but underneath it, his passion glows like a furnace. We may imagine that his calculations, and so on, audibly made about the bond, just give him time to shape out a plan for entrapping Antonio, as he has evidently not thought it all out till after his first aside. Surely it is not possible to read the scene without mentally hearing and seeing it, the impressions which it creates are so strong and distinct. We must see Shylock's intense and bitter hatred overpowering restraint, glittering in his black eyes, quivering in his voice; we fancy we hear the sharp biting tones; and on the other hand rises a vision of Antonio's calm scorn, too serenely proud for many words, with a sort of stately repose about his whole bearing, something like a Vandyke portrait. With all Antonio's presumable experience, it is curious that he should be duped by the Jew's readiness to assist him, where Bassanio is doubtful and suspicious. Shylock is so intensely fierce, and Portia's lovers are so slow and solemn, that we begin to want somebody to laugh at, when we seem to come round the corner and find Launcelot Gobbo debating matters between the devil and his conscience (Act ii., sc. 2). He is certainly a descendant of our old friend Launce, but with an added drollery and vigour. He is not at all a bad fellow, as he makes that delicious bit of broad farce with

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his old father, puzzling him with 'the Sisters Three and such branches of learning,' but stopping his nonsense when the old man becomes distressed. Launcelot's happy knack of putting the cart before the horse is enough to mystify clearer brains than old Gobbo's: even Bassanio has some difficulty in finding out what he wants, and the comic effect of his perplexity is heightened by the stage business, which makes old Gobbo wander off in all directions, and Launcelot grab frantically at him to get him back to Bassanio.

It is not difficult to see why Bassanio got through his money: nobody can ask him for anything and be refused; even reckless Gratiano has but to say he has a request to be told it is granted; no wonder the young gentleman wanted to marry an heiress. His relations with Gratiano are curious: the friends seem at first to be perfectly on an equality; then suddenly Gratiano drops down into Bassanio's follower, almost servant, marries the waiting-woman, and seems quite content with his position. Of course Bassanio rises in proportion from the spendthrift adventurer into the wealthy master of Belmont, but the violent change seems odd. It is a pity that we have not a chance of seeing how Gratiano kept his promise of comporting himself at Belmont with such edifying propriety; we fancy he must have broken down sometimes when Bassanio was not looking.

There is another matter on which we should like a little more information, and that is the love-story of Lorenzo and Jessica. The fair Jewess is overshadowed by more important people, and accordingly her character is rather suggested than exhibited. How came she to be so unlike Shylock? In her own fashion she is as fearless and confiding as Portia herself, trusting Lorenzo implicitly, as if all the faith of her heart has been kept for her lover. She does slightly shock us by her indifference to her father, and her carelessness about leaving him for ever; but, after all, could anything else be expected? Mere instinctive affection is easier worn out than everybody supposes; and how could Shylock elicit anything more when he valued his ducats far above his daughter? Pretty Jessica understands this, we may be sure, and contents herself with seeming to obey him as long as she is with him; but she is sick of her dull loveless life, and at last, exerting the cunning of oppressed weakness, she outwits Shylock, and escapes to love and liberty with Lorenzo. She makes a pretty picture in the torchlight (Act ii. sc. 6), hesitating in her charming shyness at her page's disguise; then she plunges boldly into her new life and seems to revel in it, flinging money right and left, and breaking into wild extravagance in the violent reaction from the old repressed existence. Jessica is certainly not a high type of heroine. Though she has plenty of good in her, she has, for instance, no conscience about helping herself to her father's hoards; partly perhaps from being his natural heir, she thinks less of it, and his house was not one to encourage much delicacy of feeling in money matters.

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Her disappearance (Act iii., sc. 1) arouses the strongest mixture of feeling in Shylock, wrath predominating—wrath at his losses, at the cunning which has vanquished him, at the impossibility of recovering Jessica or the ducats. Mixed up with all this is a sense of disgrace at her flight, especially as it is a Christian who has carried her off. That his Jewish daughter should thus give up her nation touches Shylock almost as nearly as that a Christian should profit by the ducats so hardly wrung from Christian hands.

After Bassanio's departure from Venice (Act ii., sc. 8) we come to a confusion of time in the story, because we cannot any way fit in the three months of the bond, unless we imagine Bassanio to stay nearly all that time at Belmont, which is hardly likely. We have to ignore the time as far as he is concerned, and only think of the sequence of events in Venice. Here we suppose several weeks to pass between the first and second times that Salanio and Salarino discuss Antonio's affairs (Act ii., sc. 8, and Act iii., sc. 1), during which period the news of Antonio's loses comes to Venice, and Tubal vainly pursues Jessica all across Italy. We take up the story about a fortnight before the bond falls due, and Salanio and Salarino conveniently act chorus to explain the events of the interval, showing a sincere regard for Antonio, especially in his falling fortunes, which disposes us to like them. The lapse of weeks has not at all cooled down Skylock's fury at Jessica's flight; the very sight of Lorenzo's two friends sets him aflame again. He has neither the will nor the power to disguise his feelings, and Salanio's lightly spoken, 'Thou wilt not take his flesh: what's that good for?' brings out the famous and horrible, 'To bait fish withal!' followed by that wild torrent of passionate speech which shows the working of his fierce, relentless spirit. One longing fills his mind: 'Revenge, revenge!' he reiterates. To this point he is urged by motives bad and good—the resentment, surely not unnatural, at injustice to his whole race, the disappointment of the baffled extortioner; all sorts of stimulants excite the great passion.

In spite of all the hideousness of Shylock's character Shakspere will not let us forget the degree of right he has on his side, nor the wrongs he has suffered. But he is hideous, hardly ever more so than when in this scene. Tubal alternately plays on the themes of Antonio's ruin and Jessica's proceedings after her elopement, and Shylock's fiendish exultation at the one is only more revolting than his sordid distress at the other. On the last point, though, we must except the one matchless touch, 'It was my turquoise; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys!' which takes us for an instant back into some far-away region even in Shylock's life, when there was something to live for beyond ducats, and love was worth more than jewels. Only a glimpse of it is given us; the next moment we are shuddering again at the ferocious, 'I will have the heart of him if he forfeit.' It is no idle

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threat, for the next Venetian scene (Act iii., sc. 3) shows us Antonio ruined, vainly trying—and this itself is no slight penalty—to get a hearing from his implacable foe. The real strength of Antonio's character comes out as he renounces this attempt; he manfully faces his awful circumstances and resolves to bear them, answering his eager partizans, who would have him saved at the expense of law and justice, exactly in the same spirit with which Portia answers Bassanio's entreaties to 'wrest the law.' Antonio knows that the Duke must uphold the law for the sake of Venice, and therefore resigns himself, only wishing for the one consolation of Bassanio's presence. Really, it is almost a pity that Antonio does not marry Portia; there is a lofty strain in both, a passion of unselfish devotion which we do not find in the lucky Prince Charming, Bassanio, but perhaps Antonio and Portia are too much alike to have been happy together.

After having one's feelings harrowed by Shylock, what a relief it is to get away to Belmont, where everything is beautiful and harmonious. Portia in love (Act iii. sc. 2), gently troubled and agitated, trying in maiden shyness to hide her feelings, then letting them show in delightful honesty, is even more charming than the composed heiress whom we saw before, politely enduring her princely suitors. Girl-like, she does not want the time of uncertainty to be over—to her it is delicious; while Bassanio, man-like, cannot be happy in the sweet present, but longs to know his fate. Again she has to bear an agony of suspense while the caskets are studied, but in a very different spirit to the former occasions. Now she watches Bassanio with something of that curious sense of playing a part in some unreal show which most sensitive people feel at great crises in their lives. Considering that she is being thus tortured, we certainly should like to shorten Bassanio's monologue; but when he has had the wit to choose right, we cannot quarrel with his rhapsody over Portia's lovely picture, when he frankly recognises that neither it nor his praise can do justice to the fair original now standing almost overpowered by her intense happiness. It is to Bassanio's credit that he is slow to realise his success, and is modest in claiming his prize till Portia's own lips proclaim his triumph in the very sweetest, truest words that even Shakspere could put into a woman's mouth. Other heroines may utter grander speeches, grander and more pathetic it may be, but for perfect womanly grace, for simple feeling coming from a heart too true and pure to be troubled with false shame, where shall we match Portia's self-surrender? Where she gives her heart she gives all besides freely, entirely, delighting in it, counting everything too small to be reckoned a sacrifice for love, and rejoicing in the thought of resigning herself into better hands than her own. Of course, Bassanio is not good enough for her; who could be fully worthy of such devotion? But he has the sense to appreciate it, and not presume on it, which is more than would happen to every man; and

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he gives all tender reverence in his love to the fair queen who thus crowns him her king, and puts her ring on his finger.

Gratiano's style of describing *his* love-making quickly changes the current of our feelings after the excitement of the previous part of the scene. Truly he is exactly the man to love 'for intermission,' and saucy, shrewd Nerissa is perfectly capable of holding her own with him. This comical love affair gives a moment's change before the news of Antonio's danger comes to disturb everything. Portia might feel it hard that the first thing Bassanio shares with her should be a sorrow, but instead she claims part of it as her right; she has not given him everything to let him keep his troubles to himself, and he sorely needs her help after getting Antonio's letter with such a heart-breaking conclusion. Evidently Bassanio has quite dismissed from his mind the idea that Antonio could be endangered by the bond, and now he awakes to the fact in an agony between love for his friend and remorse at having thus injured him. Characteristically Portia wastes no words till she has grasped the facts of the case; then how she comes to the rescue with a superb indifference to the cost! she is only delighted to find that it is possible to save Antonio by such a poor thing as money. She sees at once what Bassanio ought to do, with loving tact makes it all easy for him, and sends him off without delay. There is evidently no great interval between his departure and her own, as if the notion of playing the lawyer soon occurs to her, and is quickly put into practice. We may judge that she fortifies herself with the legal opinion of her learned cousin Bellario, as well as his lawyer's equipment, though how she guesses that the Duke has appealed to this authority we cannot tell. Anyway, it all falls out luckily for her. In spite of her sympathetic interest in Bassanio's friend, Portia enjoys her adventurous undertaking, her spirits rise as she gets fairly into it, and leaves Belmont in the charge of Lorenzo and Jessica, with Launcelot to enliven them by his peculiar views on Jessica's conversion. By the way, Jessica's enthusiastic admiration for Portia is a pretty touch in her character.

Now the two threads of story combine into one, and we find ourselves coming to the famous trial scene (Act iv. sc. 1), where every speech, almost every sentence, is so full of interest and meaning that it is hard to pass lightly over them. It is wonderfully exciting, beginning calmly, and gradually growing more intense in interest, till at the climax we feel as if we must jump on the stage and by main force save Antonio from the knife. The various characters are so distinctly shown that surely the dullest must feel their living power. The Duke sweeps in, stately and venerable (we imagine him to be an old man, though nothing is said about it), sorry for Antonio, willing to try and move Shylock, but at the same time strictly upholding the justice of his court. Then Antonio, having got his one wish of seeing Bassanio again, has steadied himself into a grand calm, hopeless, but

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resolute to bear the worst with manly endurance. Only one thing he seems to dread—any prolonging of the trial; nearly all he says expresses his wish to expedite matters and end the terrible suspense. Antonio can be resigned for himself, but Bassanio cannot attempt to be so for him; no wonder, under the circumstances. We can hardly imagine a more distressing position than poor Bassanio's at this point, feeling himself utterly helpless to save the man who has risked his life for him. He is naturally too quick and impatient to reason or care about the principles of justice in the face of this misery; he wants to save Antonio anyhow; to his mind this horrible cruelty must be unjust, whatever the laws may be. The thing before him generally absorbs Bassanio. If he forgot Antonio's risk in his passion for Portia, now he would even lose Portia, if Antonio might thereby be saved. From head to heel he seems to tingle with suppressed excitement, which, in a lesser degree, is shared by Gratiano. With all his fun and recklessness, this wild being is really attached to Antonio, and feels keenly for him, though, in accordance with Gratiano's character, the feeling mainly expresses itself in fierce contempt for Shylock.

Opposed to the group of friends stands the Jew himself, striving to control his stormy passions so far as to be able to state his case coherently; but we feel he is on the point of bursting out all the time, which adds greatly to the thrilling effect of the whole scene. He is almost beside himself with exultation at the revenge which he deems certain, at the prospect of quickly gratifying his long-cherished desire; every moment which keeps him from his purpose is an age to him. His fear of the Duke's authority barely suffices to check the insolence of his triumph even when directly speaking to him; to the rest of the audience his whole tone is—

'I am not bound to please *thee* with my answers.'

His two curt responses to Bassanio distinctly show the man:—

Bassanio. 'Do all men kill the things they hate?'
Shylock. 'Hates any man the thing he would *not* kill?'
Bassanio. 'Every offence is not a hate at first.'
Shylock. 'What, would'st thou have a serpent sting thee *twice*?'

Hard, relentless, intensely bitter, every evil passion displayed in his frantic eagerness as he stands before us, we see why Shylock's name has grown into a proverb for that worst form of injustice which clings to the letter of the law, disregarding the spirit, and, after trampling on every sacred right and duty, turns round and asks of heaven and earth—

'What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?'

Shylock's argument about the slaves is an awkward one to answer. One *hopes* Shakspere put it in by way of delivering his mind on the fatal slave-trade which was in his time just growing up in England

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with even less show of justice than Shylock can claim for his bond. Opposition, and the fear that the Duke may by an arbitrary exercise of power overbear his legal claim, heat Shylock's temper more and more, and his feelings appropriately express themselves in that horrible whetting of his knife which makes us shudder with Bassanio, though why Gratiano should be moved to make such a vile pun about it we do not see, as the good fellow is thoroughly in earnest at the time. Was he ever so insulted in his life as when Shylock patronisingly calls him 'good youth'?

Then, just when most wanted, comes our sweet Portia, in her quaint disguise—a graceful, sober figure in that brilliantly coloured crowd, steady and self-possessed, though probably her heart beats fast enough. As before, we notice how briefly she speaks till she understands the facts of the case—is sure she is speaking to the right people, and so forth. Only after having thus cleared the way she gives her deduction from the points before her: 'Then must the Jew be merciful.' This calm, deliberate way of entering into the business gives added power to her subsequent appeal to Shylock's feelings—that description of mercy so exquisite in beauty and tenderness that we hear it with ever fresh delight. Mercy for mercy's sake is what Portia would fain draw from Shylock, even while intimating that nobody can force him to withdraw his claim. In her true justice, she gives Shylock every chance of doing right; she never assumes him to have no feeling,—she appeals, entreats, persuades; only when all fails she has recourse to her reserved power. Her union of inflexible resolution and intense tenderness is most strange and most beautiful; she is no weak sentimentalist, but thoroughly fair to everybody all round. It cannot be easy work for her to reject sternly Bassanio's passionate entreaties, and cause Antonio to feel himself on the verge of death; but justice is dearer to Portia than them both, and she will not be hurried till she has done right by Shylock, and put before him all the good of yielding. He, of course, catches with panting eagerness and delight at her full recognition of his legal rights, reckoning her on his side, and admiring and applauding till it is almost unbearable. Portia has to be very strong to seem to listen unmoved to Antonio's farewell to Bassanio, so full is it of unselfish affection, of pathetic anxiety to deliver his friend from the misery of self-reproach. Perhaps Portia shows the tension of her feelings by that sly little hit at Bassanio, when he wishes he could save Antonio even by sacrificing his wife:—

> 'Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
> If she were by to hear you make the offer!'

In one instant, however, she is as composed as ever, pronouncing with solemn dignity, while all the court hangs breathless on her words, her grave sentence—

> 'A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine:
> The court awards it, and the law doth give it.'

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We see the glitter of the knife as Shylock turns on his silent victim with the exulting yell, 'Come, prepare!' and then that soft inexorable voice says, 'Tarry a little; there is something else.' One must be very cold-blooded if one does not want to get up and shout when the scene reaches this climax.

Quite naturally, Gratiano is the first to find his tongue after the change in the prospect; we easily suppose Antonio and Bassanio to be bewildered by the violent reaction of feeling, but Gratiano is more elastic, and has no scruple in expressing his unmeasured triumph. There is something awful in the steadiness with which Portia refuses to let Shylock change his mind and take the money when he cannot get revenge. Bassanio would give him the gold directly, but Portia will not let justice be played with. Neither is she content with bringing Antonio off on what might be called a quibble; she clearly shows Shylock that the law to which he so confidently appealed is really against him, and that nothing is left him but to plead for that mercy which he refused before to Antonio. The sudden and complete reversal of the situation is almost bewildering. To Shylock it is as if a thunderbolt had fallen on him; his revenge is gone, and his money is lost, or he thinks so, and the world suddenly becomes a blank to him, in which the Duke's pardon seems only a doubtful good. It is just like Antonio to use the occasion to settle matters for his friend Lorenzo and his Jessica, and Shylock gets off easily enough in the matter of money. Antonio's other condition, of his becoming a Christian, strikes us as almost comical, considering what a mere form such a profession must necessarily be to Shylock. It has even been styled spiteful, as if it were an ingenious bit of revenge on Antonio's part, contrived to wound the Jew where he is most sensitive, but this seems utterly foreign to Antonio's character; and besides, he would believe himself to be rendering Shylock the highest possible service by forcing him to accept baptism. Nevertheless we feel it must nearly kill Shylock to utter that, 'I am content;' he has not a word with which to answer Gratiano's cruel taunts, and passes in silent despair from the court and out of our sight.

After the fierce strain of the trial, Portia's little tricks to wile her ring from Bassanio come as a welcome relief; and how prettily her mock indignation is acted when he refuses it. We fancy her saying, 'Well, peace be with you!' in the most provoking voice, and shrugging her shoulders as she walks off. To wind up all, what a delicious scene we get, after all the stir and bustle of Venice, in Portia's fragrant garden, lit by the wonderful moonlight of a summer night in Italy (Act 5). Here the married lovers, Lorenzo and Jessica, talk happily together, while lights twinkle and music sounds in the house to which Portia is returning, and all is peace and love and poetry.

Portia comes home so happy from her successful adventure, that she is ready for any fun; and when the time comes to perform her little

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comedy, she plays her part with infinite spirit. Her remonstrance with Gratiano for parting with Nerissa's ring has a delightful affectation of stately dignity, which she could not find it easy to sustain under the circumstances; and the whole mock quarrel is so well kept up, the two wicked girls supporting each so cleverly, that no wonder the innocent husbands are taken in. Portia, contriving to look indignant, while her eyes must be dancing with laughter, cruelly parodies Bassanio's pleading, and mystifies him completely, and then suddenly wheels right round and clears up everything. She bewitches her husband, delights Antonio, enriches Lorenzo, and finally vanishes from us like a good genius, scattering benefits around her.

In some respects the *Merchant of Venice* is apart from the other comedies. It stands above the previous ones both by dramatic completeness and the living power of the characters; and it differs from the later comedies because there is not yet the sad undertone which lies under the gaiety of, for instance, *As you like It*. The *Merchant of Venice* only points to bright conclusions; it shows us the worth of real friendship, the glory of real love; it says, 'Good will triumph in the end; true love will conquer all difficulty;' and it presents these bright morals, adorned with all the poetic beauty and alive with all the stirring force which Shakspere could find in his head and heart at this time of his life.

CONSTANCE O'BRIEN.

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A SKETCH FROM A DARK CORNER IN LONDON.

December 7, 1880.

'Oh, miss, is you better? Me and 'Arriet was worryin' awful about you yesterday, and 'Arriet wanted to come and see you.'

These were the words I first heard on Sunday, December 5th, at a certain coffee and lodging-house. I had had a headache on Saturday, and I am glad ''Arriet' didn't come. These words were uttered by the little 'slavey,' Susan; Harriet is her 'Co.'

I am staying at this *un*-westendish west-end place for a few nights with a friend, a lady who has been moved towards helping the girls and women of a small district, 'one too many' for the parish, and apparently 'one too many' for London to have noticed until quite lately. Laundry work is the means by which most of these girls and women subsist, and staying among them introduces one to human beings and lives curiously different from those within a very short distance, even among the poorer classes.

Other people have written and are writing about this district, and the people thereof; so that it only becomes me to say a little of what has struck me since my visit here.

Sunday is a quiet day at the 'Lily.' After giving out stores and preparing for selling from 1 to 3 P.M., we catch as many girls as possible to take to the iron church. I took a very large collection of prayer and hymn-books under my cloak, because the girls say they 'look funny' with them in their hands, and Tom, or Dick, or the other boys and men hanging about outside the public houses, 'larf so.' In church they behave very well, and join in the music lustily.

'Miss, did you see Lizzie and me go the other side of the road?' one girl remarked, when we had got safely back with only a 'Reeligious!' thrown at the girls. I *had* seen this; it was because two men were wrestling, in rough play, and 'we knew them fellars.' I wish they were always as modest!

Any ladies who stay and work with these girls are in a way by them self-constituted consciences.

'Miss, did you see me' (or us) 'dancing to the orgins?' is often asked—this organ dancing being a temptation to most, much too great to be resisted! the advent of the piano-organ being the great event of the day to many of the people living in the three streets we overlook.

Though the sad side of the lives of the poor people who live here forces itself upon one painfully, yet the comic is also very apparent,

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and if one cannot appreciate the latter, how can one have any of the hope and joy that is indispensable towards helping and trying to remove the former?

I cannot help seeing and hearing too much perhaps that is laughable.

Our head lady sent out our little Susan for some chops. She, poor child, is at present happy and free in her place, certainly freer than she would be in another, where it is not likely she would be allowed a good deal of noisy play, and to say what she thinks—her conversation, like that of most of our girls, alternating between bursts of coarseness (which, being carefully checked, get fewer every day) and childlike simplicity. Well, Susan had gone out with a shilling to buy chops. She returned, and with great pride laid fivepence on the table. Her mistress asked her how she had got them so cheap?

'Oh, the butcher, he says they was a shilling a pound. I says, "Get along; who do you think you're a serving?" and then he give me them for sevenpence.' This little 'marchioness' is about four feet odd high, and sixteen years of age!

As yet too untamed to be happy in a 'place,' which with our girls means to be launched in the great world too often without a friend to keep them straight—their own homes being the worst places they could be in—gradually only can the wild animal be tamed out of them.

It is a curious fact, but out of fourteen girls who have expressed a wish to be trained as servants, and have been carefully introduced into a Home for that purpose, only half the number have profited by all that has been done, they being far too tied and bound by a 'street life' and all its excitements to bear the restraint, mild though it is. They cannot bang about, and hit out at pleasure, and to be 'good' long is *too* much for them.

To hear them talk among themselves of the history and mystery of Julius' scars and the 'fun' they had last night makes one's flesh creep, and one listens with wondering fascination; a demur on our part would be received with a sort of pity. We, poor things, cannot understand. 'You're different; you're more gentle like.' In cooking, a girl remarked to me—'Ah, well, you see, you can't expect ladies to do it like us.'

The girls, gathered together to the number of twenty or more on Sunday, sing hymns with great spirit and enjoyment, I cannot exactly say with *feeling;* what is soft and tender is, at present, too foreign to them. It is touching to hear them singing many by heart, and nearly all in good time, hymns about purity, good lives, and heaven, knowing that these things have so little real place in their thoughts. They are with us till after ten, listening to a short address and a few prayers very quietly; then they go home, and the Sunday is supposed to be over.

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On the Sunday I write about we did not find rest as soon as our heads touched the pillows—or rather my friend (who was very tired) was in her first, sweet, well-won sleep—*I* (still courting 'Nature's soft nurse' at two A.M.) was roughly roused, and heard my friend wake up with surprise and horror by—'waits!'—a jarring cornet and harp playing songs and waltzes! 'What in the name of wonder is that?' quoth she.

We suffered for about half an hour. The people, not being inconveniently undressed, came out of their houses to sing and listen. We learnt next morning that Susan had done likewise. I think the poor of Notting Dale must be curiously constituted, so seldom tired, so *always* lazy (with a few exceptions), ever ready for the wildest style of excitement; from what we learn of Christmas and its pleasures they must suffer much in the pursuit of the latter.

How they endure ladies coming and trying to civilise is a mystery. Yet they rather consider they have a right to the time and thought that many of these interesting novelties give to them.

'Are you going?' 'Oh, miss, you ought to stay longer.' 'Does your ma want you?' 'Does she mind your staying here?' 'Will she thrash you if you don't go back?' 'How many servants does your ma keep?' One girl once said she had a right to live by herself and keep herself, she had found out the law of the case from the daughter of a judge who visits here. When asked if she had a father, she said, 'Yes.' 'Don't you like your father?' I questioned. 'Oh, yes, I likes him well enough; but, miss, you see, t'aint right to stay and be stamped and danced upon by him, is it?' &c. Poor souls! we have *some* things that they have not, and that we might help them to get, for which they might be the better and happier.

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DISAPPOINTMENT.

On Pisgah's height, the way of light
Clear shining out before him,
The Leader weeps, for God's Hand keeps
The sword of justice o'er him.
The clouds close in,—a far-off sin
Is darkening o'er the mountain,—
And he who saw the Mount of Awe
Dies for the Desert Fountain.

The fertile lands, the mighty bands
Of giant warriors waiting,
The flaming towns, the falling crowns
Of heathen kings, God hating—
The clang of arms—the loud alarms—
The camp's wild din and rattle,
He sees—hears all—yet he must fall
Who longs to lead the battle!

On Tabor's height what piercing light!
Behold in dazzling splendour
Great Moses stand *within* the land,
Majestic, grave, and tender;
A thousand years since those sad tears
Were shed on Pisgah's mountain,
No weary flock now seeks the rock,
No thirsty crowd the fountain!

Calm stands he there—with garments fair
As Hermon's snow for whiteness—
Eyes fixed on One—the Only Son—
More bright than all that brightness,
And he who wept because God kept
The leader from the nation,
Shines forth confest, companion blest
Of Christ's Transfiguration!

Elizabeth Harcourt Mitchell.

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A TANGLED TALE.

ANSWERS TO KNOT IV.

Problem.—To mark pictures, giving 3 ×'s to 2 or 3, 2 to 4 or 5, and 1 to 9 or 10; also giving 3 o's to 1 or 2, 2 to 3 or 4, and 1 to 8 or 9; so as to mark the smallest possible number of pictures, and to give them the largest possible number of marks.

Answer.—10 pictures; 29 marks; arranged thus:—

× × × × × × × × × o
× × × × × o o o o
× × o o o o o o o o

Solution.—By giving all the ×'s possible, putting into brackets the optional ones, we get 10 pictures marked thus:—

× × × × × × × × × (×)
× × × × (×)
× × (×)

By then assigning o's in the same way, beginning at the other end, we get 9 pictures marked thus:—

(o) o
(o) o o o
(o) o o o o o o o o

All we have now to do is to run these two wedges as close together as they will go, so as to get the minimum number of pictures—— erasing optional marks where by so doing we can run them closer, but otherwise letting them stand. There are 10 necessary marks in the 1st row, and in the 3rd; but only 7 in the 2nd. Hence we erase all optional marks in the 1st and 3rd row, but let them stand in the 2nd.

Twenty-two answers have been received. Of these 11 give no working; so, in accordance with what I announced in my last review of answers, I leave them unnamed, merely mentioning that 5 are right and 6 wrong.

Of the eleven answers with which some working is supplied, 3 are wrong. C. H. begins with the rash assertion that under the given conditions 'the sum is impossible. For,' he or she adds (these initialed correspondents are dismally vague beings to deal with: perhaps 'it' would be a better pronoun), '10 is the least possible number of pictures' (granted): 'therefore we must either give 2 ×'s to 6, or

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2 o's to 5.' Why 'must,' oh alphabetical phantom? It is nowhere ordained that every picture 'must' have 3 marks! FIFEE sends a folio page of solution, which deserved a better fate: she offers 3 answers, in each of which 10 pictures are marked, with 30 marks; in one she gives 2 ×'s to 6 pictures; in another to 7; in the 3rd she gives 2 o's to 5; thus in every case ignoring the conditions. (I pause to remark that the condition '2 ×'s to 4 or 5 pictures' can only mean '*either* to 4 *or else* to 5': if, as one competitor holds, it might mean *any* number not less than 4, the words '*or* 5' would be superfluous.) I. E. A. (I am happy to say that none of these bloodless phantoms appear this time in the class-list. Is it IDEA with the 'D' left out?) gives 2 ×'s to 6 pictures. She then takes me to task for using the word 'ought' instead of 'nought.' No doubt, to one who thus rebels against the rules laid down for her guidance, the word must be distasteful. But does not I. E. A. remember the parallel case of 'adder'? That creature was originally 'a nadder': then the two words took to bandying the poor 'n' backwards and forwards like a shuttlecock, the final state of the game being 'an adder.' May not 'a nought' have similarly become 'an ought'? Anyhow, 'oughts and crosses' is a very old game. I don't think I ever heard it called 'noughts and crosses.'

In the following Class-list, I hope the solitary occupant of III. will sheathe her claws when she hears how narrow an escape she has had of not being named at all. Her account of the process by which she got the answer is so meagre that, like the nursery tale of 'Jack-a-Minory' (I trust I. E. A. will be merciful to the spelling), it is scarcely to be distinguished from 'zero.'

CLASS LIST.

I.

GUY. OLD CAT. SEA-BREEZE.

II.

AYR. F. LEE.
BRADSHAW OF THE FUTURE. H. VERNON.

III.

CAT.

LEWIS CARROLL.

P.S.—I return my sincere thanks to the many correspondents who have kindly sent suggestions on the subject of 'Lanrick,' which will be of great service in revising the language of the Rules, though I do not at present see that any change is needed in their substance. I add a few notes in explanation of the difficulties that have been found in interpreting them.

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Line 1. 'chess-board' or draughts-board.

L. 2. 'men' or counters.

L. 7. 'lays a mark on its centre square.' This mark is not supposed to *fill* the square; a man may be played upon it.

L. 10. 'each man.' *i.e.* each for himself, independently of the moves of the others.

L. 12. Men in the rendezvous are still free to move. Men may not be moved *over* other men.

L. 16. 'it' *i.e.* the mark.

L. 19. 'any' *i.e.* all.

L. 20. 'must also be moved one square.' This is *not* to be deducted from their next move.

L. 26. 'one of those who are not in' whether on the border or not.

L. 26. 'and moves.' The nominative is 'he,' the player who has won the rendezvous.

L. 30. 'The other Player' *i.e.* the one who did *not* win the rendezvous.

Two difficulties I will give in the words of the writers:—

'The Player who both places the men and has the first move may always win.'

'When the game comes near the end, it seems impossible to avoid its being won by the player who has the last turn to choose the rendezvous.'

How one would like to see a game between these two, one placing the men and having first move, the other choosing the last rendezvous!

One most startling suggestion has reached me. N. E. T. proposes to diversify the game 'by changing the 5 men into the King, Queen, Bishop, Knight, and Castle of Chess, each with his own move, and by allowing only one man to move at once. By this means,' he (or she) adds, 'each man becomes a distinct individual.' The effect on *me* would be, I believe, a sensation of having become *two* 'distinct individuals,' if not more; but I speak diffidently, not having had the courage to try this bewildering medley of games. Nightmare would be nothing to it.

L. C.

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Spider Subjects.

THE Spiders will be glad to meet their old friend Money-Spinner, whose answer is the most spirited. The only thing to be added to hers is the suggestion made by several that to educate our fingers for Church work, much well-done fancy-work is needful. Cape Jasmine, Smut, Rafela, and the Muffin-Man were all conversational; Chelsea China, Don Quixote, Brown Spider, X. X. L., all wrote little dissertations. Every one was in favour of fancy-work.

THE PROS AND CONS OF FANCY-WORK.

CHARLOTTE RESTRYFE lay on the sofa embroidering a soft scarf in imitation of delicate Indian work. Some people said she thought a wife's whole duty was to lie on the sofa and look interesting, and let her husband pet her, which he certainly did to any extent; but the pretty room, with its bright grate and cheerful fire, tasty furniture and ornaments, and dainty needlework contrivances, told a tale of careful housewifery and thought for her husband's comfort and pleasure, which might have silenced the fault-finders.

A tap at the door.

Charlotte. Come in. Oh, Julia! How good of you to look in this cold day—and Mary too. Where's Floss?

Julia. Dorcasing with Mrs. Wilson. She has calico garments on the brain. I'm glad I'm not on a Dorcas committee! and as to you, you seem to have fancy-work ditto.

Charlotte. Dreadfully frivolous, is it not? I have so much to finish for Christmas, and only two days to do it in.

Julia (*seating herself on the hearth-stool*). Why should people make themselves slaves to Christmas presents?

Mary. Why should they not make pretty things for their friends? Is that for mamma, Charlotte? She *will* be pleased! How do you find out what people want?

Julia. By always keeping her eyes open with a view to new fancy-work.

Charlotte. One word for my friends, and two for myself?

Julia. Oh, you are quite welcome to do as much as ever you like, only I should think it rather a waste of time.

Mary. Gratitude!

Julia (*recollecting her manners*). Oh, you know I don't call babies' frocks fancy-work. It was very good of you, Charlotte, and he shall come and show you what a duck he looks in it; only——

Mary. Only he looks such a duck in *anything*, that pretty work is wasted on him.

Julia. Be quiet, Mary! No, I only mean I don't see the use of titivating one's room up with embroidery and stuff. It does not make it a bit more comfortable.

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Charlotte. It makes it cheerful and pretty for one's husband.

Julia. Yes, it must be very refreshing to Arthur to sit down in the armchair and lean back on a bunch of wild strawberries—so nice and squashy!

Charlotte (*blushing*). That is Arthur's favourite chair-cover, He gathered the strawberries on purpose for me to work them.

Mary (*slyly*). Did you never hear of the famous strawberrying in Brent Wood three summers ago, Ju?

Julia (*meditatively*). Oh, I see! I wonder whether it would add to Fred's felicity if I worked him a chair-cover with a bit of clematis from the old chalk-pit?

Mary. Do you think he would know what it was meant for if it wasn't labelled?

Julia. Don't insult your betters. Of course I could do it if I tried; but I don't see why I should waste my time over it.

Charlotte. No more do I if you don't like it; but I do, and is it more waste of time than any other amusement?

Julia. Well, I think it deludes people into the belief they are busy, which honest amusements that don't pretend to be anything else, don't.

Mary. Nonsense, Ju! It is woman's work. I am sure the virtuous woman did fancy-work.

Julia. No, she worked with wool and flax, and used the spindle and distaff; but that was to make clothes and household things, not fancy-work.

Charlotte. She made coverings of tapestry too. Don't you think that was to make her house pretty? And if one can turn amusement to account, why not?

Julia. Yes, it's all very well, if it does not make one neglect other things. Darning one's husband's socks, for instance.

Charlotte (*laughing*). I should soon hear of it if Arthur's socks were in holes. I always look over them; but do you think it necessary to darn them yourself?

Mary. For Fred's sake, I hope not!

Julia (*shaking her head at Mary*). Ah! you wait till *he* turns up; then you may talk! I only know *I* shouldn't have time to be stitching away at fancy-work for my house, or for presents, or anything else.

Charlotte (*rather sadly*). You can go about with Fred, and do all sorts of things for him. Besides, you have two children, and you don't know the feeling that you must employ yourself about something easy that wants a little thought, if you don't mean to give in altogether.

Julia. If I did, I should take a book and improve my mind.

Mary. And Floss would sew a long seam. She always says that is the most soothing of occupations.

Charlotte. Yes, I know; it is a matter of taste. But do you know, I am sure I have read somewhere, though I can't remember where, that labour was the curse on man, not on woman, and so a man will be resting by sitting still, when a woman will be employing her fingers.

Julia. 'Man's work is with the sun; woman's work is never done.' Very often the woman has the worst of it.'

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Charlotte. But even when she has, it does not come so hard on her as it would on a man to have to be making and mending in her leisure hours, and very often it is a real comfort to have it to do.

Julia. Now you have got upon *real* work. I don't call that work of yours work at all in that sense.

Charlotte. I only meant it is woman's nature to find refreshment in work of some sort. I often wonder how many worries Queen Matilda worked into the Bayeux tapestry.

Julia. They must all have come back to her every time she looked at it. She had better have worked them into clothes for little shivering children, and given them away.

Charlotte. Perhaps she did that too; but I am sure the tapestry gave a great deal of pleasure to her husband and her friends. Hark! There's Arthur's horse. Mary dear, will you make up the fire? He was sent for to Barcombe, and he will come in frozen after riding over the downs.

Julia. Fred went with him, but that was to please himself; so if he is frozen, I can't help it!

(*Enter Arthur and Fred, the former with a spray of ivy and some red fungi in his hand, which he gives to his wife.*) There's a new subject for you, Clo.

Charlotte. Oh, thank you, dear—how pretty! That will be lovely for my screen.

Julia. Fancy looking at the beauties of nature with a view to crewel-work!

Mary. With an artist's eye, you mean. Will you sit upon her, Fred? She thinks all fancy-work waste of time.

Fred. All her spare moments lately have been devoted to depicting Gorylanders for little Fred's benefit.

Julia. Nonsense. I want to see the theory.

Fred. I don't know about theory. The practice is, this room is full of pretty work, and we have none in ours, except a tablecloth Mabel made, which Julia scouts.

Julia. Now, Fred, *do* you want me to devote myself to making antimacassars?

Fred. No, my dear, on no account. I should be loth to see good materials spoiled.

[*Peals of laughter at Julia's expense.*]

Arthur. Only don't despise those who can and do make the world prettier.

Julia (*in injured tones*). I suppose Mrs. Robinson thinks she does, with those dreadful wool flowers.

Arthur. The more good work is done, the more public taste will improve.

Charlotte. I don't know about that. Our grandmothers did beautiful work; but why did it all go out of fashion?

Julia. Fashion! That's what I hate. Now it is nothing but crewel-work, and a few years ago it was all lace-work, and perhaps next year it will be wool flowers.

Charlotte. Half the amusement is inventing new things that are not in fashion. This that I am doing now is not fashionable.

Julia. Everything gets common and vulgar directly, if it is not so to begin with.

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Arthur (*taking up his wife's work*). What a good thing for the world if it does!

Julia. Oh, well, have it your own way. *I* don't mind so long as I need not do it. Come, Fred, we ought to be going.

Mary. Good-night, Charlotte. Mind you are well enough to come to dinner on Christmas-day. You won't find any of us but Ju turn up our noses at your work, and you need not trouble to finish her present!

MONEY-SPINNER.

CORMORANT'S epitome of the Æneid is of the most convenient length; Ignoramus and Bubbles, careful; Nightingale has much about Virgil but not about the Æneid; Wakatu gives more of the story of Æneas himself, nor can we agree with her that the Sixth Book is the finest thing in classic times.

THE STORY OF THE ÆNEID.

THE Æneid relates the fortunes of Æneas, the son of Venus and of Anchises of Troy, from the taking of Troy by the Greeks to the establishment of a Trojan settlement under Æneas in Latium. Plunging at once *in medias res*, the poem opens with a storm excited by Juno for the purpose of sinking the Trojan ships. (It may be noted in passing, that the active hatred of Juno towards Æneas and all Trojans, caused mainly by the famous Judgment of Paris, is one of the principal motives of the story.) The ships, scattered by the storm, were in course of time all safely gathered in to the harbour of Carthage, where the Trojans were hospitably received by Dido, the queen of the newly-founded city. At her request Æneas related the events of the taking of Troy, and described his own wanderings during seven years in search of the Italian land decreed by Fate to be a portion for himself and for his heirs. While this narration was taking place, both the face and the words of the man sank deep into Dido's heart, and kindled in her a flame of love, which was fanned by the wiles of Venus, who sought thus to provide for her son's safety, and by the craft of Juno who hoped to hold him back from his destiny of greatness.

After some months spent in feasting and amusements, Mercury was despatched by Jupiter to rouse Æneas from his slothful ease to the undertaking for which he had been preserved through so many perils. The Trojan hero at once prepared to obey the divine command to set sail again for Italy; and the discovery of his design by Dido, before he had found courage to reveal it to her, gives occasion to one of the finest bursts of passion to be found in the poem. Entreaties and threats proving alike powerless to move the 'pious' man, Dido rushed on death as the one remedy for her love. Mounting a funeral pyre, erected on pretence of performing magic rites for the recovery of her lover, the broken-hearted queen spoke a few words of proud, pathetic sadness, and then plunged into her breast a sword once given to her by her Trojan betrayer—'A gift,' says Virgil, touchingly, 'not sought for such a use.'

Meanwhile, Æneas and his company were sailing away from Carthage, in renewed search of the Italian fields 'still flying, flying from their view.' A storm soon drove them on the coast of Sicily, where all the crews landed, in order to celebrate funeral games in honour of Anchises, the father of Æneas, who had died there the year before.

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While the games were in progress, Iris, the messenger of Juno, stirred up the Trojan women to set fire to the ships, and so put an end to their wanderings. The prayers of Æneas drew down a storm from heaven to quench the flames before much harm had been done to the ships; and by the advice of his dead father, who appeared to him in a dream, he left the women with the faint-hearted and aged to found a city under the friendly Acestes of Sicily, while he himself, with the choice spirits of the band, set forth once more for Italy.

At Cumae, in Campania, where the Trojans next disembarked, Æneas consulted a famous sibyl as to his future destiny, and then induced her to conduct him to the dwellings of the dead, that he might look again upon his father's face. In those dim regions he saw not only the spirits of the dead, but the faint shadows of those who should thereafter be born to add glory to the Roman name—thus giving Virgil an opportunity of complimenting the ruling family of Rome.

After leaving Cumae, the Trojans sailed along the Italian coast till they reached the Tiber, and guided their galleys up its stream. The next day, Æneas, having been assured by a combination of omens that he had at last found his promised resting-place, began to mark out the ramparts for his town, and sent messengers to King Latinus, asking leave to settle near him in peace. Latinus would have granted, not only friendship, but his daughter's hand, when Juno again interfered. Turnus, a young suitor of Lavinia, the king's daughter, was lashed into fury, by her means, at the loss of his expected bride, and the rustics of Latium were roused to war by the slaying of a pet deer by Ascanius, the young son of Æneas.

The remainder of the Æneid is an account of the war waged between Turnus, at the head of a number of petty Italian tribes, and the Trojans under Æneas, aided by the Arcadian Evander, and by the revolted inhabitants of Agylla. The chief incidents of the war are the siege of the Trojan camp during the absence of Æneas at the court of Evander, the death of Pallas, son of Evander, by the hand of Turnus, and, lastly, the mortal combat forced by Æneas on Turnus, in which the former slays his foe. With the death of Turnus the Æneid closes: its last line describes the groan with which his spirit passed forth to the shades below; and we are led thus to infer that the troubles of Æneas were at last over, and that he would enter without further struggle on the possession of his promised bride, Lavinia, and of the heritage ordained for him by the gods.

CORMORANT.

SPIDER QUESTIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

The warrior women of history.
The transformations of water.

HANDWRITING SOCIETY.

Swan swim over the sea.
Swim, swan, swim.
Swan swam back again.
Well swum, swan!

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BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

Only fourteen, out of our forty members, contributed to the November *Packet*. The continued improvement in accuracy and neatness is, however, remarkable and gratifying. There will probably be a vacancy, or perhaps two, in our ranks. A renewal of application is desirable from those who have been waiting for admission.

Subject for March—*Draba*, *Capsella* (why separated from *Thlaspi?*), *Cardamine*, and any other *Cruciferæ*.

Notices to Correspondents.

QUOTATIONS WANTED.

'Oh! the jumbles we make with our heads and hands
In this world which nobody understands;
But with work and hope and the right to call
Upon Him who sees it and knows it all.'

—*The Muffin-Man.*

Who was the 'Wild Boy of Aveyron?' He is mentioned in Spencer's work on 'Education.'—*A. M.*

The name of a poem of Browning's which describes a man pursued by wolves in Russia. He escapes himself, but only by throwing out the children who are with him in the carriage. I want to know the name of the poem, and in what volume of Browning's works it is to be found.—*A Christmas Carol.*

I am anxious to find the author of the following lines quoted in a paper by T. Hughes in *Good Words*, June, 1877. Are they his own? They have a sound of Tennyson also; but I cannot meet with them.

'Three roots bear up dominion, Knowledge, Will,
These two are strong, but stronger still the third,
Obedience. 'Tis the great tap root which still
Knit round the Rock of Duty is not stirred,
Though heaven-loosed Tempests spend their utmost skill.'

—*Erctgyth.*

Macrina would feel much obliged if the Editor, or any of the readers of *The Monthly Packet*, could kindly tell her where the line—

'Up to every day's most quiet needs,'

is to be found, and the context.

'Paltered with pleasures that pleased not, and fame where no fame could be,
And how shall I look, do you think, Will, with the angels looking at me?'

—*Theodora.*

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Can any one supply the rest of a poem in which these lines occur

'But I lost my happy childhood,
* * *
It slipped from me you shall know,
It was in the dewy alleys
Of the land of long ago.
* * *
'Not in sadness,
Nor reproach, these words I say,
God is good, and gives new gladness,
When the old He takes away.'

—*A. F. H.*

M., who kindly advertised some clothes to be given away, apparently did not know that the post-office will not now allow letters without a full address to wait till called for, and this has occasioned some disappointment.

What does the person who speaks of 'goodnesses' of two kinds think of 'Without faith it is impossible to please God'? There may be virtue, the consequence of imitation of Christian morality and character inherited from Christian training; but that is not goodness of the true kind. It must either deteriorate, or become sanctified by faith.

1. Who is the author of the poem called the 'Danish Boy'?

2. The parsing and paraphrase of the following lines from Fletcher's *Purple Island*—

'Here sportful laughter dwells, here ever sitting
Defies all lumpish griefs and wrinkled care;
And twenty merry mates mirth causes fitting,
And smiles, with laughter's sons, yet infants are.'

3. Who was Higginbottom (mentioned in *Every Man in his Humour*)?

4. The meaning of the word 'luthergoste' (Kingsley, *Hereward the Wake*)?

5. The following old French words from Montaigne:—'meshuy,' 'emmy,' 'poullier,' 'aiote,' 'estour'?

6. Can any reader inform me of a good grammar of the Danish language?—*Puck.*

QUOTATIONS ANSWERED.

In answer to *E. H.'s* question in *The Monthly Packet* for January, the lines—

'I stood at an open window
And gazed out over the sea,'

are by Miss Wilhelmina Baines; they have been beautifully set to music by Berthold Tours, under the title of 'The Angel at the Window.'—*J. S.* Also *A. B.*

I have met with a different version of the epitaph contributed in the January number.

'Earth walks on earth
Like glittering gold;
Earth goes to earth
Before it wold;
Earth builds on earth
Castles and towers;
Earth says to earth
All shall be ours.'

This was in Ombersley churchyard, Worcestershire.—*B. K. A.*

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Miss P.—A correspondent in the December *Penny Post* says the verse may be found in the second volume of *Miscellaneous Poems*, by John Byron, written in the last century.—*The Muffin-Man.*

E. A. S.—Longfellow's *Resignation.*

In answer to *Grannie*, a lady of seventy remembers being taught to act this, but does not know where it came from.

'"Madam, to you I humbly bow and bend."
"Sir, I take you not to be my friend."
"Have I done you any harm?"
"Get you gone you saucy coxcomb."

'"Coxcomb is not my name, that word deserves a stab."
"A stab I little fear,
Appoint the place and I will meet you there."
"Across the water at the hour of five,
I'll meet you there as sure as I'm alive."

'"Stop! stop! would you not rather have a wife both young and fair,
Who can speak both the French and Italian (air?)?"
"Rather than be plagued with the cares of a wife
I'll take this sword and end my wretched life."
"He's gone, he's gone! I cannot live without him!"'

—*Paulina.*

I. L. O.—Hoopoe. Nairam.—*Lucy.*

Constant Reader.—*Great Britain for little Britons* is good for English. Hughes's *Geography*, 1*s.* 6*d.*, for generalities.

Pictures of the Heavens for astronomy to be read up beforehand.

Mangnall's *Questions for General Knowledge.*

M. J. D.—Faber. It is to be found in selections from Faber's poems.

M. C. H.—By Aaron Hill. To be found in *Elegant Extracts.*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Daisy Chain Cot.—1*s.* 6*d.* from two *Jacobites*; 2*s.* from *Emma.*

St. Alphege Crèche, Friar Street, Blackfriars.—*Sister Ethel*, having seen the advertisement by *Queen Bee* for a crèche to send some socks to, begs to say that she will gladly receive socks, or other children's clothes, for the crèche she is in charge of. It is in the poorest part of South London, and the children are very pressingly in need of clothes; children are taken up to six years of age. *Sister Ethel* will acknowledge at once any parcel sent to the crèche.

Bishop Wilberforce Confirmation Memorial Window erected in S. Mary's, Southampton.—*Miss L. Phillimore* (5, *Arlington Street, London, S.W.*), acknowledges with her best thanks for the above—Anon., 1*s.*; A. G. P., 3*s.*; Nobody, 1*s.* 427*l.* received; only 38*l.* required. It is earnestly desired to discharge this small remaining debt, and Miss L. Phillimore appeals this Lent for assistance in so doing to those especially of the Bishop's Confirmation children who have not yet subscribed. *None* of the subscribers' money has been spent in printing or advertising, &c. Post-office Orders payable at S. James's Street, S.W.

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THE

MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

APRIL, 1881.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CLXXIV.

ELIZABETH'S LAST SUITOR.

1579—1585.

THE more the Reformation and the Roman Catholic Church drew into two camps, the more each side attempted to fortify itself. Now the old hatred between France and the House of Austria was dying down, yet, in spite of all the Romanist influences on France, enough of the old spirit survived to make the House of Valois waver in the great struggle.

The accession of Philip II. to the crown of Portugal awoke fresh anxiety on Elizabeth's part, and once more she bethought her of the inexpediency of leaving no nearer heir than the Queen of Scots, and, though she counted some years over forty, talked once more of marriage. To make the Duke of Alençon master of the Low Countries, and then unite them to England by marriage, seemed to her statesmen and to the great men of Holland a noble undertaking. Elizabeth listened favourably to them, and to the new French ambassador, Mauvissière de Castelnau. Coming from the foppish court of Henry III., this gentleman was not a little amazed at being encountered at Smithfield Bars by certain officers, who attempted to cut down his ruff and shorten his rapier. He drew the weapon, and a fight was beginning, when Lord Henry Seymour happily came up, explained to the officers who the angry foreigner was, and to M. de Castelnau that the Queen had issued an edict for reducing the extravagant length of ruff and rapier, but that of course an ambassador was exempt. M. de Simier was also sent to plead the cause of Anjou, for Alençon now bore that title. Leicester does not seem to have entirely given up hope; he

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affected to be very unhappy; and the Queen's foolish old governess, Mrs. Ashley, pleaded his cause, till she received a sharp answer from the Queen, who had almost sent the Earl to the Tower for his presumption. When Simier demanded an answer, she replied that she could not be expected to marry a man whom she had never seen. Thereupon Alençon disguised himself, crossed the sea with two servants, and suddenly presented himself at Greenwich. There can be no doubt that Elizabeth was gratified. He was the first of all her suitors who had come to court her in person; and besides, there is no doubt that, in the solitude of royalty, the company of a person of the same sphere is a real delight, independent of any other point of contact. All this outweighed the small, ungainly figure, and ugly, pock-marked countenance of Monsieur, while he had the sense to abstain from those elfish tricks that made him so much hated at his brother's court.

He came home highly elated. He was enraptured with the beauty of Elizabeth's ladies, and even praised the Queen's own charms. He called her '*La belle maîtresse*,' and boasted that she had every morning brought him with her own fair hands a cup of soup. To satisfy her that the reports of his deformity were false, he had exhibited his small person to her, clad in a close-fitting jerkin and hose of flesh-coloured silk, and she had professed herself more than satisfied. Though she had made him no promises, she had never rebuked the vivacity of his suit, which had no doubt been a real pleasure and amusement to her.

But the question was not merely whether the woman of forty-six should peril her happiness and make herself ridiculous by wedding a man of twenty-three, or whether the defender of the English Church should marry one of the murderous house of Valois. The real question was whether the power of Spain made the closer alliance with France necessary to England, and whether the Low Countries should be annexed at such a price.

Therefore it was no vain excuse when Elizabeth declared that she must consult her ministers. Consult them she did, all of them; and the notes of the conference remain, drawn up by Burleigh himself in two columns, entitled 'Peril' and 'Remedies.' Sussex and Hunsdon were in favour of the marriage; Leicester and Hatton wavered till they saw which way the wind blew; Sadler expressed his objections in terms more forcible than delicate; Sir Henry Sydney, Bromley, and Mildmay were all strongly averse to it; and Philip Sydney, whom the Queen privately consulted, wrote a letter, which is a model both of force, elegance, and uprightness, dissuading her from it.

A Calvinist lawyer, John Stubbs, contributed a fierce pamphlet of denunciation, entitled a *Gaping Gulf*, indignantly demanding how an imp of the crown of France should marry the crowned nymph of England. The poor man had brought himself under the power of an Act which had been called forth by the many libellous papers that had swarmed under Philip and Mary. He and his publisher were both sentenced to

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lose their right hands, which were chopped off in the market-place at Westminster. Stubbs, who had never intended personal disloyalty, instantly took off his hat, waved it, and cried, 'God save the Queen!' then fainted away. He was long imprisoned in the Tower, and on his release, in broken health, retired to France, where he died, and was buried in the sands of Boulogne, just above high-water mark, so as to be as near England as possible. Another danger, which was ever present to Elizabeth, was that Philip, who had just married his own niece, should give to Anjou his daughter, Isabel Clara Eugenia, the only child of Elisabeth of France, and then bestow the Netherlands on them, thus depriving England of the French alliance, to which she looked to balance the terrible Austrian power. Such questions as these might well lead to hesitation, above all with Mary, the grandchild of the Guises, the claimant as well as the heiress of England.

The Duke remained at Angers, of which he was governor. His sister Marguerite had joined the King of Navarre at Nérac, and there kept, in an easy, lively court, on such good terms with her husband that Henri III. was provoked, and in 1579 stirred up a brief little foolish war, called *La Guerre des Amoureux*, which left things just as they were before. No one seemed to have any strength or spirit left in France. The siege of La Fère, where the Mignons attacked, and Condé defended, was so feebly conducted as to go by the name of '*La Siège de Velours*,' and the chief casualty was that the Duke of Joyeuse there lost seven teeth. The whole of the vigour of France then seemed to be in the Duke of Guise.

In the meantime William, Prince of Orange, had been, by the counsel of Granvelle, solemnly laid under ban by the King of Spain, as a traitor, who had risen against his king and called in foreign aid. To put him to death by any means thus became lawful, and a price was set on his head. It was one of those horrid customs of the Middle Ages which were the ordinary punishment of treason, and, from Philip's point of view, Orange had deserved to be outlawed. Of course, to our minds, it is plain that he had been only rendered a rebel by Philip's own tyranny, and the incitements to assassination are abhorrent to our minds; but to the Spaniards all this only seemed the natural course of justice.

However, Monsieur, with the full hope of becoming sovereign of the Netherlands, arrived at the head of a splendid body of volunteers, among whom were 5,000 gentlemen, many of them English. For eighteen months Cambrai, under Balagny, had been holding out against the Duke of Parma, who had succeeded Don Juan as viceroy. On the appearance of this gallant force, Parma felt it prudent to retreat, and, after placing garrisons in several more cities, Anjou, feeling himself crowned with glory, set off for England, hoping to complete his courtship, about which the courts had gone on negotiating. He arrived in the November of 1582, and was warmly welcomed by

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Elizabeth. She placed a ring on his finger, treated him as her betrothed, and even caused the programme of the marriage ceremonial to be drawn up.

Things were indeed becoming serious. Burleigh, Leicester, and Walsingham were not minded to see the wretched times of Mary and her Philip return, and the ladies of the court were quite as much resolved. The night that the Queen had signed the paper sanctioning the preparations, her ladies, one and all, surrounded her, weeping and imploring her to remember her sister's miseries, and to think of the peril to herself, her Church, and her people, while yet there was time. When, much agitated, she lay down, she could not sleep; she tossed about all night, divided between visions of wedded joy and juster forebodings of cruel disappointment, between the hopes of a grand position, as deliverer of the Reformed, and the greater danger of giving her country over to the blood-stained French family, and by the morning her mind was made up. She sent for Monsieur, told him she could not survive another such night, declared that she still loved him, but that she must sacrifice her happiness to the welfare of her people, and finally requested him to return her ring. Anjou began to plead his cause again; but Sir Christopher Hatton made him understand that the refusal was in earnest, not in coquetry. Then he flew into a passion, tore off the ring, and declared that Englishwomen were as fickle as their own waves and winds, and threw out threats of the Spanish alliance.

Then Elizabeth implored him not to leave her, talked of a more favourable conjuncture when she might yet be able to marry him; declared that if he were actually made Duke of Brabant, her subjects would withdraw their opposition; soothed him and petted him in every way she could devise; and when at last he set off to return to Flanders, she insisted on accompanying him as far as Canterbury, where she made him promise to return to her in a month's time, and then parted with him in floods of tears. Her feeling was genuine. She actually wrote three stanzas, which have something touching in them when we recollect the utter loneliness of her life, and how her woman's heart ached after the poor dream of love even for the ill-favoured youth who had made her for once see before her the sweet dreams of meaner women. Here is one verse:—

'Some gentler passion steal into my mind
(For I am soft and made of melting snow);
Or be more cruel, Love, or be more kind;
Or let me float or sink, be high or low;
Or let me live with some more sweet content,
Or die, and so forget what love e'er meant.'

Anjou returned to Flushing in February, 1582, with three frigates of the Queen's own, and accompanied by Leicester himself and Philip

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Sidney. The Prince of Orange met him there, and he was greeted enthusiastically and escorted to Antwerp. There, outside the walls, he was to be made Duke of Brabant. A throne of velvet and gold was prepared on a platform overlooking the city, and surrounded by 20,000 burgher guards, and the chief people in Holland. The constitution was read aloud; the Duke swore to observe it, and he then received the ducal hat and mantle which the Prince of Orange clasped upon him, saying, 'I fasten this robe so securely that none may ever rend it from thy grasp.'

Largesse of gold and silver coin was scattered among the populace, and the new duke moved into Antwerp among endless pageants—Religion in red satin, with the gospel in her hand; Justice in orange velvet, with her scales and sword; Patriotism figured as a pelican, and Patience as a brooding hen. The market-place was illuminated with huge wax torches fixed in tar-barrels, in the midst of which the giant Antigonus, the legendary founder of Antwerp, clad in a surcoat of sky blue, waved aloft a banner with the arms of Philip, until, as the procession entered, he dropped it, and brandished instead the *fleur de lys* of Anjou.

Every sort of rejoicing took place day after day, and they were to culminate on Anjou's twenty-fourth birthday, the 18th of March, 1582. There was to be a great entertainment at Anjou's house, to which all the Dutch nobles were invited, among them of course the Prince of Orange. There was a party at dinner at the Prince's house that noon, including some distinguished Germans and Frenchmen. Just as they had risen from table, a young man presented a petition to the Prince, and, while he was reading it, fired a pistol so close to his face as to set his beard and hair on fire. He did not fall, and thought at the moment that part of the house had fallen down; but, perceiving that he was severely wounded, he called out—'Do not kill him,—I forgive him my death;' and then added, 'Ah, what a faithful servant the Duke of Anjou has lost in me!'

Before he had given the command, however, two French nobles had rushed upon the murderer and pierced him with their rapiers; and so many then followed, that there were no less than thirty-two wounds upon the body. The Prince was supported to his chamber, while his son, young Maurice, though only fifteen, had the presence of mind to station himself immovably by the murderer's body, and prevent any one from laying a hand upon it, perceiving the great importance of ascertaining from what quarter the stroke had come.

Some of the Dutch already suspected Anjou, all the more from the rapidity with which the French had killed the man before he could be examined. Count Hohenlohe had sprung to the house-door, and prevented any one from going in or out, while trusty gentlemen of the prince examined the corpse, and handed over all the papers to Maurice. An old servant then took the lad under his cloak, and thus conveyed him

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to an inner room, where he satisfied himself that all the letters were Spanish, and that there was nothing to implicate the French. These tidings were instantly spread, so as to prevent the terrible evils such a suspicion would have occasioned. The ball had entered under the right ear, struck out two teeth, and passed out through the roof of the mouth. The flame of the pistol had actually cauterised the wound, and checked the bleeding, and there was every probability of recovery. The surgeons forbade speech; but the Prince wrote incessantly, and directed all the measures that could prevent any disturbance. The papers were examined by Ste. Aldegonde, and proved the assassin to have been a poor foolish fanatic. Records of vows, briefs of indulgence, were found in abundance, besides charms, such as bits of hare-skin and two dried toads; but what looked worse were three packets of Spanish bills of exchange. The body was exposed in the market-place, and recognised as that of Juan Jauregui, a servant belonging to Gaspar d'Anastro, a Spanish merchant of Antwerp, who had left the place a few days before. His cashier was arrested, and a watch kept on all letters brought into the city. Some suspicious ones from Anastro were intercepted, and the cashier confessed the whole. The merchant had actually engaged to take the life of the Prince of Orange on the promise of 80,000 ducats and the cross of Santiago; but, not choosing to risk himself, he had fed the fanaticism of his poor servant, and sent him to do the deed. Pursuit was made after this cowardly wretch, but he was already safe on Spanish ground.

The prince suffered severely, and was for a time in great danger from an outburst of bleeding from the lacerated veins. No bandage could be fastened; but by the advice of the surgeon of the Duke of Anjou, a succession of attendants compressed the opening of the wound with their thumbs, day and night, until it healed. The anxiety was, however, fatal to the prince's devoted wife, Charlotte de Bourbon Montpensier, who died of a fever three days after the prince had gone in state to the cathedral to give thanks for his preservation. She left six little daughters—Louisa Juliana, Elizabeth, Catherine Belgica, Flandrina, Charlotte Brabantina, and Emilia Secunda.

Immediately after, the summons of the two countries of Holland and Zeeland caused William to accept their countship. Parma continued the war by taking Oudenarde, and also continued to encourage attempts at assassination. An Italian and a Spaniard, named Salsedo, were detected in trying to poison Anjou and Orange together. The Italian destroyed himself in prison; but Salsedo made a terrible confession, showing a design on the part of the Duke of Guise, together with his brothers and half the nobles in France and followers, thus to remove Anjou, and then, as the Huguenot, Henri of Navarre, would be next heir to the throne, to unite with Philip in the proclamation of the Infanta Isabel, who would then be married to a prince of the house of Lorraine, in whose person the line of Charles the Great would be restored.

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Anjou immediately sent Salsedo off to Paris. There he wavered, and prevaricated, and contradicted himself. He had accused the king's two favourites, Joyeuse and Epernon, of being cognisant of the plot; and the King did not believe a word of the story, until, most unwillingly, Henry allowed himself to be present at the final torture, when the unhappy man confirmed all he had previously said. Behind a curtain Henry sat in a chair, perfectly horrified; but he took no steps in consequence of these revelations, though they may have added fervour to the strange penance of the next Lent, when he and all his court marched in procession in sacks drawn over their heads, with holes cut for the eyes.

Meanwhile, Henri of Navarre was acting as if he had no religion at all. He is accused of at a sermon eating cherries, and aiming with the stones at the eyes of the preacher, to one of which he caused considerable damage. The irreverence of the pastime is far from incredible, but scarcely its wanton baseness in so good-natured a man. Marguerite was at Paris again, as usual, behaving scandalously. Anjou had it in his power to have retrieved the character of his family, unstained as he had hitherto been; but jealousy of Orange, fostered by his unscrupulous companions, was beginning to lead him into the disgraceful path of treachery, bred up as he had been to be utterly heedless of oaths and pledges. He found himself by no means the first person in Holland, and his hopes of Elizabeth and England were over. So, together with a set of French youths who formed his court, he talked over his plot, namely, to put French garrisons in all the chief forts, imprison the principal inhabitants, and then plunder the cities, and restore the country to the obedience of the Pope, with himself as its hero. The plot seems as childish as it was treacherous, but it had this facility, that the French were trained soldiers, ready to act; while the Dutch cities trusted to their own burghers, who were only called out on an emergency. Catherine de Medici knew of the plan, but she feared Henri's jealousy of his brother too much to make him cognisant of it, though she persuaded him to send Marshal Biron to support Anjou in Holland. Duplessis Mornay, an honest man and staunch Huguenot, who had been in attendance on Anjou, was sent by him on a message to his sister, lest he should suspect anything and warn the prince.

Dunkirk, Ostend, Dendremonde, and other cities were actually seized on the 15th January, 1583; but Bruges was saved by a spirited citizen. At Antwerp, under pretence of an attack against the city of Endhoven, Anjou had got together what he thought a sufficient number of Frenchmen for his purpose, in a camp outside the walls; but suspicion began to be excited, and he made endless protestations that his intentions were perfectly loyal.

However, at dinner, a note was given to him which he read with evident discomposure, and threw into the little muff which he wore on his sleeve. He then mounted his horse, and rode out to his camp, the whole town

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being in the stillness of the dinner-hour on a winter's day. As soon as he was beyond the drawbridge, he rose in his stirrups, waved his sword, and cried to the men who followed him, 'There is your city! Take possession.' He galloped towards the camp, while the captain of his guard, pretending to have been hurt by the plunging of his horse, turned back, stabbed at the officer at the gate who came to his assistance, and secured the gate; while 600 horse and 3,000 musqueteers, who had been awaiting the signal, all rushed forward, hoping to slake their fury on the peaceful city. *Ville gagnée! Vive la messe!*

They thought all was then their own, and instantly dispersed to plunder; but the burghers had been too long trained by suffering not to be ready and alert. Chains and barricades were instantly put up, trumpets sounded, men met armed at the Bourse; a baker, who had struck down the French plunderer with his shovel, leaped on his horse, and careered through the city, calling every one to resist. Women and children flung furniture down on the heads of the French, and the place was like a nest of angry wasps with fatal stings. The plunderers rushed to the gate. It was soon closed and choked by a rampart of dead, over which those outside vainly strove to force their way. The unhappy men were taken in a trap, and in an hour's time, before the Prince of Orange had even heard of the alarm, almost the whole of the attacking force had been slain, and the cannon on the walls were directed on the camp, where Anjou was being bitterly reproached by Biron, Montpensier, Rochefoucauld and all the men of honour in the camp, for his abominable treachery. Montpensier, on first hearing of the design, had replied, 'Monseigneur, hitherto the honour of my house has been stainless; I am not now going to sully it.' And Biron, whose two sons had been among Anjou's confidants, absolutely cursed him for the plan, even before he had seen its disastrous issue.

The loss was estimated at 1,200 men, and 250 youths of noble blood. Anjou and his angry army drew off towards Dendremonde; but the citizens of Mechlin raised a dyke across the river Dill and flooded the country, so as to drown a large proportion of his troops; however, he at length arrived at Dunkirk, and there opened a correspondence with the States and the Prince of Orange. He actually professed to have been ill-used by the States, and that the affray had been merely the effect of a passing quarrel between his troops and the burghers, to whom he magnanimously offered his forgiveness on condition of the release of the prisoners.

His mother, meantime, had wept over the disaster. She expected every moment to hear he was the prisoner either of Orange or of Spain; but in effect the States were in no condition to quarrel with France, and Queen Elizabeth did her best to effect a reconciliation, though both she and the English nation must have been pretty well convinced by this time that they had had a great escape. So the

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Duke's explanations were accepted; but as, on the one hand, all trust and reliance on him were over, and, on the other, Henri III. would send him no more troops to be thus shamefully destroyed, his title as Duke of Brabant and Protector of the Netherlands was a mere mockery; he felt it, and was devoured with grief and vexation. Symptoms of decline showed themselves. He broke a blood-vessel while at Dunkirk, and was still confined to his bed when the Duke of Parma advanced to invest the city. He was carried to the water-side, and there embarked for Boulogne, whence he was taken to Château Thierry; while Dunkirk surrendered to the Spaniards, and city after city in Flanders took the same course. The Dutch were not strong enough to assist the Flemings, and the French were not to be trusted; and thus the citizens were reduced to admit the Duke of Parma, who was a much less severe conqueror than Alva had been. Only Antwerp, Brussels, Sluys, and Mechlin, of the Flemish cities, continued to hold out, as well as Cambrai, which had a French garrison.

Unsuccessful treason meets no forgiveness, and Anjou was bitterly reproached by his brother by letter. His mother went to visit him at Château Thierry, and found him very ill, and weeping over his own conviction of his approaching death. He asked his mother's pardon for the uneasiness he had caused her; but he declared his brother had thwarted all his plans, and that he would not be taken to Paris nor see him. Catherine was an old woman by this time, and, though scarcely repenting, was utterly dejected at the sight of another son sinking dishonoured into an untimely grave, while the last survivor was the scorn and derision of the whole world. On her return to Paris she fell ill of a fever, and Anjou was so much dismayed that he hastened to Paris to see her. There she reconciled the two brothers, Henri being exceedingly shocked at the change in the appearance of Anjou. They embraced, and the younger returned to St. Germain with the elder.

Alas! the reconciliation was for no good work. The carnival of 1584 was ending; and on Shrove Tuesday, Henri persuaded his brother to join him in one of his wild frolics. Together with the *Mignons*, disguised as merchants, priests, and advocates, they galloped headlong through the streets of Paris, not caring whom they rode down, and maltreating such as wore masks—a privilege the King wished to reserve for himself and his courtiers. Then they repaired to the Fair of St. Germain, where they perpetrated all manner of insolent outrages, which continued all night long, for they did not return to the palace till ten o'clock in the morning.

The consequence was, of course, a great increase of the Duke's illness. He lay in bed for weeks at St. Germain, and there was further alarmed by two assassins with daggers being seized in his chamber. When put to the torture, they declared that it was M. de Fervaques whom they intended to kill; but Anjou did not think himself safe till he could return to Château Thierry, where he took to his bed, and

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never left it again, dying suddenly at last, from the rupture of a blood-vessel in choking over a crumb of bread. He died on the 10th of June, 1584, at twenty-five years of age, genuinely lamented by his attendants, to whom he had been always kind and indulgent, as indeed he had often showed indications that, like his brothers, he might have been capable of better things, had he not been bred to falsehood and treachery.

His life was of much more importance than his personal character warranted, and it left all France in consternation at the troubles that his death prepared for her; but his brother and sister seem to have mourned for him with real affection, and he must have had more amiable qualities than his enemies generally allow. Queen Elizabeth had always preserved a tenderness for him. She was angry and incredulous when her ambassador, Sir Edward Stafford, sent reports of his failing health, and much grieved when Mauvissière informed her of his death. She never after this had any more suitors, as indeed it was time to lay aside all thoughts of matrimony, save as she considered herself wedded to her people. She once asked Lady Harrington how she kept her husband's love, and being answered that it was by trusting, obeying, cherishing, and showing him her own affection, the Queen answered, 'Go to, go to, mistress! You are wisely bent, I find. After such sort do I keep the goodwill of all my husbands, my good people; for if they did not rest assured of some special love towards them, they would not readily yield me such good obedience.'

Anjou was scarcely buried before a much greater man was in his grave, by the hand of him who brought news of the Duke's death. William the Silent, Prince of Orange, was shot through the body at Delft, as he was walking up stairs after dinner on the 10th of July, 1584. He cried aloud, 'O God, have mercy on my soul—O God, have mercy on this poor people,' and expired a few minutes later. The assassin was instantly pursued and seized alive. He gave his name at once, Balthazar Gérard, of Villefons in Burgundy, and at once boasted that 'Like David, I have slain Goliath.' It had been the purpose of his life, even before he reached man's estate, to rid the world of the head of the schismatics and rebels. He was now about twenty-seven, and had for some time been a clerk in an office. Thence he had gone to Trèves, and had seen several Jesuits, who had commended his project, and the volunteer had been made known to the Duke of Parma, and encouraged to make his attempt, though Farnese had been too often disappointed to advance any money to the adventurer. It must be remembered that, in his eyes, the murder was only the means of executing the king's sentence already pronounced on Orange as a traitor, and that the Jesuits really believed that the declared foes of the Church ought to be slain. In each case the eternal laws of God between man and man had been overridden by State laws and Church traditions.

Under a false name, Gérard had entered the suite of a gentleman at

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Cambrai, and, at his own earnest entreaty, had been made the bearer of the letter containing the tidings of Anjou's death. Arriving early in the morning, he had been sent for to the Prince's bedside to be questioned; but he was then unarmed, and could not take advantage of the opportunity. Lingering about on Sunday with bare feet, he was pitied by an attendant of the Prince, who gave him money to buy shoes and stockings, and thus enabled him to purchase his fatal weapon of a soldier, who stabbed himself the next day in horror and grief. He had further poisoned the bullet, in the belief that it would make the effect surer. He wrote out his whole confession with the greatest composure; but the Dutch were not satisfied without wreaking their vengeance on him by revolting tortures, which he bore with the utmost constancy and resolution in the full trust that he was a true martyr. He even smiled at a slight accident that befell the executioner during the final horrors of his death, four days after that of his victim.

William the Silent had in the previous year married the widow of Teligny, Louise, daughter to Coligny, who had borne him a son named Frederick Henry. His first wife, Egmont's sister, had left him one son, Philip, who was still in thraldom in Spain; his second, the crazy Anne of Saxony, had been the mother of Maurice, now about sixteen, and he had besides nine daughters. He is enthusiastically loved by many, and is the hero of Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic*. His foresight, prudence, and ability as an administrator are undoubted, and there is no question but that it was owing to these qualities that the United Provinces weathered the terrible storm that burst on them. He was far beyond most men of his day in the sense of justice and liberality, at least his sayings give us reason to think so, but it is easy for the persecuted party to gain credit for toleration. He was humane and merciful, though he could not always restrain the cruelty of those under him, and he was far more honest to his engagements than any statesman of his time. He was not a great soldier, and scarcely ever was present in any of the critical battles or sieges of his time, though his resolution always supported that of his people. As to his personal character, he seems to have been no more strict in his morality than was the fashion of his time at first. He became a Calvinist more from patriotism than conviction; and as he grew older, and was happy in his later marriage, much that was evil in his life passed away, and religious convictions grew upon him, so that in the latter of the fifty-one years of his life he had become an earnestly religious man. Under a wise master he would have been the bulwark of the throne and a great statesman: under a narrow-minded tyrant, he became a patriot and defender of the liberties of his country, and the parent of her new constitution.

Another important change took place in the ensuing spring, in the death of the Pope.

Gregory XIII., good, forgiving, and pious, was weak and utterly inefficient as a ruler. Banditti roamed all over his territories, and the

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nobles were among the worst. His measures of repression were so ill concerted that they only gave further offence, and made rebels of men who had before been peaceful. Small armies, with nobles at their head, roamed the Campagna, and burned the crops and vineyards in each other's districts, and Rome itself was full of robbers. Finally the aged Pope died broken-hearted on the 10th of April, 1585.

The previous history of his successor was very remarkable. The Peretti family had been among those inhabitants of the Dalmatian provinces who, on the Turkish conquest, had fled across the Adriatic into Italy. They had settled at Montalto, and there, for several generations, struggled on in great poverty. Peretti had to leave the place in debt, but he afterwards became the owner of a garden at Grotto a Mare, near Ferino, containing the ruins of an old Etruscan temple to Juno.

Here he dreamed that a son was born to him who should raise his House to great honour and splendour; and on the birth of his eldest child, in 1521, he chose the name of Felice, in memory of the good augury. He was so poor, however, that he could not afford a few bajocchi for schooling, and Felice, while keeping swine, managed to learn his letters from the hornbooks of his playfellows as they passed on their way to school, until an uncle, who was a Franciscan, paid the small sum for him and enabled him to go to school, though his fare was still only bread and water. At twelve years old he was admitted to the Franciscan order, and thenceforth his talents secured his progress. He was noted as a preacher, and in the year 1552 was appointed to give a course of Lenten sermons at the Church of the Apostles at Rome. The custom was that petitions for prayers and intercessions should be placed, sealed, in the pulpit, to be read by the preacher during a pause made for the sake of rest in the middle of the sermon. While opening these, Fra Felice suddenly came on a paper enumerating all the chief doctrines on which he had preached, and opposite to each was written in large letters, 'Thou liest.' Fra Felice sent the paper at once to the Inquisition. It was thought so important that the Grand Inquisitor himself, Michele Ghisberti, came at once to his cell. He used afterwards to describe his dread of the stern, brown, deep-set eyes and rigid countenance of this terrible official; but all went off well. Ghisberti was so delighted with the strength of faith and depth of knowledge he evinced as to embrace him with tears of joy and to treat him ever after as a son. The anonymous denouncer had made his fortune. He was one of the foremost theologians at Trent, and was employed in all matters of controversy. Pius V. made him a bishop and a cardinal; and he chiefly resided at his native home, adorning the garden where he had worked as a boy, studying hard, and editing the works of S. Ambrose. He bore a high character for learning, prudence, and morality, though he was not regarded as exceptionally devout.

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He was chosen Pope with few dissentient voices, and began his reign with vigour, putting down the banditti with a high hand, and bringing about a wonderful improvement in the hitherto distracted States of the Church. The various countries of Europe felt the difference between Sixtus V., a narrow-minded, weak Pope, and a true statesman of large views. He would never have been the first to excommunicate Queen Elizabeth; but as matters stood, while every Roman Catholic priest in England was in deadly peril of his life, and the recusant nobles and gentry were under constant distrust, he could not but continue the sentence of his predecessor.

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THE ARGUMENT FROM NATURAL BEAUTY.

III.

THERE had not been a drop of rain for three weeks, and the July heat was getting oppressive. People took up their carpets and pulled down their blinds, and went about, like bats or sensible Southerners, only at morn and eve. To those who lived within reach of fields and gardens, the earlier and later hours almost made up for the scorching afternoons; the dew was so delicious, the sky so pellucid, the nameless crimsons and burning gold of the evening so intense, the repose of early morning (out of doors, I mean, not in bed), was such entranced and perfect rest before burden and heat, the stars were like so many mansions of the Father's house all night long. May had her children with her now, and they raced about all day as unconscious of the heat as those little things always are; and indeed their mother would have enjoyed it, but for an uneasy thought of what it must be in crowded streets and to suffering people. She had always done what she could in personal ministry, and could not bear to resign it for any time. But one of Maulger Hawke's best visitors wanted a holiday, and her *clientèle* in Jericho wanted almost everything during Long Vacation; so May had been comforted by taking her place, and went her rounds to the awe and delight of the Oxford slums. Their inhabitants had never seen anybody like her before, and had an indistinct notion that she was the Empress of Austria, or the Royal Family in disguise, or at least a near relation of the Government's. She gave rather too much, but it was always in kind; and, as she said, bread, tea, and sugar don't demoralise people very badly. Charles would not let her go about in the heat, and she sat and read to him at his work. He always rode early in the morning, and he told her the Berkshire downs were as yellow as the Egyptian desert, and that he had walked his horse through dry dust and stones, across the big ditch in Port Meadow, at a place where he remembered once getting in with an awful splash, and nearly drowning a recusant hack.

The semi-alfresco dinner party at S. Vitus's was a larger one than usual. Hugh Heron of Christ Church, and of Kirk-Otterscope in High Craven, had brought Grace his wife home from an Italian wedding tour to meet the Cawthornes in Oxford; and the Countess of Wharfedale, who had been abroad too, had left her lord in town, and come to see her Governor, the venerable Provost of S. Vitus's. She was to return to her allegiance very soon, and go home to York-

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shire hospitalities; but said she must be her father's daughter for a few of the days of her life. Both were glad of May, and indeed of her husband, because he was always painting on a high scaffold, and ladies can't well go up ladders; so they knew where he was, but had him well out of the way too, all day long. Carry Creyke had gone home to help her mother in certain entertainments, and Highcliffe had soon after found he wanted to see some good Roman remains somewhere, or anywhere; and had gone off alone, to be heard of at the Maison Rouge at Trier. But he had left a long paper with the Provost, and Hugh Heron had not been very long out of the schools, and was well able to take his place, though given to unseasonable observations productive of merriment, or consternation, as the case might be. Grace was beginning to try to keep him in order, she said; but when he talked about 'lessons,' he was quite out of her hand; and the Provost must protect her.

Perhaps the three ladies may have been concerting measures of self-defence in the garden after dinner, under the great red-armed cedar with its dark and bright green foliage of older and younger growth, and bunches of swelling cones. There they sat; Grace and the Countess ready to dispense tea and coffee, and supported by Mrs. Cawthorne at a davenport with some books beside her; she was to enact secretary for that night's talk. Between dark Grace Heron, and May, who was darker still, Gertrude Wharfedale's golden locks and keen-changing blue eyes, had a special gleam in the mellowed light of two lamps, which hung from branches above them. She had made the others put on black and yellow, and she was in old gold and black; altogether they looked like three Graces—of North, South, and Orient.

'Come, you haven't kept us long waiting,' said she, as the gentlemen strolled forth from the dining-room and began to settle down on all manner of low garden-seats, or on outspread plaids and skins from the hall. 'We expect wonders to-night, and mean to do wonders; at least, I mean to hold my tongue as much as possible. Such a pity Carry Creyke's not here, she has such a talent for silence.'

'Oh, she lets out every now and then,' said the Provost; 'but now, Gerty, when we've got settled, we ought really to begin about Beauty and Design, with Highcliffe's and my paper; he worked hard at it before he went. Charley, don't begin to growl already—or say what's the matter before I start; it's better to talk than read, among the cups and saucers.'

Charles. Why, we're all very well, our few but important selves; but do people care enough about beauty to bring it into a religious argument—or theological, or whatever you call it? It seems to me that art is nothing to so many people; and they have an inner, sulky feeling that in arguing from beauty, you are—a humbug, in fact. It amounts to that. They don't feel it, and think you are getting up

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conventional enthusiasm about it, for the sake of proving what they're most of them willing to take already—in their way.

May. Why, we want them to take it in our way too, you know. And I think somehow people feel more than one thinks about it. What were you saying about feeling for beauty just now, Gertrude?

Lady Wharfedale. That people are in a kind of agnosticism about it; they can't define it, or say what it is and what it isn't; and they often deny it in argument, believing in it and caring ever so much for it all the time.

Provost. Comforting view, if one applies it to what they say of greater things, Gerty. What do you say, Heron?

Hugh. Quite ditto to the Countess. People don't know what beauty is. They know that many things are beautiful; they feel deeply, without understanding their own feelings about them; they fall out accordingly about matters of taste, and give the subject up in disgust, or for peace' sake.

Lady Wharfedale. Rather neatly said, Hugh; being married has improved you. Only I'm afraid some gentlemen might have to give up discussing beauty with their wives for peace' sake; but tell me more of what you mean?

Hugh. Only what Ruskin wrote about it at first; that if principles of beauty could be ascertained by fair observation from nature, and sincerely acknowledged, then we should be able to agree a good deal better, without being obliged to define beauty in a metaphysical, or abstract, or otherwise distressing way.

Provost. Yes. I think he did get at demonstrable beauty in landscape. He treats Turner as his chief recorder and observer. Study of that kind by picture, and description from nature, would bring us in time to fixed or well understood principles. There might be a *sufficient* analysis—few analyses are complete.

Charles. Why, there are lots of books about analysis of beauty.

Lady Wharfedale. Excuse me, my dear Hugh, but what's analysis?

Hugh. Looking at a thing bit by bit, inside and out, to see all it's made of. If that were done with what we call our impressions of natural beauty, as well as it has been done by anatomy of the human body, we should be nearer knowing what beauty is.

Provost. And Whose it is. That the Professor never failed to say; we haven't heard much of that lately.

Lady Wharfedale. But *Modern Painters* has spent its force so; and he seems to have forgotten it himself, and people don't half care for him now.

Provost. All comes to an end, and he's come to be a classic in his lifetime.

Hugh. Yes, being a classic means being a carcase κόνεσσιν οἰωνοῖσι τε πᾶσι, for kites and crows to pick to pieces.

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Grace. Good Hugh; always construe things for us. Πâσι sounds very like pieces. Isn't Greek rather easy?

Hugh. Not unless one's well whipped at first. But, Provost, with due respect to your notes, isn't it our way into our subject, to consider the relations between beauty of contrivance, design, or adaptation—yes, Grace, I want to say all three words this time, and not again—and true outward delightful beauty? That's Paley's beauty and Mozley's compared.

Provost. You are an impetuous youth; but you've about hit on the way we do begin, only I wish 'Cliffe was here; you can speak for him though. I've only got notes, with a few passages extended. We took two stock examples first, to show how exactly the method of the argument is the same, in Paley and Beckett, and Mozley and Ruskin. Here's Ruskin's example about the renewed beauty of the Aiguilles of Chamounix. They are in progress of destruction; their law of existence is continual fracture, that never rests, is never covered by vegetation, but goes crumbling or crashing slowly on to the end. First, they are set far apart for beauty's sake, to be seen and not felt, where the fall of fragments does no harm, except to mad Alpine clubbists—and then, beauty is provided for by the manner of their fracture. That's the frame of the argument; you see beauty indicates reason as clearly as mechanism does; and here is beauty resulting from design, and so forming a supplementary argument from reason. Read that marked bit of the Sermon on Nature, Hugh; give it him, fair secretary.

Hugh reads: 'When the materialist has exhausted himself in efforts to explain utility in nature, it would appear to be the peculiar office of beauty to rise up suddenly as a confounding and baffling *extra*, which was not even formally provided for in his scheme. It is essential to the very sense and meaning of beauty that it should be *seen;* and inasmuch as it is visible to reason alone, we have thus in the very structure of nature a recognition of reason and a direct address to reason, wholly unaccountable unless there be a higher reason or mind. I say, beauty is visible to reason alone. What makes the beauty of a great spectacle of nature? Why should we be affected in the way we are by visible objects? by so many perpendicular feet, by masses, projections, angles, vapour, colour, space, and extent? The only accurate information we can obtain about these facts is that which a surveyor or mineralogist can give us; the facts themselves are wholly inadequate to account for the poetical impression they produce. The glory of nature really resides in the mind of man. There is an inward intervening light through which the material objects pass.'

Charles. 'The light that never was on land or sea——'

Provost. Yes; well, I think he might have said soul or imagination as well as reason; but that's of course, and he does in other places.

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May. But he confines the sense of beauty entirely to man. 'The brute sees all the objects which are beautiful to man, only without their beauty; which aspect is inherent in man, and part of his reason.'

Hugh. I suppose that means beauty reflected on, and understood as an aspect, in a rational way; that appreciation is more than mere sensation of colour, which animals have. Of course that's different from a salmon taking a fly, or a mackerel a bit of red cloth, or a bower-bird, or that sort of animal pleasure in brightness.

Charles. Don't you underrate colour? I don't see that it matters at all to the argument, if animals have some rudimentary sense of things of the soul. Their bones and muscles and eyes do their work for them like ours, and they may have *feeling* for beauty.

May. And there is a—well, I've always felt there was with horses and things, a kind of—love or something in them.

Lady Wharfedale. That's instinctive, you know—belongs to the inferior animals. (Drawing a long lock of May's hair through her fingers.) Gentlemen aren't troubled with it as you and I are.

Provost. No, we're troubled *about* it; and you have all the fun. But never mind that now, beauty's about as explicable as love, on materialistic principles. If it's all molecular motion, who made the molecules move so as to do all these wonders? or did they do it of their own wisdom?

Grace. Excuse me, Provost, what's a molecule?

Provost. An aggregate, or an assemblage of ultimate atoms, generating wisdom and all things; but not explaining how they had the possibility of it in them, or how they came to be assembled. So far Mozley: now read Ruskin. He has shown that the Aiguilles must waste away to supply the earth with fresh soil, the scale that wasting works on; the way the great peaks are set apart as a high table-land, to secure valleys from the fall of fragments, and the way in which the substance of the Aiguilles breaks in curved flakes all round it, not in blocks, like stones out of a wall. Then he says curvature for both security and beauty's sake is here (as in other cases before proved) the law of nature. Read, May.

May. 'A rose is rounded by its own soft ways of growth, a reed is bowed into tender curvature by the pressure of the breeze; but Nature gives us in these mountains a more clear demonstration of her will. "Growth," she seems to say, "is not necessary to my work, nor concealment, nor softness; but curvature is; and if I must produce my forms by breaking them, the fracture shall be in curves. If, instead of dew and sunshine, the only instruments I am to use are the lightning and the frost, then their forked tongues and crystal wedges shall work out my laws of tender line. Devastation instead of nurture may be the tack of all my elements, and age after age may

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only prolong the unrenovated ruin; but the appointments of typical beauty which have been made over all creatures shall not therefore be abandoned; and the rocks shall be ruled in their perpetual perishing by the same ordinances that direct the bending of the reed and the blush of the rose."'

Hugh. I remember noticing that beauty of all the broken forms, whether the fracture were old or recent, at Mount Sinai. You've drawn all about there, Charles?

Charles. Yes, there's no doubt about great beauty of form depending on curves, I think; and it goes all through in all-sized masses. I mean, nothing can be grander than the Ras Sassafeh itself, as a whole, or Mount S. Catherine; and every precipice on their sides has its beauty, form, and colour quite demonstrable, and so has every slope of *débris*, and every big stone on that slope, and, I daresay, every little one; and the very sand glitters with mica. One sees the beauty of the fracture there, because it isn't the least *voilé* or disguised by vegetation.

Grace. But Sinai and the Aiguilles are a long way off. Hadn't we better——

Provost. Go on to Paley—certainly, my dear. One can get to Paley from rock forms very well. Here's *Natural Theology*,* p. 84. He does not know much of beauty or geology, but he doesn't want unnatural monotony. 'Where order is not wanted, we do not find it. None is perceived in the forms of rocks and mountains, in the lines which bound the coasts of continents and islands, in bays or promontories. No useful purpose would have arisen from bounding the channel of the ocean by geometrical curves; or from the map of the world resembling a table of diagrams in Euclid's *Elements*, or Simpson's *Conic Sections*.' What comes next in our paper is Paley's leading-off example, the structure of the eye—and when we have had that we'll appeal to its appearance—as exemplified before us; [here the ladies pouted, and said, 'Indeed!'] and that will exactly hit off Mozley's argument.

Hugh. Only just let's say, *in limine*, that the argument from mechanism is not touched by evolution, or modes of force, or molecular anything. The contrivance is there; and whether things were made, or induced to make themselves, makes no difference as to the visible purpose and mind in their construction. I beg pardon, Provost, I only meant to protest against vague talk about Paley's argument being out of date; nobody's answered it yet, except by words without meaning.

Provost. Well—now then again. Hand over the book.† Look at the two woodcuts of the eye (p. 29 and 30). Aren't they beautiful?

* S.P.C.K., 1875.

† Paley's *Natural Theology*, S.P.C.K., 1875. F. Le Gros Clark.

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Hugh chuckled, stroked his beard, and said nothing; the ladies said 'Yes,' in different tones; and Charles, 'No, not a bit.' The Provost raised his protest.

Provost. Now, I know what you all mean well enough; but I can't have any branch talks before we've laid down one main line at least. Of course I mean these are not beautiful like a Legros etching, or a Turner landscape. They are symbolic or representative of beauty of contrivance—dædalian beauty your professor calls it somewhere. Hugh, I'm being what you'd call 'mobbed in cover'; do get me away if you can.

Hugh. It's all clear; the woodcuts, and the sinews and muscles they stand for, are beautiful by analogy. The thought of them ought to make one feel admiration and wonder; and one ought to feel that before a landscape, or a lady. But they aren't actually nice to look at; the mere view isn't a pleasure, as in the other cases.

Provost. I never knew anything like the priggishness of you young fellows and your distinctions. Athens all over. But read, May. [*May reads about twenty-five pages, and the student of this work is recommended to do the same. Provost sums up.*] Thanks, dear. Now here is your living spyglass, which you live behind and look through, from somewhere inside your cranium. There is precisely the same proof that the eye was made for vision, as that the telescope was made for assisting it; both are instruments. You have your crystalline lens, (p. 28), it is varied for other creatures and conditions (p. 28), and you have humours to act like other lenses, so as to form a picture at the right distance at the bottom of the eye. You have your achromatic contrivance to get rid of colour; you have your contractile iris to exclude too much light (p. 35), your muscles to vary the convexity of your lenses for short and long distance, your binocular contrivance, your wonderful field of vision (p. 44), your embedding and packing (p. 46), protection (p. 46–47), drainage (p. 47), lotion (p. 48), black pigment (p. 51), and the whole in contact (p. 52) with that specially-endowed part of the brain which is able to appreciate what we call light. There's no getting out of it that the eye was as much designed to look at the watch, as the watch was designed to show the time.* That is the sum of our argument from design. It is, in fact, repeated over and over again, in every part of every body or organisation wherein is the breath of life; and in all others too in their order. For argument from design you may say from purpose, contrivance, mechanism, intelligent cause, creative power, the living God; but it all comes to this, that design implies a designer. And this argument, derived from dædal beauty, joins on to its corollary the argu-

* Sir E. Beckett, on Paley's argument, near end of the *Lectures on Laws of Nature.*

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ment from external and delightful beauty, by this subtle connexion already noticed; that an analogous beauty, and—well, one may call it delight—is found in observing the ingenuity and perfect art or craft of the mechanism, design, *et cetera*. The mind is similarly affected, in looking at the inner mechanism of the eye, as by its outer charms. Now, if you three young persons will direct your gaze straight at me, till I tell you to leave off, I shall be enabled to proceed with some remarks on its external beauty.

Our three Graces were quite accustomed to be looked at, and they complied with his request; but with certain differences of expression. May looked amused at what she considered an ingenious approach to compliment—she had never lost that enjoyment of a pleasant thing neatly said which is so very far beyond all piquancy of mere satire, because it just touches the heart, besides tickling the brain. The Countess's eyes were rather soft, she delighted in her father, in his pithy style, and in the attention paid him by the younger men, to whom he seemed a sort of elder brother. Grace's twinkled; and one of them, it is asserted, actually 'wunk' a wink at her husband, who remarked that there *must* be a branch talk now, because expression had come into the question. You couldn't separate beauty from that, and what was it?—hardly ingenious contrivance of feature?

Charles. It's everything; life, love, soul—all that can't be painted, and can only be written about—and about. Nothing sets me more against the modern realist school of art, than that they won't try to realise that.

Provost. Oh, never mind that now. Gertrude, just come and sit by me a minute or two, and give me your hand. I'm getting old, and like to feel things. I should say there was a good deal of poetry due about this period. You had better quote anything that occurs to you about eyes or looks; nothing lachrymose I mean, but anything as to the power of ocular communication, exchange of thought, sympathy, and so on.

Hugh. Well—the first example that occurs to me isn't poetry—rather a grave one.

Provost. What?

Hugh. 'And the Lord turned, and looked on Peter.'

Provost. Yes, it is weighty; but that would lead us off to the power of the soul through the eye, to mental communication irrespective of beauty. It is greater than our subject.

Charles. Well, at all events it is certain, that if *expression* does not make nine-tenths of the beauty of the organ, *change* is everything to it; a dead stare is dreadful in any eye, of ever such size and colour. If you look hard, you will see that anybody's eye contracts and flashes, or is suffused, and shines quietly; or rolls and reflects light; or has a bit of repose after movement. What we call

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looking 'intelligent' has a good deal to do with the eyebrows and position of the head, with the eyelid well open in attention, and the lips ready to move truly with the look; and the excitement of attention or feeling always makes the eye liquid; expression is nearly all.

May. Suppose nobody looks at us any more; and will you give us some quotations? I hope they aren't all to come out of Byron; I don't like him on the subject; and, please, no Swinburne about 'great wicked' eyes.

Lady Wharfedale. I'm afraid some of the naughty expressions are very becoming too, at times.

Provost. Yes, the eye is an organ, after all, and has no morals in itself. It gives token of the awakened spirit, for good or evil; and there is the same beauty about that as there is in a flash of lightning.

Hugh. Well; there's no harm in the *Bride of Abydos*, and this exactly suits what the Provost says:—

'His trance was gone—his keen eye shone
With thoughts that long in darkness dwelt;
With thoughts that burn, in rays that melt.
As the stream, late concealed
By the fringe of its willows,
When it rushes, revealed
In the light of its billows—
As the bolt bursts on high
From the black cloud that bound it,
Flash'd the soul of that eye
Through the long lashes round it.'

Somehow, I don't fancy reading out that bit of Parisina,* *c'est trop navrant;* you can look at it for yourselves. You see the first is a typical passage; it seems to point that the beauty of the eye really depends on the awakening of the soul somehow. There may be a tigerish beauty or other evil form of evil passion. But the eye is only seen when the indweller looks forth.

* 'Her eyes unmoved, but full and wide,
Not once had turned to either side—
Nor once did those sweet eyelids close,
Or shade the glance o'er which they rose,
But round their orbs of deepest blue
The circling white dilated grew—
And there with glassy gaze she stood
As ice were in her curdled blood:
But every now and then a tear,
So large and slowly gather'd, slid
From the long fringe of that fair lid.
It was a thing to see, not hear!
And those who saw, it did surprise,
Such drops could fall from human eyes.'

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Grace. It's perceptible in philosophical husbands, when they get well into their subject and hit on a good sentence.

Hugh. Gammon. Bad or good, you see the intelligence makes the eye beautiful.

Charles. Still the eye cannot be separated from the other features, or from its outer protection; it's the brows, and wrinkling, and contraction that make it soft or fierce. I think the gleam in the human eye must be all suffusion and reflection. I don't care about a dog's with a bone, or cat's in the dark; I can't think they really emit light of their own. What novels call the flash of an eye means the glance, which involves a voluntary movement.

Provost. Well, we've got thus far, that the inner machinery of vision, which is very useful, but beautiful only by analogy, and ugly in fact, is so adjusted, covered up and disguised, as to—what Dr. Mozley calls—present a rich sight. And we note that great attractiveness is added to this externally beautiful instrument by internal conditions of what we mean to call the soul, and that bad ones as well as good ones may produce beauty too—of a kind, and for a season.

May. But about animals, Provost; horses do look so very lovingly at one, and their long faces have such a melancholy sense of not being able to understand or draw near to one, and longing to. Poor old Catapult—

Charles. Now don't think about her, May, but be jolly. Care killed a Cat—apult.

Provost. Of course, a proved connection between beauty and intelligence or affection in animals would strengthen our Theistic argument tenfold. Benevolence is purpose, and the more rudiments they have of these good things the more evidence of benevolent purpose there is about them. Mohammed argued so with the Koreish, that God was, 'because He hath made you to have pity one on another'—what would become of men if they had not? So of brutes, they have rudimentary virtues in their way, I think. Here's an old paper * about it, but it's sadly off our line.

Lady Wharfedale. But, papa, animal faces and expressions are beautiful in their way—in an—analogous way, is it, Hugh? I don't see why we should not go off after them a little, and May wants to, I'm sure.

Provost. Well, their mechanism is mechanism of design, and their beauty is both dædal beauty of structure and delightful beauty of exterior, and their expression of face in some cases is a part of their beauty, like yours, if you didn't mind being taken with the inferior animals. [*Exclamations. Provost continues from paper.*] 'What is there, after all, which is contrary to any form of the Christian faith in Mr. Darwin's ultimate hypothesis? The Spirit of God, we read and

* *Contemporary Review*, August, 1878.

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take it as a mystic truth, moved once upon the face of the waters. He exerted power over matter without life, nebulous or atomic; called into existence by Him, we know not how. Now, let us suppose that He then penetrated and possessed all material substance with His power, as if He set the waters in motion or motions by force or forces. Let us think that it was as if He had indeed stirred the waters, circle within circle and zone beyond zone; with nearer diffusions of recognisable influence, and more distant workings known to Himself only. Then and there the power and the law of evolution were established through all matter. As to processes and forms, science and theology may perhaps consent to arrive at some concordat of ignorance, on a matter which no human mind can reach even by their aid. But this figure may express the idea of gradations, or circles, of a permeating life which is an unity. Then it has been laid down, and certainly seems like truth, that Unity involves Personality. A scheme of benevolence, a mechanism directed towards happy existence, involves a personal will, at all events. That which is in favour of right is Will, so is a tendency or influence making for good, and against evil. That is in all things, we say, and it results in beauty among other things.' You are gifted with sight to see, and with crystalline lenses and humours to perfect sight, and with eyes to be seen as well as to see; and so are other creatures.

May. There is some more, isn't there, Provost?

Provost. Yes, rather in your way. Natural selection and the struggle for life may be quite real things, though they do not account for life itself. They are working laws and ordained processes; but they do not account for life, or its crafty framework, fearful and wonderful. There was a factor of personal Reason, Design, and Creative Will when evolution first began to evolve. You can't get out of that by supposing factors of infinite time; that's no hypothesis, it's only putting back the necessity for one. It's no use supposing æons of ages for the sake of their chapter of accidents, in the hope of a first cause turning up somehow who is not God. Why should not evolution be considered as the name of a possible process by which God made man come forth at last, after successive circles of life rising into higher and higher development; and, therefore, with strange resemblances here and there to each other, and to man, the highest creature or highest form of life? Speaking tentatively and reverently, we may say that the Unity of Divine Power leavened the whole lump of matter in different degrees, as if in circles or zones. Thus we may have the zone of the Image and Fear of God, in which we live; it is that of human reflection, morality, and imagination; then, the animal zone, of growth, life, and feeling; and so on below that, according to the Linnæan distinction, as far as it goes.

Grace. I'm afraid I don't quite remember that.

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Provost. Animals feel, live, and grow; vegetables live and grow; stones 'grow,' I suppose one must say. Some such great natural divisions there certainly are. I should say that the practical separation, quite a conclusive one, between men and brutes, was in the reflective power, which is the basis of morality, of personal character, of knowledge, and intellectual progress.* But you know there *are* the oddest physical and outward resemblances between different orders of creation. Didn't you say once every man is like some animal, Charles? and were you speaking as a painter?

Charles. Yes, I suppose painters look rather closely at things; but then we're rather fanciful. I think there's a monkey type, and a donkey type, and a canine type; and don't you remember Brown, of S. Isis's, that was so like a boar's head? His friends said he never could look finished without an orange in his mouth.

Provost. I don't see much in that, but Sir Charles Bell says, 'There is combined in the face of man a capacity for all the variety of expression which distinguishes the various animals of whose nature he partakes.' He's between carnivorous and graminivorous, and has both snarling and orbicular muscles; but then he has many peculiar muscles and arrangements which can be for no other purpose than those of expressing feeling and sentiment. Sir Charles makes them the feature of distinction between man and brute. But still I think one does see or feel that there are curious reflections of moral or spiritual qualities in animals. Aristotle would call them δυνάμεις, rudiments which can't be developed for want of the reflective power—killed seed of the soul's growth. They may be acquired from man perhaps, or they come out in contact with man.

May. Ah yes; how they look to you in pain, and ask you, can't *you* do something for me? Somehow it seems as if—well, one must call it love for one, a reliance on man—as if that grew up in well-treated creatures; and it certainly affects their looks, and gives them a kind of countenance. But as to beauty?

Provost. Why, that *is* beauty, or a reflection of beauty. You hunting people think of nothing but hocks and shoulders, and flat legs, and all that. What we note is that animals possess rudiments or possibilities of expression and physiognomy, and that in the best instances their looks suggest affection and intelligence. The best looks of animals are due to their nearest approach to spirituality. It's all *à propos* of eyes, and human good looks—and that's enough about the inferior—about dogs and horses. There's a very nice bit in one of the early volumes of *Modern Painters* that sums the whole thing up, and it ends with the different eyes of different creatures. Now, Hugh, you used

* On this matter see an Essay by Prof. Calderwood, *Contemporary Review*, Dec., 1877.

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to be one of his faithful ones—where is it? Read. [*Hugh turns over vol. ii. and stops at p.* 94.]

Hugh. 'That the moral perfections are causes of beauty, in proportion to their expression, is best proved by comparing the features of animals . . . as for instance, the eyes, of which we shall find those ugliest which have in them no expression or life whatever, but a corpse-like stare, or an indefinite meaningless glaring, as (in some lights), those of owls and cats, and mostly of insects and all creatures in which the eye seems rather an external optical instrument, than a bodily member through which emotion and virtue of soul may be expressed (as prominently in the chameleon), because the seeming want of sensibility and vitality in a creature is the most painful of all wants. And next to these in ugliness come the eyes which gain vitality indeed, but only in the expression of intense malignity, as in the serpent and alligator; and next, to whose malignity is added the virtue of subtlety and keenness, as of the lynx and hawk. And then by diminishing the malignity and increasing the expressions of comprehensiveness and determination we arrive at those of the lion and eagle; and at last, by destroying the malignity altogether, at the fair eyes of the herbivorous tribes, wherein the superiority of beauty consists in the greater or less sweetness and gentleness, *primarily*, as in the gazelle and ox; and in the greater or less intellect, *secondarily*, as in the horse and dog; and finally, in gentleness and intellect both, in man. And again, taking the mouth, another source of expression, we find it ugliest where it has none, as in most sorts of fish; or perhaps where, without gaining expression of any kind, it becomes a formidable destructive instrument, as again in the alligator. Then by some increase of expression we arrive at birds' beaks, wherein there is much obtained by the different setting-on of the mandibles (compare th bills of the duck and the eagle); and thence we reach the finely-developed lips of the carnivora (which nevertheless lose their beauty in the actions of snarling and biting); and from thence we pass to the nobler, because gentler and more sensible mouths of the horse, camel, and fawn, and so again up to man. But the principle (of moral expression) is less traceable in the mouths of the lower animals, because they are only in slight measure capable of expression, and chiefly used as instruments, and that of low function; whereas in man the mouth is given most definitely as a means of expression, beyond and above its lower functions.'

Provost. Then he refers to Sir Charles Bell in his 'Essay on Expression,' and says there is a negro's head there (3rd ed. p. 28) which we are to compare with Rafael's *S. Catharine.* There's a print in the library, Hugh, and the book's under 'B. Miscellaneous.' Go and report for us, that's a good lad—or Charles—you two be a Commission.

The young men went off, and tea succeeded coffee under the cedar.

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The Commission was very deliberate, and smelt rather of cigars on its reappearance. All it had to say was, that the nigger seemed, in its eyes, disgusting, and S. Catharine 'just a thought too kissable'—so that its mission was considered a failure, and did not obtain the thanks of the House. May had been turning over the chaper on Vital Beauty just quoted from, and noticed how the writer dwelt on the distinction between vital or outward, and dædal or mechanic beauty.

Charles. We agreed that that was not really beauty at all, only called so by analogy, because it causes a pleasant kind of admiration.

May. But how strong this is: 'Whenever we dissect the animal frame, or conceive it as dissected, and substitute in our thoughts the neatness of mechanical contrivance for the pleasure of the animal —the moment we reduce enjoyment to ingenuity and volition to leverage, that instant all sense of beauty ceases. Take the limb of the ostrich, which is beautiful so long as we see it in its swift uplifting along the desert sands, and trace in the tread of it her scorn of the horse and his rider. It would infinitely lose of its impressiveness if we could see the spring ligament playing backwards and forwards in alternate jerks over the tubercle at the hock-joint. Take the action of the dorsal fin of the shark tribe. So long as we observe the consistent energy of motion in the whole frame, the lash of the tail, bound of body, and instantaneous lowering of the dorsal to avoid the resistance of the water as it turns—there is high sense of organic power and beauty. But when we dissect the dorsal, and find that its superior ray is supported in its position by a peg in a notch at its base, and that when the fin is to be lowered the peg has to be taken out, and when it is raised put in again—although we are filled with wonder at the ingenuity of the mechanical contrivance, all our sense of beauty is gone, and not to be recovered until we again see the fin playing on the animal's body, apparently by its own will alone, with the life running along its rays. It is by a beautiful ordinance of the Creator that all these mechanisms are concealed from sight, though open to investigation.' Well, it certainly would not be nice for us to see each other's internal structure.

Hugh. Or our own. Didn't somebody study anatomy till he was afraid to lift his hand to his head? And how much better it is not to know one has got a stomach!

Provost. Time will teach you that and other things, my boy; though really that learning's like what the charity-boy said of the alphabet, not worth going through so much to learn so little. But you haven't spoken a word for half an hour, Gertrude, and that's unprecedented, simply. You're not ill, are you?

Lady Wharfedale. No, but I'm puzzled; there seems to be so many different beauties. I understand about setting aside mechanic beauty, but here you have a whole menagerie of animals — sharks, and

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sunsets, and owls' eyes, and our eyes; and expression is everything, it seems. Really I do quite enter into all that about the hawk's eyes and the antelope's. But still, evil expressions are sometimes very fine, you know—look at Irving in Shylock; and then, you know old people who are past what we call beauty, they are sometimes—well, lovely, I think. Lady Hertha Heron's not the least like a sunset, or a moonlight, or an ostrich. What's the beauty that's the same thing in them all?

Provost. Well, dear, you've bottled up your speech to some purpose. First, you anticipate what we're coming to, and then you ask the great question that nobody can answer—except by faith, that's to say, hypothetically. It's all quite right about the two sorts of vital beauty; physical and mental, you may call them, but physical and moral's better. Physical beauty is visible and demonstrable, plain colour and form—*beauté du diable*, I'm afraid the French call some forms of it. A sunset is transitory, but indisputable, consisting of colour chiefly, with fine forms of cloud perhaps; an ostrich is chiefly form; but Lady Hertha's beauty appeals to the mind, or the moral part. She is in fact symbolic: her beauty is chiefly in that which she has been and that which she will be. It depends more on expression now than on colour or form; but it involves associations and memory of how she used to look.

Hugh. I remember mamma very much admired. Somehow I think children never appreciate the good looks of their parents; but there's no mistake about her now.

Charles. We shall have to take up moral beauty next time; but I thought we were to go into grand landscape, and the Alps, and geology, and glaciers. It won't do to put that off too long.

Provost. Well, as a believer, I can only tell you that I think moral beauty's only a subtler beauty, also resulting from purpose and contrivance. We are made for certain ends, on the Christian hypothesis; and as people get nearer those ends, they show certain signs of their 'inner,' 'spiritual' or 'moral' *frame of mind*, as we call it. These signs indicate that mind or soul is approaching the completion of the purpose for which it was framed. Your mother *is* like a sunset this way, Hugh, on Mozley's view—'Thy rest shall be glorious.' I think it is so with her, at the end of her life's work. But that takes us back to Bell's *Expression* again (Sir Charles's book, I mean; nothing to do with present company). He speaks with authority as to our machinery for expressing the higher or tenderer feelings,* which brutes have not got; and he says that we express the more violent passions which we share with them by quite different means.

Hugh. He's rather against Mrs. Cawthorne's view about their loving

* P. 95, ed. 1, *On the Muscles of the Face in Man. Corrugator supercilii: depressor anguli oris, de alæ nasi*, &c.

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looks, in some places. But he stands up for the horse. Plate v. is very beautiful; and he gives five muscles which account for the superiority of the horse's eye; 'in spirit and fire,' he says, 'and a kind of intelligence.' I think that may be intelligence of affection.

Charles. You can't say really what May sees, and hardly how creatures look at her; but he seems to sum up all beauty in expression, and allow very little to the *beauté du diable.*

Lady Wharfedale. What do you say, papa? There's no doubt that many very handsome people are very naughty; but I dare say they'd look better if they were good-er.

Provost. Just so. I should say they were handsome and not beautiful, to begin with; and then that if they got rid of their wickedness they would be beautiful. Medea and Messalina are fair in spite of their frailties, not because of them—as a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, you know: the jewel *is* of gold, but for a time it is misplaced and misused. It's mere mad railing to go on in cantering verse about the wickedness of Our Lady of Pain, all as if anybody really liked her for her bad looks instead of her good looks. Evil expressions are often fine, as you said just now, but it is because they convey the idea of power; and some of us admire that a good deal too much. Besides, they are so easily recognised; and, in a picture at least, people feel a certain complacency in knowing at once what such a face and figure mean. They excite and give pleasure, but not by means of beauty.

Charles. There's a school of that sort of thing; and Burne Jones and Rossetti flirt with it sometimes. A man may not be wrong in painting overmastering passion, whatever it is; and he must represent it in a naturally beautiful face, for nobody will stand it in an ugly one. The fact is, that paintings of beautiful sinful people are practically illustrations of the modern sensational novel. It's the Intense Style—passion at any price. There's a kind of deliberate self-abandonment about it, a sort of opium-intoxication, as of weak people trying to have strong sensations. Excitement is everything, and you can't well have it without supposing all sorts of perfections in your heroine. It is all quite wrong, and bad art; but people don't care, if their work sells.

Grace. But you don't object to Rossetti and Burne Jones?

Charles. I'm on the side of both. There's a good deal been said against their favourite female expression, but I can't think anything but good of it. I never thought I understood it till I read Christina Rossetti's poems for the third or fourth time—particularly the religious ones. I think her works of the very greatest importance for painters, and in the *belles-lettres* way.

Hugh. Quite so. If there's anything more shady than another, it's the way she is ignored with faint praise by the blue-china critics.

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Grace. And if there's anything redeems Mr. Swinburne more than another, it's the way he praises her against the grain. *Noblesse oblige*, sometimes.

Provost. Well, but how do you interpret her on her brother's side?

Charles. Why, the only thing one's certain of—it's been observed again and again—in the expression of all his and Burne Jones's ladies is that longing and languor, and all that. You know how that's misinterpreted—in very rough language sometimes, and not charitable. People never seem to think that an expression of weariness is very natural for a good and thoughtful woman at all times, or that the Christian state is a state of rather fatigued expectation and longing *de profundis*. [May waved her pen at her husband, but said nothing.]

Provost. Yes, I've read her through. It's not what I'm used to, but it flows softly, like the waters of Siloam; and it's good and pure, every syllable; and there's the real singer's gift, with no want of brains—as intense and passionate as ever you please, but as well-restrained as Mrs. Trimmer, and as orthodox as the Bishop of London. Yes [leaning back in his chair and throwing down his pencil]—yes, I'm open to hear a good deal about her; only don't begin with analysis.

Charles. Not I. But do forget that Burne Jones once happened to call a picture by the name of *Laus Veneris* (which it's the whole case against him, and he meant true-love)—and the read end of the *Prince's Progress*, and look well at Dante Rossetti's illustrations — the live and longing princess in particular. You must see that there is noble unrest as well as ignoble, and that very pretty people are capable of desiring what eye never saw nor ear heard, as well as plain ones.

Grace. It seems a pity that people like that should ever lose their looks.

Provost. I don't believe they ever do, much or quite—they change, like Lady Hertha; but we've had that before. You mean that such faces, and Miss Rossetti's lyrics, express a certain—well, rather noble and submissive dissatisfaction with the present state of things.

Lady Wharfedale. How can you, papa? *You* oughtn't to tease.

Charles. Yes, and that they have the modern tone and the modern merits; though they protest in every word against modern denial and defiance. There is a deal of dubious work, but we need not talk about it now. I don't know that I know any very bad people intimately; but I know several beautiful people whose faces are spoilt by some one frailty, and who look best when they are freest from that.

Provost. Well, aren't we all getting rather tired? I've done as much reading as I want to do just now. You boys want final cigarettes, I suppose?

Lady Wharfedale. Think of some last words, papa. I do so like you to sum things up with a little bit of tag or epigram—or—something

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to think oneself to sleep about [dreamily]; Kenelm comes for me to-morrow.

Provost [strokes her head and profile]. We have come to about this, that the highest beauty is expression—of life, or of love, or perhaps of wisdom; and we've allowed that its lower and exterior forms are consistent with unwisdom, and all the other side. But you asked us to define it, and we can't, for it is a simple term, as logicians say; it's a mode of life, which changes, and fluctuates, and comes and goes, like a rainbow, on foam, and yet is the same. We know something of what it is, but not all; we know it is the appeal of a Reason to a reason, of a greater Wisdom to a small degree of wisdom. And we'll have this in chapel next Sunday; because it applies to undefinable beauty as well as to unfathomable wisdom.

'Where shall wisdom be found, and where is the place of understanding?

'The depth saith, It is not in me: and the sea saith, It is not with me.

'Destruction and death say, We have heard the fame thereof with our ears.

'It cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof.

'Seeing it is hid from the eyes of all living.'

'Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil, that is understanding.'

R. St. John Tyrwhitt.

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A CONVERSATION ON BOOKS.

BY THE EDITOR.

HISTORICAL POETRY.

Spider. I gave my friend your list of tales on history, and she says she wishes you would help us to another on poetry, for her girls to read or learn, as the case may be, as they go through their history.

Arachne. Will the history of England, and perhaps Scotland, content her?

Spider. I think it must.

Arachne. In point of date, as *Cymbeline* is scarcely history, Mason's *Caractacus* must come first, and I believe there are fine passages in it, but it is quite forgotten.

Spider. I don't much like Cowper's *Boadicea*, beginning, 'When the British warrior queen,' but it would help the girls to remember her. And oh! there is a beautiful short poem on the 'Alleluia Victory,' in the January *Monthly Packet*.

Arachne. Take next such of Wordsworth's *Ecclesiastical Sonnets* as come in order. I don't think we need specify them, if she has the book by her to use as they occur. It might be a good plan to let the girls copy out the sonnets and explain the allusions. There is also a store of poems in a book, I fear now out of print, called *Lyra Sanctorum*, on the Black Letter Saints, and also some shorter ones in a new book, called *Cantica Sanctorum*, published by Masters, with a preface by Mr. Gerard Moultrie. I like that on St. Augustine of Canterbury particularly; but I will not specify them as we go on, since the names of the saints concerned are sufficient guide, and she can choose, for *all* will not serve her purpose.

Spider. In the new National Society's *Historical Reader*, for Standard II., there is a very pretty poem of Mr. Palgrave's, on the 'Conversion of Northumbria,' easier to learn than Wordsworth's sonnet. There too is an extract from Scott's *Harold the Dauntless*, that well describes the Danish invasions.

Arachne. Gray's *Fatal Sisters* gives much of the real tradition of the songs of the Valkyr, or choosers of the slain.

Spider. Alfred has a poem of his own in that same *Reader*, and there are some verses of yours in the *Legend of Hampshire*, in the Christmas number of 1879.

Arachne. We must not pass by a play of Sir Henry Taylor's, on

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Edwin the Fair, throwing of course the tragic interest on the young king, who was, I believe, a very unworthy person; but still I think it is worth study. It may be corrected by St. Dunstan in *Lyra Sanctorum*.

Spider. Bishop Cleveland Coxe's Christian ballad about Canute listening to the monks of Ely is delightful.

Arachne. Then there's Tennyson's play of *Harold* for the Conquest.

Spider. Do you call *Macbeth* historical?

Arachne. In its way. It once was held to be so, and the murder was real, though I believe the gracious Duncan was a usurper, who had murdered the father of Gruach, or Lady Macbeth, so that revenge really actuated her as much as ambition.

Spider. And a charming poem of Norval Clyde's, from his ballads on Scottish history * for the sweet Scottish S. Margaret, and Mrs. Hemans for the 'Conqueror's Burial.'

Arachne. Now we turn to Miss Smedley's store of *Lays and Ballads of England* for one on William Rufus's death. There is also a good, but almost forgotten poem of William Stewart Rose, called *The Red King*, beginning with 'The Red King lies in Malwood Keep'; and there is also a passage in Pope's *Windsor Forest* that might well be read.

Spider. Next there's that well-known thing of Mrs. Hemans', *He never smiled again*; and Miss Smedley gives us the *Empress Maude's Escape*.

Arachne. Yes, and a modern version of the queer old ballad story of Becket's mother, which calls her Susie Pye. For Cœur de Lion, I like nothing so well as Professor Anstice's prize poem, which I fear is not easily come by; but he is noble in Miss Smedley's *Queen Isabel*,—not one of her ballads, but a very beautiful poem on King John's wife.

Spider. And how about Robin Hood?

Arachne. I would choose one or two ballads as characteristic—specially his death, but hardly plunge into the whole.

Spider. Then comes *King John*.

Arachne. Which, as has been shown us, defies history for the sake of the grandeur of the tragedy, making Arthur much younger, and skipping over the true history of the Interdict and Magna Charta.

Spider. There is one of Mr. Palgrave's ballads in the *Reader* on the battle of Evesham.

Arachne. And Miss Smedley has given Edward and the outlaw Gourdon.

Spider. Grey's *Bard*. 'Ruin seize thee!'

Arachne. I prefer the descriptive bits in it on the later kings, such

* *Ballads from Scottish History*, Edmonstone and Douglas.

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as those on Edward III. and Richard II. to the actual commencement, which has been proved to be a libel on Edward, though it is splendid verse.

Spider. Now, Norval Clyde for Balliol's degradation, and for Wallace; then we have the *Lord of the Isles*, and also a spirited ballad called 'The King's Brose,' in *Aunt Charlotte's Evenings at Home.*

Arachne. Scott's play of *Halidon Hill* is rather a jumble as to times and dates, but the early part displays the strange campaigns of Edward III. against Douglas and Randolph.

Spider. And Professor Aytoun has *The Heart of Bruce.*

Arachne. One of the tales that is poetry in itself. In the Third Standard National Society's *Reader*, there is a pretty American ballad on the *Plumes of Crecy*, and Miss Smedley gives us the *Keys of Calais*, and the *Black Prince.*

Spider.

> 'In the days of our forefathers, in the gallant days of old,
> When Crecy's glorious tale in Europe's ears was told.'

Lord Selborne's verses 'On the Four Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the Founding of Winchester College,' are to be found in *Days and Seasons* (Mozley). I always enjoy them.

Arachne. Then we turn to *Chevy Chase* and its Scottish fellow, *The Battle of Otterburn*, and, in spite of Sir Philip Sidney, I must own the Scots have made much the most beautiful ballad of it.

Spider. Then Shakespeare's chronicle plays come in again with *Richard II.*

Arachne. The beginning of his grand tracing of retributive justice in the crime and ruin of the Plantagenets. I think we should not forget a pretty ballad, almost contemporary with the farewell of the Duke of Norfolk. In fact, there are a multitude of ballads in Evans's collections, which I fancy were once in chapbooks, and formed the popular history, but most of them are mere doggrel, not worth notice. There is a weird one in the notes to *Marmion* on Glendowyr's oak.

Spider. The two plays of *Henry IV.* come in here, and *Henry V.*, all nearly history, if we accept Prince Hal's misdemeanours.

Arachne. Henry V.'s doings in France have been much more sung than those of Edward III. There are two most exulting contemporary *Lays of Agincourt*, besides a spirited one by Michael Drayton; and a ballad by Southey, on a warning to the King from the Hermit of Dreux. Then Norval Clyde must help James I. to tell of his captivity, and with Miss Smedley of his murder and of Catherine Douglas, before we turn to the three very unequally written chronicle plays of Shakespeare that carry us through the Wars of the Roses.

Spider. I wish he had done justice to the Maid of Orleans.

Arachne. He only knew the English account. No one but Schiller

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has done her any kind of justice. Southey tried, but did not understand her. He made, however, a most exquisite sketch of poor Henry VI. and of the Wars of the Roses in his *Ode on Princess Charlotte's Death*, when he goes through the roll of her ancestors buried at St. George's Chapel.

Spider. Next comes the grand *Richard III.* And were not the *Children in the Wood* the popular song of his cruelty to his nephews?

Arachne. So it is said; and we follow them with Wordsworth's *Feast in Brougham Castle*, giving the history of the shepherd, Lord Clifford.

Spider. *Marmion!*

Arachne. One of the grandest of battle pieces, and supplemented by the piteous Scottish *Flowers of the Forest*, and Aytoun's fine verses on the receipt of the news in Edinburgh. We must take our leave of Shakespeare with the play of *Henry VIII.*, so grand and just a picture of the two queens and the great cardinal. But we have gone on a little too fast, and passed by *The Lady of the Lake*. There are sundry Border ballads of that date quite worth using, such as *Jamie Telfer of the Dodhead*, a capital picture of a raid, or *Johnnie Armstrong's Good Night*.

Spider. Did not some one tell me that the nursery rhyme of *Jack Horner* was an old ballad, and that the plum was the title-deeds of an estate which the Abbot of Glastonbury was sending the King hidden in a pie?

Arachne. Quite true. Jack kept his secret till the fit moment, and the Horners still hold Mells; but I believe the rest of the ballad is not readable.

Spider. Oh, then comes the lovely *White Doe of Rylstone*, for the Rising of the North. 'Francis Norton' and 'Emily' are two of the most noble creatures I ever met.

Arachne. I am afraid you must thank Wordsworth's imagination for them more than solid truth, though all the Nortons but one did fall in the rising.

Spider. The *Lay of the Last Minstrel* must come here, for young Buccleuch was to be young King Edward's page.

Arachne. Yes, it was supposed to happen during Queen Mary's minority, when I fancy border wars were at the worst. Also our own Queen Mary has been put into a play by the Laureate, though I prefer Sir Aubrey de Vere's, and think he has shown the woman more trusty.

Spider. Poor Mary of Scotland, the mermaid, who made the stars shoot madly from their spheres, there is very little poetry for her. We must turn to Schiller for her again, together with some short poems of Norval Clyde.

Arachne. Yes, what else there is of poetry on the subject is not to

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be recommended. By the bye, as a sudden descent, it is said that *Who Killed Cock Robin* was a political ballad on Darnley's death.

Spider. Gray's *Bard* has a fine burst about Queen Elizabeth, and on the other hand a comical pair of verses on Hatton. Longfellow has sung of good *Sir Humphrey Gilbert.*

Arachne. Some most spirited poetry on Elizabeth's reign is Macaulay's *Spanish Armada,* and Tennyson's fiery ballad on Sir Richard Grenville.

Spider. All the *Faery Queen* was meant as a poem on Elizabeth. Nor must we forget

> 'O would you hear of a Spanish ladye
> How she wooed an Englishman?'

An incident in Essex's attack on Cadiz is said to have been its foundation.

Arachne. The *Lesson of Justice,* or *Sir Arthegal* has much actual mention of the Dutch war.

Spider. No poetry for James VI.!

Arachne. Look at Sir Walter Raleigh's dying song. Also the old ballad of the Queen's old courtier, and the King's new courtier, show the change in habits. I forgot, too, that it is a moot point whether the Sir Patrick Spens of the old ballad went to fetch Anne of Denmark, or the Maid of Norway long before.

Spider. Now for a poetical time! *Rokeby* to begin with.

Arachne. And on the other side Macaulay's *Naseby,* and the Scottish ballad of *Philiphaugh.* I see you making grimaces at them, so I will answer you with Mr. Daniell's grand ballad of the *Battle of Lansdown,* and others in Mr. Daniell's *Lays of English Cavaliers;* also *The Gallant Grahams,* and Aytoun's very beautiful *Death of Montrose.*

Spider. Montrose's own sonnet on the King's death!

Arachne. With Andrew Marvell's striking lines.

Spider. Dr. Neale's *White King,* and Bishop Cleveland Coxe's verses beginning, 'Ye abbeys and ye arches.'

Arachne. Here I think the *Christian Year* verses on the Restoration fall in historically, while Sir Francis Doyle's *Old Cavalier* is a portrait of the disappointments of the Restoration.

Spider. Must we have Covenanting ballads?

Arachne. At least James Hogg's touching one of *Bothwell Brigg;* then comes the gallant *Shall Trelawney die!* as amplified by Mr. Hawker, of Morwenstow, illustrates the captivity of the Seven Bishops. We will now go on to *Bonnie Dundee,* and Aytoun's *Burial March of Dundee.*

Spider. What can we do for poetry now? It was all gone to the Jacobites. I suppose you will call a halt for little Peterkin and his skull at Blenheim'!

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Arachne. I certainly shall make you read part of the *Rape of the Lock* for Queen Anne's court. It is worth noting too that *Malbrook s'en va-t-en guerre* was the French song of triumph composed beforehand, before the campaigns in the Low Countries.

Spider. A regular case of rejoicing when they put their armour on! There can't be anything worth having in all those times!

Arachne. There were plenty of satirical and also complimentary poems, from an earlier time, which may be begun with Dryden; but none would give much pleasure to you, in spite of the wonderful terse polish and point of whatever Pope did. You may turn to what you are longing to come to, the Jacobite poetry.

Spider. I'm afraid it begins with the *Bob of Dumblane!*

Arachne. And before passing on from the '15, we must not forget Wordsworth on *Rob Roy's Grave.*

Spider. There is Chambers's charming volume of Jacobite verses.

Arachne. Most of the very best are Lady Nairne's. Hers all have a poetic grace and pathos that have made almost all young people have a fit of Jacobite sentiment.

Spider. Now, Arachne!

Arachne. I own to it myself. And likewise to much admiration of Aytoun's verses called the *Isle of the Scots*, on the exiled Jacobite regiment.

Spider. What next can you find to care about?

Arachne. Perhaps Goldsmith's *Retaliation*, as a sketch of the noted men of his time; Burke, Garrick, and Reynolds are wonderfully well touched off. Then Cowper's anti-slavery verses have a real interest, and likewise his *Toll for the Brave*, when the *Royal George* went down, with the twice two hundred men. But there is no lack of spirited verse when once the great Revolutionary wars had stirred all men's spirits.

Spider. I suppose you reckon *Young Casabianca.*

Arachne. And Campbell's gallant *Battle of the Baltic;* after which you should read that introduction to the first canto of *Marmion*, in which Scott sums up the losses of 1806, in Pitt, Fox, and Nelson.

Spider. And there is Wolfe's poem on the *Burial of Sir John Moore.*

Arachne. There are three Waterloo poems, of which Byron's is the general favourite; Southey's is very heavy, but I confess to much liking for many parts of Scott's, though people expected so much of him that it was a great disappointment at the time.

Spider. I suppose the next historical verse belongs to the Crimean War?

Arachne. Good Dr. Monsell wrote a brave little poem on the battle of the Alma, beginning, 'What will they say in England?' Tennyson and Sir Francis Doyle have grandly sung of Balaclava; and Sir Francis has also given us the *Return of the Guards.*

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Spider. Also the *Burial of the Duke of Wellington.* Some of it is very noble.

Arachne. And so is the poem in which Longfellow has also paid tribute to the great Duke as *Warden of the Cinque Ports.* I think we had better complete our roll there. Our poetry is not all equal, and of course there is much left unmentioned; but I think these will happily give young people something of the spirit and enthusiasm of history.

Spider. I wish it were all put together in one volume.

Arachne. That can hardly be, because of copyright difficulties and other considerations. Besides, most of these are in ordinary collections, and standard books of poetry. Any one who likes to take a little pains could easily collect MS. copies for herself of all she had not at hand, and that is much better than having everything found for you, ready cut and dried.

Spider. Please note that in our last conversation, the word *Hasselaers* suffered a strange mutilation into 'Hosspelaers.'

Arachne. I wish to mention another book, not by any means such as those of which we have been speaking, but it ought to be known in time for Holy Week, and especially Good Friday, namely, Florence Wilford's *Beneath the Cross,** which gives a set of thoughts upon the Seven Words, adapted for children, and illustrated by real examples of those who trod in the steps of their Master, in their suffering here on earth.

* Masters.

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STRAY PEARLS

FROM THE

MEMOIRS OF MARGARET DE RIBAUMONT, VICOMTESSE DE BELLAISE.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SALON BLEU.

We arrived at Paris late in the day, entering the city through a great fortified gateway, and then rolling slowly through the rough and narrow streets. You know them too well, my children, to be able to conceive how strange and new they seemed to me, accustomed as I was to our smooth broad Thames, and the large gardens of the houses in the Strand lying on its banks.

Our carriage turned in under the *porte cochère* of this Hotel de Nidemerle of ours, and entered the courtyard. My husband, his uncle, and I know not how many more, were already on the steps. M. de Nidemerle solemnly embraced me, and bade me welcome, presenting me at the same time to a gentleman, in crimson velvet and silver, as my brother. My foolish heart bounded for a moment as if it could have been Eustace; but it was altogether the face of a stranger, except for a certain fine smile like my mother's. It was of course my half-brother, M. le Baron de Solivet, who saluted me, and politely declared himself glad to make the acquaintance of his sister.

The Marquis then led me up the broad stairs, lined with lackeys, to our own suite of apartments, where I was to arrange my dress before being presented to Madame de Nidemerle, who begged me to excuse her not being present to greet me, as she had caught cold and had a frightful megrim.

I made my toilette, and they brought me a cup of *eau sucrée* and a few small cakes, not half enough for my hungry English appetite.

My husband looked me over more anxiously than ever he had done before; and I wished, for his sake, that I had been prettier and fitter to make a figure among all these grand French ladies.

My height was a great trouble to me in those unformed days. I had so much more length to dispose of than my neighbours, and I knew they remarked me the more for it; and then my hair never would remain in curl for half an hour together. My mother could put it up safely, but since I had left her it was always coming down, like flax from a distaff; and though I had in general a tolerably fresh and rosy complexion, heat outside and agitation within made my whole

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face, nose and all, instantly become the colour of a clove gillyflower. It had so become every afternoon on the journey, and I knew I was becoming redder and redder every moment, and that I should put him, my own dear Viscount, to shame before his aunt.

'Oh, my friend,' I sighed, 'pardon me, I cannot help it.'

'Why should I pardon thee?' he answered tenderly. 'Because thou hast so great and loving a heart?'

'Ah! but what will thine aunt think of me?'

'Let her think,' he said. 'Thou art mine, not Madame's.'

I know not whether those words made me less red, but they gave me such joyous courage that I could have confronted all the dragoons had I been of the colour of a boiled lobster, and when he himself sprinkled me for the last time with essences, I felt ready to defy the censure of all the marchionesses in France.

My husband took me by the hand and led me to the great chamber, where in an alcove stood the state bed, with green damask hangings fringed with gold, and in the midst of pillows trimmed with point-lace sat up Madame la Marquise, her little sallow face, like a bit of old parchment, in the midst of the snowy linen, and not—to my eyes—wearing a very friendly aspect.

She had perhaps been hearing of my wilfulness and insubordination, for she was very grand and formal with me, solemnly calling me Madame la Vicomtesse, and never her niece, and I thought all the time that I detected a sneer. If I had wished for my husband's sake to accompany him, I wished it ten thousand times more when I fully beheld the alternative.

Ah! I am writing treason. Had I been a well-trained French young girl I should have accepted my lot naturally, and no doubt all the family infinitely regretted that their choice had fallen on one so impracticable.

I was happier at the supper-table, to which we were soon summoned, for I had become accustomed to M. de Nidemerle, who was always kind to me. Poor old man, I think he had hoped to have something young and lively in his house; but I never thought of that, and of course my husband was my only idea.

M. de Solivet sat by me, and asked many questions about my mother and the rest of the family, treating me more as a woman than any one else had done. Nor was it long before I caught slight resemblances both to my mother and to my brother Berenger, which made me feel at home with him. He was a widower, and his two daughters were being educated in a convent, where he promised to take me to visit them, that I might describe them to their grandmother.

Poor little things, I thought them very stiff and formal, and pitied them when I saw them; but I believe they were really full of fun and frolic among their companions.

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M. de Solivet was consulted on this wild scheme of mine, and the Marquise desired him to show me its absurdity. He began by arguing that it was never well to act in the face of custom, and that he had only known of two ladies who had followed their husbands to the wars, and both of them only belonged to the *petite noblesse*, and were no precedent for me! One of them had actually joined her husband when wounded and made prisoner, and it was said that her care had saved his life!

Such a confession on his part rendered me the more determined, and we reminded M. de Nidemerle of his promise to consult Madame de Rambouillet, though I would not engage even then to abide by any decision except my father's, which I daily expected. I overheard people saying how much M. de Bellaise was improved by his marriage, and how much more manly and less embarrassed he had become, and I felt that my resolution made him happy, so that I became the more determined.

Children, you who have laughed at *Les Precieuses* can have little idea what the Hôtel de Rambouillet was when, three nights after my arrival, I went thither with my husband and his uncle and aunt.

The large saloon, hung and draped with blue velvet, divided by lines of gold, was full of people ranged in a circle, listening eagerly to the recital of a poem by the author, an abbé, who stood in the midst, declaiming each couplet with emphasis, and keeping time with his foot, while he made gestures with his uplifted hand. Indeed, I thought at first he was in a furious passion and was going to knock some one down, till I saw how calmly every one sat; and then again I fancied we had come to a theatre by mistake; but happily I did not speak, and without interrupting the declamation, chairs were given us, and, exchanging a mute salutation with a lady of a noble cast of beauty who guided us to seats, we quietly took our place. She was Julie d'Argennes, the daughter of Madame de Rambouillet. A gentleman followed her closely, the Duke de Montausier, who adored her, but whom she could not yet decide on accepting.

I found it difficult to keep from laughing at the gestures of the abbé, especially when I thought of my brothers and how they would mock them; but I knew that this would be unpardonable bad taste, and as I had come in too late to have the clue to the discourse, I amused myself with looking about me.

Perhaps the most striking figure was that of the hostess, with her stately figure, and face, not only full of intellect, but of something that went far beyond it, and came out of some other higher world, to which she was trying to raise this one.

Next I observed a lady, no longer in her first youth, but still wonderfully fair and graceful. She was enthroned in a large arm-chair, and on a stool beside her sat her daughter, a girl of my own age, the

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most lovely creature I had ever seen, with a profusion of light flaxen hair, and deep blue eyes, and one moment full of grave thought, at another of merry mischief. A youth sat by, whose cast of features reminded me of the Prince of Wales, but his nose was more aquiline, his dark blue eyes far more intensely bright and flashing, and whereas Prince Charles would have made fun of all the flourishes of our poet, they seemed to inspire in this youth an ardour he could barely restrain, and when there was something vehement about *Mon epée et ma patrie* he laid his hand on his sword, and his eyes lit up, so that he reminded me of a young eagle.

This was the Princess of Condé, who in the pride of her youthful beauty had been the last flame of Henri IV., who had almost begun a war on her account; this was her lovely daughter, Mademoiselle de Bourbon, and her sons, the brave Duke of Enghien, with his deformed brother, the Prince of Conti.

When the recital was over, there was a general outburst of applause, in which M. de Nidemerle joined heartily. Madame de Rambouillet gave her meed of approbation, but her daughter, Mademoiselle d'Argennes, took exception at the use of the word *chevaucher*, for to ride, both as being obsolete, and being formed from the name of a single animal, instead of regularly derived from a Latin verb.

The Abbé defended his word, and for full twenty minutes there was an eager argument, people citing passages and derivations, and defining shades of meaning with immense animation and brilliant wit, as I now understand, though then it seemed to me a wearisome imbroglio about a trifle. I did not know what real benefit was done by these discussions in purifying the language from much that was coarse and unrefined. Yes, and far more than the language, for Madame de Rambouillet, using her great gifts as a holy trust for the good of her neighbour, conferred no small benefit on her generation, nor is that good even yet entirely vanished. Ah! if there were more women like her, France and society would be very different!

When the discussion was subsiding, Mademoiselle d'Argennes came to take me by the hand, and to present us to the queen of the saloon.

'Here, my mother, are our Odoardo and Gildippe,' she said.

You remember, my children, that Odoardo and Gildippe are the names bestowed by Tasso on the English married pair who went together on the first crusade, and Gildippe continued to be my name in that circle, my *nom de Parnasse*, as it was called—nay, Madame de Montausier still gives it to me.

The allusion was a fortunate one, it established a precedent, and besides, English people have always been supposed to be eccentric. I am, however, doing the noble lady injustice. Arthenice, as she was called by an anagram of her baptismal name of Catherine, was no blind slave to the conventional. She had originality enough to have

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been able to purify the whole sphere in which she moved, and to raise the common-place into the ideal. 'Excuse me,' she said to her friends, and she led my husband apart into a deep window, and there, as he told me, seemed to look him through and through. And verily he was one who needed not to fear such an inspection, any more than the clearest crystal!

Then, in like manner, she called for me, and made me understand that I was condemning myself to a life of much isolation, and that I must be most circumspect in my conduct, while after all, I might see very little of my husband; I must take good care that my presence was a help and refreshment, not a burden and perplexity to him, or he would neglect me and repent my coming. 'It may seem strange,' she said, 'but I think my young friend will understand me, that I have always found that, next of course to those supplied by our holy religion, the best mode of rendering our life and its inconveniences endurable is to give them a colouring of romance.' I did not understand her then, but I have often since thought of her words, when the recollection of the poetical aspect of the situation has aided my courage and my good temper. Madame de Rambouillet looked into my eyes as she spoke, then said, 'Pardon an old woman, my dear,' and kissed my brow, saying, 'You will do what I have only dreamt of.'

Finally she led us forward to our great-uncle, saying, 'M. le Marquis, I have conversed with these children. They love one another, and so long as that love lasts, they will be better guardians to one another than ten governors or twenty *dames de compagnie*.'

In England we should certainly not have done all this in public, and my husband and I were terribly put to the blush, indeed I felt my whole head and neck burning, and caught a glimpse of myself in a dreadful mirror, my white bridal dress and flaxen hair making my fiery face look, my brothers would have said, as if I had been skinned.

And then, to make it all worse, a comical little crooked lady, with a keen lively face, came hopping up with hands outspread, crying, 'Ah, let me see her! Where is the fair Gildippe, the true heroine, who is about to confront the arrows of the Lydians for the sake of the lord of her heart?'

'My niece,' said the Marquis, evidently gratified by the sensation I had created, 'Mademoiselle de Scudery does you the honour of requesting to be presented to you.'

I made a low reverence, terribly abashed, and I fear it would have reduced my mother to despair, but it was an honour that I appreciated; for now that I was a married woman, I was permitted to read romances, and I had just begun on the first volume of the *Grand Cyrus*. My husband read it to me as I worked at my embroidery, and you may guess how we enjoyed it.

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But I had no power of making compliments, nay my English heart recoiled in anger at their making such an outcry whether of blame or praise at what seemed to me the simplest thing in the world. The courtesy and consideration were perfect; as soon as these people saw that I was really abashed and distressed, they turned their attention from me. My husband was in the meantime called to be presented to the Duke d'Enghien, and I remained for a little while unmolested, so that I could recover myself a little. Presently a soft voice close to me said, 'Madame,' and I looked up into the beautiful countenance of Anne Geneviève de Bourbon, her blue eyes shining on me with the sweetest expression. 'Madame,' she said, 'permit me to tell you how glad I am for you.'

I thanked her most heartily, I felt this was the real tender sympathy of a being of my own age and like myself, and there was something so pathetic in her expression that I felt sorry for her.

'You are good! You will keep good,' she said.

'I hope so, mademoiselle,' I said.

'Ah! yes, you will. They will not make you lose your soul against your will!' and she clenched her delicate white hand.

'Nobody can do that, mademoiselle.'

'What? Not when they drag you to balls and fêtes away from the cloister, where alone you can be safe?'

'I hope not there alone,' I said.

'For me it is the only place!' she repeated. 'What is the use of wearing hair cloth when the fire of the Bourbons is in one's blood, and one has a face that all the world runs after?'

'Mais, mademoiselle,' I said, 'temptation is only to prove our strength.'

'You are strong. You have conquered,' she said, and clasped my hand. 'But then you loved him.'

I suppose I smiled a little with my conscious bliss, for this strange young princess hastily asked, 'Did you love him? I mean, before you were married.'

'O no,' I said, glad to disavow what was so shocking in my new country.

'But he is lovable? Ah! that is it. While you are praying to heaven, and devoting yourself to a husband whom you love, remember that if I ruin my soul, it is because they would have it so!'

At that moment there was a pause. A gentleman, the Marquis de Feuquières, had come in, bringing with him a very young lad, in the plain black gown and white collar of a theological student; and it was made known that the Marquis had been boasting of the wonderful facility of a youth who was studying at the College of Navarre, and had declared that he could extemporise with eloquence upon any subject. Some one had begged that the youth might be fetched,

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and set to preach on a text proposed to him at the moment, and here he was.

Madame de Rambouillet hesitated a little at the irreverence, but the Duke d'Enghien requested that the sermon might take place, and she consented, only looking at her watch, and saying it was near midnight, for the time was short. M. Voiture, the poet, carried round a velvet bag, and each was to write a text on a slip of paper to be drawn out at haphazard.

We two showed each other what we wrote. My husband's was—'Love is strong as death.' Mine—'Let the wife cleave unto her husband,' but neither of them was drawn out. I saw by the start that Mademoiselle de Bourbon gave that it was hers, when the first paper was taken out—'Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!' A few minutes were offered to the young Abbé to collect his thoughts, but he declined, and he was led to a sort of a daïs at the end of the salon, while the chairs were placed in a half circle. Some of the ladies tittered a little, though Madame de Rambouillet looked grave; but they composed themselves. We all stood and repeated the *Ave*, and then seated ourselves; while the youth, in a voice already full and sweet, began solemnly, 'What is life? what is man?'

I can never convey to you how this world and all its fleeting follies seemed to melt away before us, and how each of us felt our soul alone in the Presence of our Maker, as though nothing mattered, or ever would matter, but how we stood with Him. One hardly dared to draw one's breath. Mademoiselle de Bourbon was almost stifled with the sobs she tried to restrain lest her mother should make her retire. My husband held my hand, and pressed it unseen. He was a deeper, more thoughtful man ever after he heard that voice, which seemed to come, as it were, from the Angel at Bochim who warned the Israelites; and that night we dedicated ourselves to the God who had not let us be put asunder.

I wished we could have gone away at once and heard no more, and so must, I think, the young preacher have felt; but he was surrounded with compliments. M. Voiture said he had never heard 'so early nor so late a sermon,' while others thronged up with their compliments.

Madame de Rambouillet herself murmured, 'He might be Daniel hearing the compliments of Belshazzar on his deciphering the handwriting,' so impassively did he listen to the suffrages of the assembly, only replying by a bow.

The Duke d'Enghien, boldest, of course, pressed up to him, and taking his hand, begged to know his name.

'Bossuet, Monseigneur,' he answered.

There were one or two who had the bad taste to smile, for Bossuet (I must tell my English kindred) means a draught ox; but once more the lovely sister of the young Duke grasped my hand, and said—'O

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that I could hide myself at once! Why will they not let me give myself to my God? Vanity of vanities! why am I doomed?'

I was somewhat frightened, and was glad that a summons of 'my daughter' from the Princess of Condé interrupted these strange communications. I understood them better when we were called upon to tell the old Marquise the names of every one whom we had met at the Hôtel de Rambouillet, and on hearing of the presence of Mademoiselle de Bourbon, she said, 'Ah! yes, a marriage is arranged for the young lady with the Duke of Longueville.'

'But!' exclaimed my husband, 'the duke is an old man, whose daughter is elder than I?'

'What has that to do with it?' said his aunt. 'There is not much blood in France with which a Montmorency Bourbon can match. Moreover, they say the child is *dévote*, and *entêtée* on Madame de Port Royal, who is more than suspected of being *outrée* in her devotion. So the sooner she is married the better!'

Poor beautiful girl, how I pitied her then! Her lovely wistful blue eyes haunted me all night, in the midst of my own gladness. For a courier had come that evening bringing my father's reply. He said my mother deplored my unusual course, but that for his part he liked his little girl the better for her courage, and that he preferred that I should make my husband's home happy to my making it at court. All he asked of me was to remember that I had to guard the honour of my husband's name and of my country, and he desired that I should take Tryphena with me wherever I went.

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KEEPING THE VOW.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'JOINED TO AN IDOL,' &C., &C.

PART I.

HOW THE VOW WAS MADE.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE book which Stuart took up that night was a small thin volume containing only a few pages of letter-press, and various quaint woodcuts. It was a brief account of the 'Life of ane Maister George Heriot, and the Foundation of his Hospital.'

The language was stilted, and the spelling strange; but there was much of warm, living interest in it; there was the genuine ring of reality which awoke a resonant echo in the heart of the young reader, straining his blue eyes over the crabbed printing. He knew something, poor laddie, of the pains of poverty, and the sorrow of having the day of youth prematurely clouded by the cares and anxieties of age. In feeling pity for himself, he felt more pity for others who were more entirely helpless and friendless than himself. There would always be many poor, homeless boys and girls, and his heart ached for them. Why could he not some day be able to do something to help and succour them? something after the pattern of Heriot's noble work? but with this question came a sort of amused wonder at himself. How could he ever possibly earn enough money for the carrying out of such a design? Still the beauty of the design made stronger and stronger appeals to his imagination. Would it not be great joy to be able to help boys with no means of obtaining a livelihood—boys, like himself, without parents? At that moment his grandfather groaned in his sleep, and Stuart recalling the hardships and troubles that had beset his old age, thought that he would like to help, not only the young, but also the aged; to be able to lessen the sorrows and cares of the aged poor. If ever he should found a charitable institution, it should embrace both objects—the relief of aged men and women who could no longer work, and would not beg; and the education and establishment in life of orphan boys and girls. And he stared at the woodcut of Heriot's picturesque hospital until it seemed a real building that he himself had erected.

The sudden dying out of the last glimmer of fire-light had brought back his senses to his present condition; and both smiling at the folly of his dreams, and sighing that they could only be 'the baseless fabrics of a vision,' he again got into bed, and this time slept so soundly that he never stirred until, when day had fully begun, he was awakened by his grandfather's feeble entreaties for some drink.

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Before he had properly attended to the old man's wants, dressed himself in his Sunday best, and made and swallowed down his own porridge, it was nearly eleven o'clock, and he hastened to set off for Donaldstown. The road presented many changes—now ascending a hill, now going down some deep descent, now passing through a wooded deeply-cut valley, or more properly 'den'; and now crossing a bit of wild bleak moorland, leading sometimes by the side of solitary fields, and occasionally passing through a small village. In the second of these, Stuart halted to take half an hour's rest in a small, clean cottage, the tiny front window of which displayed a goodly store of freshly-baked 'cakes' and bannocks, also *claggam*, that ductile dainty dear to Scottish bairns, and a few rosy apples, polished into shining smoothness. Stuart bought a bannock, and was given, by the kindly-faced mistress of the shop, a stoup of sweet fresh milk. As he ate and drank this simple wholesome fare, he looked at the apples (he was not yet fifteen), and his heart went out to them; it was long since he had tasted any, and these were particularly large, and round, and rosy. At last he asked their price, and was told that he could get two for a penny. He took out the little leather bag which served him for a purse, and, after counting over its small store of coins carefully, hesitatingly put down one penny on the counter, took up the apples that the woman smilingly held out to him, said good-bye, and set forth again on his walk.

Already (as long years afterwards he expressed himself in telling the story to his dearest friend), 'the apples had become as lead in his hand.' When every penny was precious, and needed to help in buying absolute necessaries for his aged, suffering grandfather, that he should have spent one in the mere gratification of self, seemed to him almost, if not altogether, a sin. Would Mr. Lindsay ever have been guilty of such a selfish, greedy action? he asked himself with a flush of bitter shame reddening his pale, thin cheek. Was this the way to save money in order to do good to other people? Where were all the fine dreams and schemes of last night? Truly *he* was not of the stuff of which the founders of great charities are made; but in the midst of these bitter, hard thoughts, came, like a ray of light, the remembrance of a lesson which Mr. Lindsay had often impressed upon him, and all the young people under his charge, that failure in duty, and even actual sins, if truly repented of, may be made stepping-stones to the attainment of virtue; and that a man can always be 'in the future what he might have been in the past.' Remembering these lessons, Stuart resolved, not with the lightness which can never create a noble future out of an ignoble past, but with deep humility and grave steadfastness of purpose, that he would henceforth make it his endeavour never to spend even a penny upon his own mere personal gratification, apart from the comfort or pleasure of others. The very resolve, not being a meaningless shift to get out of a difficulty, but

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the honest purpose of one who knew what a resolution meant, and how rigidly it should be kept, gave him some present comfort, only there remained the doubt what to do with the apples. He was too sensible to think of throwing them away, yet it was with much hesitation that he began eating the smaller, and less pretty-looking of the two, which nevertheless he could not help finding pleasant to the taste, and it did him good, for his hunger had not been quite satisfied by the one bannock and the small wooden bowl of milk. As he was finishing the last morsel, he was met by a woman with a plaid over her head, and a tall boy in kilts (the Fraser colours), who walked with a slouching, strange gait, and who, to Stuart's surprise, made a sudden dart across the narrow road, snatched the remaining apple from his left hand, and instantly began munching it with greedy, delighted looks. In the next second the woman was by his side, exclaiming, 'Oh you will pe pleased to pardon him, for he will pe an innocent, and will not pe knowing that it will be a ferry wrong pad thing that he will pe doing; for he will pe loffing an apple more and petter, oh much petter than all other things!'

'Poor boy,' said Stuart, full of compassion, and speaking in Gaelic, 'he is quite welcome to the apple, only I couldn't think at first what he was doing.'

The Highland woman, a Fraser from the neighbouring county of Inverness, on hearing her native language spoken by this Lowland-dressed youth, was overjoyed, and poured forth a volley of thanks from which Stuart found it difficult to get away. As it was, he was not allowed to proceed until he had accepted a thick, triangular-shaped, piece of 'cake,' a lump of ewe-milk cheese, and three eggs, which latter he took with grateful pleasure, and carefully stowed in a deep pocket, prizing them as dainties for his grandfather's supper and breakfast. It may be said that after that little episode, Stuart went on his way rejoicing. Was it because he had been really sorry for his selfishness that manifest good had been allowed to come out of evil? He never could, even when older and wiser, put the feeling into words, yet he then and ever felt that God had actually helped him individually on this occasion, and given him a sure sign of forgiveness.

Speculations as to the history of that poor 'innocent' in the kilts (a dress to which his own hereditary inclinations had often longingly turned), occupied his mind during the remaining part of the walk, which, diversified by no other adventure, came to an end between five and six in the evening when the fast fading daylight was struggling feebly with the gradually increasing brightness of moonlight. Stuart went straight to the house of the Episcopal clergyman, a different person in most outward characteristics from him who had hitherto been his only embodiment of the ministerial office. Mr. McTavish was not a man of intellectual power and high mental culture, nor refined in act and word as Mr. Lindsay had been; but he had good

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judgment, practical common sense, and untiring energy in promoting the cause which he believed to be the cause of God. In person, he was of that middle height which is well fitted for active work; broad-shouldered, and substantial in face and figure, he looked the picture of health; his hearty laugh was a pleasant sound to hear, and there was something infectious in the genuine mirth of his dancing bright eyes; but they were beautifully pathetic and kindly, when the troubles of other persons made them take a dewy melting look, like that often to be seen in the eyes of a high-bred dog; and his large full voice could tone itself down to tender gentleness when speaking to the sick or the sorrowful. His wife was admirably suited to be his companion—a hearty, cheery, homely body, wise in all the mysteries of good housewifery, keeping her husband, her four children and herself, and a stout serving-maid, in modest comfort upon an income with which some women, even in those days, would merely have avoided starvation.

All the 'dance' was gone out of his eyes as he heard Stuart's tale, and talked of that which he called, and thought, a heavy blow, and one hard to be borne.

Mrs. McTavish's motherly instincts were aroused at sight of Stuart's pale cheeks, and thin, fragile frame, and contrasting him with her own, ruddy-faced, romping lads, her kind heart was moved to pity, and with her, pity always blossomed outwards, and bore fruit in good deeds. Therefore she went out of the parlour, and going to her clean little kitchen, warmed some of the remains of the broth which had formed the family dinner. When the large steaming bowl, and thick hunch of white wheaten bread (a rare luxury in humble households in Scotland at that date and for long after), were placed before the boy who was sitting somewhat listlessly near the centre table, the kind woman had her reward in his grateful words and looks. Not long after he had taken his supper Mrs. McTavish, pitying his evident weariness, took him away, and settled him into the one neat little guest-chamber which was a necessity in that house where strange ministers and persons of all ranks constantly required a night's entertainment.

'Eh! what a poor laddie yon is,' said Mrs. McTavish, on returning to her husband; adding, 'but he has a terrible spirit; think of him, the creature, coming all this length alone.'

'Yes, he is a fine-hearted laddie; I mind well our dear friend, who has just gone from us, speaking to me of him, and saying that he believed he was one who would yet make his mark in the world; and he will, I can well believe, once he gets a fair start. I like the glint of his een; he is a lad with bye ordinar' sense and spirit.'

'Ay, deed is he; and I'm wishin', minister, that we could contrive some way of sending him on the road home; but ye see there's only your own horse, an' he will na' cairry double; forbye that the laddie will hae't that he maun take the road the morn's mornin'.'

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Walter McTavish, the eldest of the family, who had come in from a visit to his schoolmaster, to whom he was much attached, a few minutes before, looked up from the books to which he had immediately settled himself, and said—

'Maister Grant needs to gang to Forfyvie the morn's mornin'; he has had ill news o' his sister, and he will be gettin' the lend o' Drumlinnie's bit car, the which can easy cairry three men-folk, lat alane twa; an' that would be sendin' the laddie a gude ten mile upo' his road.'

'Now, that's just a thoughtful man you are, Wattie; I'm right well pleased with ye for mindin' on't; it will be a real blessin' to yon poor callant who has had more than a callant's rightful fashes and tuilzies, gin I'm no muckle mistaen.'

'Will I rin back to the school, and speer at the maister gin he'll stop here as he gaes by the door the morn?'

'Ay, Wattie, ye'd best dee that; and then haste ye to get to your bed, for it's terrible late; my word, if it isna nigh hand nine o'clock!'

Stuart was indeed thankful for the 'lift' to Forfyvie, for, although 'the car' was a curious nondescript vehicle, innocent of springs and cushioned with straw, being conveyed therein was at least better than having to walk all the fifteen miles between Donaldstown and Ennerleddie; and all would have been well had not heavy rain come on, which penetrated through Stuart's insufficient clothing, so that he was soon literally wet to the skin; and how he managed to walk the five remaining miles of his journey he never could afterwards remember. When he did reach home he was fit for nothing but to lie down in bed, and suffer the alternate miseries of cold trembling, and burning heat.

The kindly widow woman remained with him that night, and the next day, when he was far too ill with rheumatic fever even to moan over his inability to attend Mr. Lindsay's funeral; or, indeed, to be fully conscious of any of the events which had lately seemed all-important.

When the funeral was over, and Hamish had carefully packed his master's possessions in strong chests, and left them at the principal inn of the town in charge of its mistress, he took up his station in Stuart's sick chamber, where also lay old Maister Hepburn, and went about between the beds, waiting on the old and the young invalid with the deftness and thoughtful tenderness of a woman, and the strength and prompt decision of a man.

At the end of a month his cares were rewarded by Stuart's restoration to health, and he was the more thankful for this good result, as he was now compelled to leave Ennerleddie and proceed to Edinburgh, Mrs. Angus having summoned him to take to her uncle Mr. Lindsay's goods, all of which had been left in trust to her, for distribution amongst his relatives; and as she had, through her brother-in-law, Lord Lillieslea, obtained permission for him to put himself and his

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chests under the escort of a small body of soldiers who were being removed from Kinloss to Stirling Castle, it was necessary that he should leave on a certain day. It is not to be supposed that Hamish liked the idea of travelling with English soldiers, or the prospect of having to doff his kilts, and wear the hated 'trews;' but for the memory of his beloved master, he would have done anything short of treason to the one king enshrined in his heart; and he said to Stuart—

'They will be thinking, those men, that I will not haf much of the English, and I will not let them guess how much it will be that I will haf of their unmusical tongue; and so, Hamish will not be getting himself into trouble with those men who will haf the great misfortune that they will be English; and they will not be thinking that I will be a soldier, I myself as well—oh, and better than they; but I will be knowing it ferry well, and I will be smiling within my heart when I will see their ugly red coats, and will be hearing all they will haf to say of the service of the wee German lairdie's great grandson; oh, no, and I will not be saying one word, not efen if they will be calling him the king; for my master and friend would haf said to me, Thou wilt not be quarrelling with these poor men, Hamish, *mon ami*.'

Stuart devoutly hoped that the old Franco-Celt would carry out this good resolution; but his fear was greater than his hope, and he dreaded that some day he might hear of a terrible broil on the road between him and the English soldiers, to whom he had an instinctive antipathy. However, nothing of the sort occurred; Hamish was almost as 'canny' as a Lowland Scot, and his French blood had given him the happy and enviable knack of adapting himself to circumstances, and of cheerful acquiescence in the inevitable, besides which, Lord Lillieslea, who had long been on the Hanoverian side (whilst contriving to retain private friendships with many Jacobites), had written to the officer in command of the detachment of troops, especially commending Hamish, as being the faithful attached servant of an honoured friend lately deceased, to his care and forbearing kindness, should he 'manifest too strongly the prejudices but natural to one of his country and name.'

Hamish did thus reach Edinburgh in safety, and soon after was sought out by Colonel Hepburn, who was anxious to hear not only the particulars of Mr. Lindsay's death, but also everything concerning old Maister David Hepburn and his grandson, the latter of whom Hamish's glowing eulogy elevated into something of a hero; and the vivid picture which he drew of his brave struggle, his unselfishness, and the privations which he constantly suffered, made the colonel resolve to hasten into the north; and about a fortnight later he joined himself to the party of a nobleman who, with his family and servants, was going to his castle, situated between Kinloss (from which place he received his title) and Donaldstown.

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Travelling in Scotland at that date, except in the immediate neighbourhood of the capital, was, even for great and rich people, never an easy and not always a safe undertaking; and Colonel Hepburn thought himself fortunate in being able to obtain a seat in Lord Kinloss's large roomy coach, cumbrous and ill-hung vehicle though it was; and all the party rejoiced over their good fortune in the favourableness of the weather, and other circumstances, enabling them to perform the journey in seven days.

CHAPTER IX.

Before Hamish McBean left Ennerleddie, he procured for Stuart some employment, the remuneration for which would go far to keep the little family in the Red House in greater comfort than they had enjoyed for many months. The landlady of the one chief inn, Mistress Gillanders, had lately been left a widow, and as her husband had kept a small grocery shop as well as his inn, and had also farmed a few acres of land, she, having no son or brother, felt herself greatly at a loss with regard to the keeping of her books, making out accounts, &c., and was more than willing to intrust these matters to Stuart, whose honesty, steadiness, and devotion to his grandfather had long been her admiration. The payment she gave was so liberal, that Stuart was able to engage the regular services of Mistress Robb, who was now at liberty to take up her abode in the Red House, her only son, for whom she had kept house, having been induced to enter as a recruit into that regiment, a portion of which had lately halted two days at Ennerleddie, and taken Hamish McBean under its escort to Stirling.

Without Mrs. Robb's services Stuart could not of course have left his grandfather. He was now almost quite happy; he had plenty of work, a necessity of life to him—and not uncongenial work, for he knew that he was as useful to his employer in rendering it to her, as her money was useful and helpful to him and his grandfather.

For three weeks all went well, and then the fair hopes were crushed, and another unlooked-for blow fell upon the brave lad. Coming home at midday for his dinner, and in the best of spirits, whistling blithely as he crossed the threshold, he was startled by the sound of moans and cries of pain, proceeding from the long-disused 'best parlour.' Hastily he threw back its half-closed door, and there, on the floor, below a high bookcase, and close beside an overturned chair, lay Mistress Robb, evidently in great pain. She had been endeavouring to reach the upper shelves for the purpose of dusting them—so she told him in broken sentences—and, missing her balance had fallen from the chair, upsetting it in her fall. From her description of her pain, and her inability to move, Stuart feared that she had broken her leg, and when, with the aid of neighbours, he had carried her to her box-bed in the kitchen recess, and the surgeon arrived, he found his fear had been well founded; the broken limb was set,

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roughly enough, for the only medical man of the town was coarse and rough, though not altogether unskilful for the time and the remoteness of the district. The poor woman was condemned to lie in bed for at least five or six weeks, and meanwhile, as she said, wringing her hands in her honest sorrow, 'What was Stuart to do?' The first thing was to try and find another woman, some one who could wait upon both invalids; and to procure anybody the scantiness of whose work would allow her to take this additional labour, Stuart well knew would not be easy; but, after a lengthened search, he did find two women who were able and willing to come and do the work by turns. But here an insurmountable difficulty arose: first, one of these women, then the other, was brought to Maister Hepburn's bedside, and neither of them would he tolerate; his cries and sobs of dislike and fear were so piteous, that Stuart could not suffer him to be tortured, as he evidently was, by their presence. The old man wept and groaned, and begged that Mistress Robb would come to him. Stuart endeavoured to make him understand that Mistress Robb could not come; but all that he gained by his endeavour was a closer and more pitiful clinging to himself. The old man clung with all the weak little might left in his aged right hand to his grandson, and his grandson's young muscular strength was powerless against the might of that weakness. There was nothing to be done but to remain with him, although by so doing he had to forfeit a good situation, and trust to the chances of earning a little money by weaving during some part of the nights and the hours of day in which his grandfather slept. Having to remain at home, he could not hire any other help; a female neighbour came twice a day, half an hour in the morning and half an hour at nightfall, to wait upon Mistress Robb, and the rest of the needed work Stuart did himself; and now once again he had to stint himself in food that it might be eked out for the two under his care; but this renewed trial did not last long. In less than three weeks after Mistress Robb's accident, the end came, and to the boy it came with a strange suddenness, for he had never really anticipated it. He had risen at his usual hour one morning, and having dressed himself, went, as was his custom, to his grandfather's bed. The moment his eye fell upon the old man, he perceived that a great change had taken place. At first, he thought that he was dead; but, pressing his hand on the heart, and finding that it still beat, though feebly, he said a word of explanation to Mistress Robb, and ran for the doctor, whom he fortunately found at home. Strong restoratives were immediately tried, and Stuart applied a jar of hot water to the chill, numbed feet. But all these measures proved of no avail; the spark of bodily life, which had long been such a feeble little spark as to have been almost invisible, did not even flicker again, and in about an hour's time wholly died away. Stuart's natural unselfishness forbade his grieving over much; he remembered the sad death-in-life which the last two

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years had been to the old man, and trying to realise the bright rest and peace of his present existence, he checked all murmurs at his own completely orphaned, and almost friendless, condition. Besides, the boy—already trained to take up the cares and burdens of life, even those which should not, *humanly speaking*, have fallen upon shoulders so young as his—knew that he must make arrangements for the funeral. How to order it decently and suitably he could not divine, because the necessary money was wanting. After much thought, he decided that he would, as soon as possible, sell as much of the remaining furniture as belonged to himself, and meanwhile would ask his late employer, Mrs. Gillanders, to lend him the money for the funeral expenses, and allow him to repay it by the future performance of the service he had before rendered to her, for he knew that she had not yet procured a suitable person to fill his place. With a heavy heart, but firm purpose, he went out, turning his steps in the direction of the 'Hepburn Arms,' as the chief inn was still called, although the family in whose honour the name had been given had long been exiled and impoverished. Sad as his thoughts were, Stuart could not help noticing in the street a stranger, a gentleman of noble and pleasing appearance, who stopped a passer-by apparently to ask some question. The person thus addressed pointed to Stuart, and the gentleman immediately crossed the road, and raising his hat with a courteous gesture, even whilst familiarly putting his hand on Stuart's shoulder, said—

'I am told that you are the very person of whom I have been in search; you are Stuart Hepburn, are you not?'

'Stuart Alexander McRonald, sir; but—'

'Yes, yes, I know—McRonald, of course; but you are the grandson of my father's faithful kinsman and comrade in arms, David Hepburn?'

'Yes, sir, I am that; and you, then, are Gowanbraes? We have been hoping to see you for a weary lang time past.'

'I came as soon as I could arrange to do so after hearing Hamish McBean's report of all your troubles. I came north with Lord and Lady Kinloss, and rode over from Donaldstown this morning; I left early and have only just arrived. I hope that my coming will be a relief to you from some of your troubles. Will you take me at once to your grandfather? I am longing to see him, although I fear that he will not know me.'

Stuart hesitated a moment to steady his voice, for he was but a young laddie; he could not, however, help its faltering, nor keep the tears from coming into his eyes, as he said, with the perfect simplicity which is more potent than the most elaborate eloquence—

'Grandfather is dead, sir; I ken ye'll be disappointed to hear it. He died about three hours ago, and I was comin' oot now to see to the buryin' o' him.'

Colonel Hepburn was truly sorry, which was exactly what Stuart

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had meant by the idiom which appeared strange to the ears of one unaccustomed to the tongue of his fatherland. His kind words comforted the boy, whose heart went out more and more to him when he saw his touched face and reverent gesture, as he stood by the bed whereon lay the dead body of old David Hepburn. The colonel gazed reverently on the face of one who had borne many sorrows nobly—one who had enjoyed a privilege that had been denied to himself, the privilege of bearing arms in the cause of his rightful sovereign. Colonel Hepburn was born in exile, after fatal Culloden, with all its sad results, had been fought out; and he had never drawn sword in the Stuart cause; indeed, in fighting in the East India Company's army, had really ranged himself on the side of the reigning House. He knew now—as most men of judgment knew in the year of grace, 1785—that there would be, and could be, no more fighting done for the Stuarts; the star of that right royal race had almost set, and on that very account it was that he gazed with such deep interest on one who had been born when that star was still above the horizon, and when there had been hope of its rising again to its old place in the political firmament. This aged man lying there in still, cold quietness, had once been in the thick of the fierce conflict of contending factions, had seen the sinking and rising, and sinking again, of the Stuart star, and had lived amongst the events which, to him who stood gazing on him, were only as names of things past and gone.

When at last Colonel Hepburn turned away he followed Stuart into the 'best parlour,' into which the handsomest of the carved furniture (including the great bed in which Mrs. McRonald had died), was collected.

After opening a part of the shutter Stuart pointed out with some pride of tone the good state of preservation in which the furniture still was, saying—

'It's a' yours, ye ken, sir, an' I'm weel pleased that it isna muckle the waur o' wear.'

'Mine? How is that? this room belongs to my mother, I know, but its contents——'

'Div ye no mind, sir,' interrupted Stuart, 'that when my lord, your father, pat grandfather intil this hoose for's life, he lent him a terrible lot o' the auld furniture that had belanged to his leddy's mither; he didna gie it to him, ye ken, but bade him tak the use o't, and take tent o't, in case he suld ever be needin' ony for himsel'; an' grandfather, he *did* take care o't, and sae did 'oor auld Tibbie; she was aye dustin' an' sortin' o't 'slang's she was able, puir body. I couldna find time to keep it as bricht as she did, but I hae dune my best that it shouldna be spoilt.'

'I am sure that its condition does your care credit, but, indeed, I am sorry that these things should have been here all this time and you actually needing the money that the sale of them might have fetched.'

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'We couldna hae touched what wasna ours, sir, however sair we micht hae been wantin' siller,' answered the boy with a touch of haughtiness that did not, somehow, sit ill upon him.

'Well, I shall act for my mother now, and sell these things; it so happens that Lord Kinloss, with whom I have been staying, told me of his wish to procure some carved furniture of ancient date for three very old rooms in Kinloss Castle, which he has lately made habitable. There must be at least two or three hundred pounds worth here, and that money, or whatever more we may get, shall be yours, and properly invested for you.'

'For me, sir? that would be far too much for ye to dae for me!'

'No, not at all. You have behaved very well, and as good David Hepburn's grandson you ought to be looked after by us, and your future interest cared for; in the meanwhile, I shall go out into town and order the arrangements for the funeral, after which, if you will meet me at the Hepburn Arms, we will have dinner together; come to me there in an hour's time.'

During the next hour the colonel not only executed the business of which he had just spoken, and which he did with no niggardly hand, being sincerely desirous of doing honour to the memory of his father's kinsman and faithful comrade in arms, but he also gained more information about Stuart, hearing, everywhere he went, pleasant tales of his industry, self-denial, and steadiness; and of what the speakers most admired, his 'proper pride' and independence—that he had 'never sought siller frae ony man.' The more the colonel heard, the more pleased he became with the boy, and this interest was increased by his manners and talk during dinner. When the cloth had been removed and the two were left alone over the claret, dried fruit, and shrivelled apples, 'the dessert' in which Mrs. Gillander's heart gloried, there was rather a long pause of silence. Colonel Hepburn was recalling the letter that he had received from Mr. Lindsay, written a few days before his death, telling him of Stuart, of his goodness, his talent for acquiring languages, and his desire of being a soldier, with the reasons for that desire; and thus thinking of that letter, and seeing before him the fine countenance and tall, noble frame of the boy himself, he began to wish much that he could adopt him and give him a fair start in life; he had no son, and only one little daughter, now six years old, whose mother had died soon after her birth; he had loved that mother so deeply that, comparatively young though he was, he was fully aware that he could never give her a successor. All the little property remaining to the Hepburn family was his mother's for her life, and was settled upon his one daughter and his only brother, who had lately gone to India to work there in the legal profession under the service of the Company. For himself, he was not wealthy, although he had brought home from India (the El-Dorado of that age) enough money to purchase a pretty country house

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near Edinburgh, which, after having furnished, he had given to his mother, who had pined sorely in the wynds of Old Edinburgh for the country air and pursuits to which she had been used in girlhood and early married life. Certainly then he could not make Stuart his heir, or, indeed, leave him more than a small legacy; yet by adopting him as his son he could at once place him in a position wherein he might by his own efforts rise to both rank and wealth; and if it were true that he really wished to become a soldier and would consent to enter the Company's service, he believed that he could provide for him so far as to give him that honourable start in life. At this juncture in his thoughts he found Stuart's eyes fixed intently upon him, so, smiling, he said—

'What is it, my laddie—what is it you are thinking of?'

Stuart hesitated.

'I was wishing that I could ever be like you, sir.'

'How? In what respect?'

'That I could be a soldier, sir. I didna mean an officer, ye ken, for maybe I haena ony richt to be that, but a single soldier.'

'You really would like to be a soldier? Mr. Lindsay wrote to me that such was your wish, and the reasons which you gave him for the wish are such as would make me like to gratify it if possible.'

'Maister Lindsay wrote to you about me, sir, eh? but it was terrible gude o' him to dae that; he was aye gude to me sin ever I can mind.'

'Ah! you loved him very much, did you not?'

'I hadna ony ither body to love, sir, but him, an' grandfather, and Tibbie; ah! an' Maister Hamish tae.'

'You should add him, for I can tell you that he speaks well of you; so then you really wish to be a soldier?'

'Ay, 'deed do I; but whaur's the use o' thinkin' o't when there's nae hope o' fechtin' for him that's ower the water, ye ken.'

'No, there does indeed seem no hope of any more fighting for him,' replied Colonel Hepburn. Adding gravely, 'Perhaps, too, it would be better not to think about that, not even to call it a hope, for the will of God seems to have set a decided No thereupon; but you could do good, honourable work out in India if you think that you could make up your mind to the life and the work.'

'I should like it weel eneuch, sir; I could get to like ony work that's gien to me to dae, but that is the vera ane I would choose, only I dinna richtly see how I am to get it.'

'I believe I can manage that; I think I can procure a cadetship in the Bengal establishment for you, because I think that you are fairly entitled to that position and ought not to be what you call a single soldier. At all events, I have the full belief that you will do credit to the higher social position, and that as you have the feelings and principles of a gentleman, you will not disgrace the time-honoured *name* of gentleman.

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It was in these simple words that the colonel told Stuart of the change that was to take place in his life, and as he spoke he held out his hand to meet that of the boy, who turned away his head to hide his feelings; he struggled bravely with his tears, not letting them fall; but his voice was full of them as he said—

'Sir, I canna thank ye properly; but oh! I wish grandfather could hae kent o' yer kindness to me'

'Perhaps he does know it, my boy; we cannot tell how much the dear departed friends may know about what concerns us here below,' replied the colonel, who was moved by the unselfishness of nature that the simple words revealed. Had the boy indeed no thought of himself in the perpetual remembrance of others?

'Sir, I am afraid that I will be a terrible expense to you, an' I havena ony richt to be that, ye ken.'

'What a boy you are for thinking about the rights of things,' Colonel Hepburn said good-humouredly. 'I can see reasons why I should help you; there are strong ties of country and of common interest, even of blood between us; besides, am I never to be allowed the pleasure of helping those who deserve help? for, let me tell you once for all, laddie, your past conduct entitles you to help, and to the esteem of all who know it; go on behaving as you have done, and I feel sure that you will be a credit to your country and to me, for I desire to help you, as far as lies in my power, to make your way in the world.'

''Deed, sir, I dinna ken what you're meanin'; ye canna ken hoo unco foolish I hae been, an' hoo I micht hae garred grandfather's siller gae farther gin I had had mair sense.'

'Well, I am not likely to be able to form a correct judgment upon *that* head, but I do know that you did your very best in all matters, and that you showed unselfishness and helpful kindness beyond your years; for our good Mr. Lindsay told me all that, and I feel proud of your conduct.'

At last Stuart began to understand something of what the colonel meant, and the glad and worthy thrill caused by deserved approbation awoke in his heart, and shone outwards in his honest young face, that was all one crimson blush as he raised it to meet Colonel Hepburn's smiling eyes, and said simply—

'Thank you, sir; gin Maister Lindsay thocht that o' me, it maun hae been true, an' I'm glad that you're pleased wi' me.'

'I am pleased, so there must be no more said about obligations. I shall help you as far as I can, and as far as it is *right* for me to do; and after all, I shall not spend such a terrible lot o' siller as you imagine, for I am pretty certain to be given a commission in our Bengal army for you, and then you will have in a great measure to fend for yourself and carve out your own fortunes.'

'That's fine, sir! an' I will work wi' a' my he'rt.'

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'I am sure of that; and this reminds me there will be one especial work in which, if all I have heard be true, you are likely to excel, and be of great use to the Company. I am told that you are quick in learning languages, is this so?'

'Maister Lindsay aye said that it was easy to me to learn a new tongue, sir; and sae did Maister Matheson, our schoolmaster.'

'Well, Hamish says that you are thoroughly acquainted with French; would you object to taking this sheet of paper, and writing me a short letter upon any subject you like?'

Stuart hesitated a minute; 'I canna think what to pit doun unless, maybe, ye'll let me write about the walk I had to Donaldstown, and the folk I saw there.'

'That will do very well: just a page or two.'

In about ten minutes Stuart handed back the paper on which was written a letter, brief indeed, but in well-worded grammatical French.

'Very good; quite correct, a little stiff and formal perhaps, but that is not to be wondered at; now, would you mind reading this aloud?'

The broad Scotch in which Stuart ordinarily talked had made Colonel Hepburn rather incredulous as to his being able to make himself understood in any other tongue; but to his extreme surprise, pronunciation and even accent were—even to his ear, trained by long residence in France—almost perfect; he guessed rightly that the delicate intonation, the dainty, graceful, court accent had been gained from that polished gentleman, and finished scholar, Mr. Lindsay; and with genuine satisfaction, he said, 'Thank you! my mother would be quite charmed to hear you; it is the very sort of French that she loves to hear; now, if you can only as readily learn the different Indian dialects, I think your fortune will be made; you will obtain good employment as interpreter and secretary to some of the big-wigs high in office, by and by.'

'I'd like fine to learn many tongues; an' please, sir, ye think that there'd be a gude chance o' making siller that way—a hantle o't; div ye think that?'

Colonel Hepburn was rather startled by this question; it did not seem like Stuart to have asked it; and through the high-born man's mind did flash the thought that mixture of inferior blood tells injuriously even upon characters naturally refined and noble; thus, there was a shade of coldness in the tone of his answer.

'Possibly, a good deal of money might be made in that way, or at any rate, it would provide openings for various fashions of making it. I suppose you are bitten with the usual Scotch mania for acquiring riches.'

Stuart hardly understood the full meaning of this reply, though he gathered that the colonel was not pleased, and was troubled by the perception, but he answered ingenuously.

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'I dinna think that I'm carin' muckle aboot riches; no' for mysel', that is to say. I hae a thocht i' my heid, but, I haena richtly thocht it oot yet; when I hae dune that, I'll tell ye a' my mind, gin ye'll be sae gude as to listen to me.'

Already Colonel Hepburn felt ashamed of his hard thoughts, and his smile reassured Stuart; nevertheless, one of his previous reflections bore fruit in the question. 'Have you many relations on your father's side, Stuart?'

'Na, sir. I have na ony near friends noo; father was grandmother's ae child, an' she was ain niece to grandfather that's just gane awa, ye ken; and we dinna richtly ken gin father himsel' be livin' or not; for he gaed awa afore I was born, an' grandfather he hasna heard ony word o' him a' these fifteen year; sae we were aye thinkin' that he surely maun be deid.'

The colonel felt relieved; he also thought it probable that the unworthy man was dead, and gathering from Stuart's words and manner that he had no suspicion as to the real nature of his father's character and conduct, he felt the less hesitation in making the proposition which he had been for some minutes revolving in his mind.

'If you know of no particular objection to doing so, Stuart, I should like you to be known only by the name of Hepburn; your honoured grandfather's name and mine. I should feel as if I had a greater right in you then, and my dear mother would, I think, be better pleased; what do you say? Have you any great objection?'

Stuart was silent for some time, at last he replied: 'Sir, I'm sure that ye wouldna ask me to dae ony thing that was'na becomin', sae gin ye can certifee that it wouldna be an affront to my puir father, wha's maybe deid, an may be nae; an' gin it's no upsettin' an evening mysel' to my betters, I'll dae your will i' the maitter.'

'What an honest, upright soul this lad has, and what a well-balanced mind!' thought the colonel even as he merely replied,

'No, I do not think that it would be any disrespect to your father; and for my part, I am well pleased that you should be known as belonging to me, and being of my kindred; besides, you owe all reverence to your good grandfather, and may well be proud to bear his name.'

'I am that, sir, proud that it is his and yours.'

As the colonel wished to see his young charge in a dress more suitable to his improved prospects, he made the necessity for mourning apparel the excuse for providing him at once with all that the best Ennerleddie tailor was capable of supplying: and on the morning of the funeral he appeared in a costume that in style and pattern resembled Colonel Hepburn's, and with his hair properly dressed, and slightly powdered, and wearing a sword, looked every inch a gentleman, and neither flustered by his unwonted bravery, nor vain of it, accepting it as simply and contentedly as he had ever accepted the

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plain, coarse clothing of his former social station. He had other and better thoughts to occupy him that day, and many persons at this present hour ought to give God thanks for the rich fruit of the seed which that day's reflections sowed in the 'good ground' of a settled and unalterable purpose.

CHAPTER X.

DAVID HEPBURN, full of years, if not of worldly honours, was laid to rest in the Cathedral yard, near the entrance to the Chapter House, wherein he had found Stuart's mother. Stuart, who knew that story, at least, of the time before his birth, naturally felt an interest in the spot, and when the funeral company had dispersed, he lingered behind, and Colonel Hepburn considerately left him alone, and went to the Red House to explain to Widow Robb the plans that he had made for her future comfort; for Stuart, who had made no request for himself, had begged that that might be secured beyond fear of change; and the colonel had gladly undertaken that the humble friend who had done her best to aid Stuart in his troubles should be suitably provided for. Money was to be sunk to provide her with a small annuity; and she and a niece were to be settled into a cottage not far from the Red House, and which was to be fitted up with the remains of Maister Hepburn's furniture, and as there were a byre, and a 'kail yaird,' and even a wee orchard behind the cottage, the good woman was likely to be very comfortable and happy.

Stuart sat on the seat against which his mother had fallen in her faintness and weariness, and his heart was full as he looked out at the grave-digger rapidly filling in the new-made grave, and thought of him who was being hidden away in its depths, and who had nourished his childhood at the expense of his own health and strength, both of which were already enfeebled by age and sorrow when he undertook a care which would have been trying to a younger person. Stuart thought of this, and of the many hardships that the old man had endured, and of which his own father's extravagance had been the cause, for that much, together with the fact of the desertion of his wife, had been made known to him, though of the other crimes that he had committed he was still ignorant; and Stuart, as he recalled those hardships, pondered what his own condition would have been if his grandfather had not taken upon himself the burden of maintaining him. He knew that poor people abounded, nay, literally swarmed in Scotland, and that the wretchedness of their condition was something terrible to contemplate; and that even when they were relieved by the State, they were treated almost as criminals, seeing that the very places of refuge into which some of them were gathered were called 'Houses of Correction.' He knew that the whole land was infested with tramps, who only kept body and soul together by constant

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begging and frequent acts of petty larceny; men, women, and children, who seldom slept under the shelter even of a byre, and whose rags could not be called a covering, being scarcely sufficient for the mere purposes of decency. He might have been one of those homeless, friendless, and degraded outcasts had it not been for the self-denying kindness of his aged grandfather who had fed and clothed him, had him taught many branches of worldly knowledge, and above all, trained him in the ways of godliness, and in fact, had fitted him for the new and higher position into which he had just been brought. He had now before him the career of a gentleman, and as the title of gentleman meant more to people in those days than it does now, when it is more easily, and often less rightfully, acquired, he believed that he could not have been called to greater honour, and this honour was owing primarily to the old man whom he was seeing laid in his grave. Little wonder is it that the feeling of grateful love almost choked him; and he was so constituted that he could never be contented with mere feeling: action was ever a necessity to him—if he were grateful, he must find some way of manifesting his gratitude, some deed that would prove it, for to manifest it by talking never occurred to him. It is possible that many persons circumstanced as Stuart was, might have been as truly grateful as he was, and yet not have felt themselves called upon and necessitated to testify their gratitude in any other ways than those of attention to personal integrity and uprightness of life; but Stuart was called to a higher life, in fact, the highest life of all—that which has the good and happiness of the human brotherhood for its chief aim and object; *he* was so called, and it would have been sin in him had he rejected the call. He was moved to a great work and pledged himself to the performance of it, not guessing that it was great, or that the doing of it would ennoble him for all time; but undertaking it with the simplicity with which all great and noble workers have always undertaken great and noble work. Stuart saw not the greatness of his life's purpose, but he did see its difficulties; he did see that it would be a barrier against many worldly enjoyments, and curtail even his comforts. Yet, though he clearly foresaw all this, he hesitated not to make the vow, knowing well what a vow meant, knowing its solemnity, and the impossibility, to a Christian, of breaking it. Unobserved by the only other occupant of the cathedral ruins, who was engrossed in his business, Stuart knelt at the worn, moss-stained seat, where many a canon and cowled monk had sat and knelt, and as solemnly as any young knight of old who had watched his armour near that very spot, when the present ruin was a stately and glorious temple for the worship of God, did this chivalrous-hearted youth make his vow to be 'a helper of the poor and suffering.' Hope, resolve, and prayer were blended together in the spoken words which were as simple as all his words then and always were. Many years later, he told his nearest and

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dearest friend that he believed they had been something like these: 'Our Father, which art in Heaven, I wish to help some of Thy puir wee bairnies wha haena got ony friends o' their ain, an' auld folk who oughtna to be workin'. Wilt Thou teach me how to make them comfortable, and to be kind to them for grandfather's sake an' Maister Lindsay's, and for Thy glory. Help me no' to think o' mysel' but of ithers, an' no' to waur mair siller upo' mysel' than is needful and becomin', that I may save it for these puir folk.'

Painters have often painted the touching and thought-suggestive ceremony of a knight-designate keeping his vigil beside the armour that he was so soon to don, kneeling before the High Altar, the sanctuary lamp shedding its soft radiance on the bent, young head; and the sculptured figures of saint and bishop, king and warrior, noble knight, and holy dame, shining out white, and pure, and solemn from the surrounding gloom. I wish that some artist would paint my true hero, Stuart Hepburn, as he knelt in that quaint, despoiled Chapter House, the bright tender sunshine of a May day (softened and made more tender by the veil of ivy-leaves round the unglazed window through which it fell) gleaming slantingly upon his head, giving a silver sheen to the yellow, powder-touched hair; and the effect of being carved out of ivory to the lace-ruffled hands clasped together upon the warm-hued sandstone seat! It was a righteous and altogether lawful vow—that vow of Stuart Hepburn's, not that presumptuous taking of the whole future life into one's own hands which some vows seem to be; and not a reckless disregarding of the possible leadings of God's providence; but a vow that would be lawful under all circumstances, and suitable to any position in life. It occupied but a few minutes of time, this beautiful scene, but its results continue until the present hour, and will, in all probability, continue until time shall be no more. The planner of a noble deed went quietly home to the ordinary business of life, and no one around him guessed that a purpose fraught with large results had been resolved upon, for to the eyes of their fellow-men the faces of those who 'have been with God' do not always shine as did that of Moses on coming down from the Mount.

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A few days after the funeral, Colonel Hepburn and Stuart left Ennerleddie for Edinburgh by sea, having had the chance offered to them of a passage in a good-sized vessel which in a storm of a fortnight before had taken refuge in the harbour of Leddiemouth, three miles from Ennerleddie.

(*To be continued.*)

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LITTLE QUEEN MARY.

A FAIRY TALE.

BY THE LATE REV. DR. W. SEWELL. EDITED BY ELIZABETH M. SEWELL.

CHAPTER VII.

THE little Queen was dreaming that she was mounted on the back of the terrible rhinoceros, and that a frightful giant, who was also Emperor of Muckakoykey, had put some of his dreadful explosive powder under the pommel of the saddle, and was about to blow her up into the air, when she was awakened as before by the tickling of the peacock's feather under her nose, and looking up in alarm and confusion, she was much relieved to find that she was safely in bed, and that only the same beautiful ladies who had dressed her the day before were now standing round waiting for her to get up.

She could not help yawning and stretching herself, and expressed her wish to sleep some time longer; but the fairy, who now came in, explained to her that it was already past five o'clock, that the pressure of business was very great, and that her whole time would be required in attending to it,—in fact, that the kings and queens of Brakara-kakara, instead of lying in bed the latest, rose the soonest, and were the most active of all their subjects, for the very reason that they were placed upon the throne to watch over the happiness of their beloved people. Poor little Mary wished to herself that all the kings and queens before her, and all their subjects, had been anywhere rather than that she should have to get up before daylight when she was ready to drop with sleep; but it was useless to complain, so the grand duchess lifted her out of bed, and after a great deal of ceremony, and with many yawnings, and even tears streaming from her eyes, the little Queen was at last attired. I would only add that during the ceremony, and that no time might be lost in storing her mind with useful and necessary knowledge, one of the ladies read out to her an abridgment of the principal laws and statutes of the realm, contained in thirty-nine volumes folio, and drawn up for her private use, in the most compendious form possible, by the lord chancellor himself. This work the fairy informed her it would be necessary for her thoroughly to digest and remember, as reference would be made to her for her opinion on the various matters treated of in it, almost every day. The lady reader was now only able to get through the first chapter, in which the author explained the nature of laws in general, first morally, and then metaphysically; and then proceeded to analyse and classify the statutes of the realm under the several heads of positive and relative rights, which again he subdivided into rights of things

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and rights of persons; concluding with a most elaborate and philosophical theory of the nature of personality in general.

The fairy, who was extremely clever, was much pleased with this last portion; and, after inquiring how little Mary liked it, she observed that it was one of the most interesting and important questions which the sovereign of a great nation could study; that the happiness and welfare, both of herself and of her subjects, depended on her rightly understanding it; and that absolute ruin to both must follow if she made any mistake in governing the country according to these principles. She added, however, that she had no fear upon this point, after the great attention which the Queen had paid the evening before to the conversation of the lord chancellor. Maga then proceeded to make many interesting remarks, and with great humility to ask her majesty's opinion on various subjects. To all this, however, Mary could only answer by blushing very deeply, and saying Yes, and No, at haphazard, which caused her very often to make strange blunders, when the fairy, she observed, looked grave, and even sighed deeply.

The ceremony of dressing was at last finished; and when the little Queen had been shown into the grand closet, her two physicians in ordinary were admitted, that they might make a report to the people of the state of her health, which was done daily. They were grave and solemn gentlemen, dressed in black, with white wigs upon their heads, and great gold-headed canes in their hands, and were followed by two of the most eminent apothecaries, bearing a variety of bottles and phials, and little round boxes, upon silver salvers, ready to be administered to her majesty in case of the slightest illness. The two physicians knelt down upon one knee to feel her majesty's pulse, and examine her tongue, and both with great distress pronounced that her majesty was labouring under a slight feverish attack, arising from nervous excitement, and that it would be desirable that she should take a glass of a black-coloured mixture, which, it was hoped, would in a short time restore her to perfect health. Mary, who did not like medicine at all, and scarcely ever needed it, declared that she was quite well, and did not want anything at all; and that her mamma at home never used to care whether she was a little feverish or not, but allowed her to run about, and eat and drink, without asking a doctor to see her once in a year. But Maga explained to her that the health of the Queen of a great country was of far more consequence than the health of a little girl living in a cottage, with no one but her mamma to care for her; and that in fact, by the ancient statutes of the realm, the sovereigns of Brakara-kakara, like those of ancient Egypt, were obliged to take a little medicine twice or three times a week, lest they should fall into any derangement of the system, which, if it did not produce serious illness, might at least make them fretful, and peevish, and uncomfortable; or indolent, and unwilling to transact business;

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and she therefore, without delay, requested the chief apothecary to pour out a glass of the black mixture, and respectfully whispering to the Queen, that the good Queen Baratilda, of glorious memory, used to swallow down the most nauseous potions without making a single wry face, she waited till Mary had drunk it off, and only ventured to request that her majesty would condescend to finish some of it, which she had left at the bottom of the glass. Mary longed to ask for a spoonful of jelly, or a bit of sugar, to take the taste out of her mouth; but Maga appeared not to think of this, as if the sovereigns of Brakara-kakara had been too spirited and courageous to require anything of the kind, and she was therefore obliged to wipe her lips as well as she could; and though ready to cry (the medicine was so nauseous), she said nothing. The doctors then bowed themselves out of the room, having first signed a report or bulletin, which was affixed to the gates of the palace, and which all the principal nobility crowded to read, stating that her majesty had passed a good night; and though labouring under a slight feverish attack, was not prevented from attending to business. This the fairy informed her was a circumstance on which her loyal subjects, who had the most exalted notions of the duties of their sovereigns (though they often made strange mistakes about their own), felt very strongly. They considered that although private individuals in a humble sphere of life might go to bed when they were sick, or refuse to attend to business if they had a bad headache, or lie on the sofa all day if suffering from a fever, the business of the country was too important to be neglected under any consideration whatever, and she instanced again the good Queen Baratilda, of glorious memory, whom all her subjects loved so dearly, and who, in almost her last illness, had sent for her secretaries, and signed a great number of papers with her own hand, even when she could scarcely speak from pain.

It must be confessed that this did not at all suit Mary's notions. For the few times in her life when she had been slightly indisposed she had rather enjoyed it than not, because her mamma had allowed her to lie in bed an hour later, and had given her a bread-pudding for dinner instead of cold mutton; besides permitting her to miss her lessons, so that every now and then she even wished for a little cold, or a slight headache; and if her mamma had given way she would probably have been rather unwell once or twice a week.

She had not time, however, to dwell upon this disappointment, for Maga informed her that the clock had struck seven, which was the hour appointed for her breakfast, and that in order to lose no time it was a law of the empire that her majesty should breakfast alone without ceremony. Accordingly the grand duchess appeared at once, followed by only two maids of honour, one bearing a silver basin full of delicious boiled milk, and the other a nice slice of brown bread. This, the fairy informed her, was the regular breakfast of all the

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sovereigns of that great country until they reached a certain age. And though Mary certainly did like eating out of a silver dish, and seeing the brown bread broken into the milk by two beautiful ladies kneeling on one knee, she confessed to herself that this was a very different breakfast from that which she had expected; and that the milk and the bread did not taste in the least degree better than that to which she had been accustomed at home in her mamma's cottage.

Mary had no sooner finished her breakfast, and had her face and hands washed, and wiped with a beautiful white silk napkin trimmed with gold fringe, than the good fairy explained to her that she must now pass into her chamber of audience, where her principal secretary of state and other great officers would lay before her the various papers which required her signature, and receive her commands on the different matters connected with the welfare of the empire.

At hearing this poor little Mary once more turned pale, and was terribly frightened. However, the fairy appeared not to notice it, and taking her by the hand, she conducted her through a private door into a magnificent apartment, called the council chamber. In the middle was a large table covered with crimson cloth, upon which were books and papers, and silver inkstands. Round it were placed twenty-four chairs for the hereditary grand councillors of the empire, and above them was a splendid throne, raised several steps high, to which Maga led her majesty, and having requested that she would condescend to sit down, she curtsied very low, and retired through the same door at which she had entered, leaving Mary alone with the four-and-twenty hereditary grand councillors, all standing round the table, and bowing low to the ground, till her majesty gave them permission to be seated.

What Mary was to do she could not tell; she sat for some minutes looking, it must be confessed, very foolish and very frightened; but at last the prime minister, the same ugly little gentleman with green eyes who had attended on her before, took his stand at her side, and humbly begged her majesty's attention to a report on the state of the finances of the empire. This report occupied about thirty folio pages, full of figures, and the prime minister ran over them rapidly, pointing to them with his finger, and entreating her majesty's attention to a deficit here, and a balance there, using a number of hard words, which poor little Mary had never heard of in her life, such as five per cents, consols, bullion, redeemed land-tax, long annuities, bank stock, funded exchequer bills; together with accurate statements of the taxes, excises, and customs of the kingdom; to all which her majesty could give no reply, but could only look very much bewildered and distressed. At last, after a most clear and luminous exposition (as the statement was described in the next morning paper), the prime minister presented her majesty with a gold pen, and entreated her to sign her name to each of the folio sheets, that she might testify her approbation of the accounts. Now, to say the truth, writing was one of those things

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which her mamma had vainly endeavoured to persuade little Mary to attend to; and while she was dreaming of queens and princesses she had made very little progress beyond inking her fingers, blotting her copy-book, and spoiling two pinafores by upsetting the inkstand over them, owing to a foolish trick of leaving a long pen upright in a narrow ink-bottle. To write her name once was a matter of no little difficulty, even when she was alone, and sitting upon her high stool, with the lines ruled for her, and her mamma standing by to guide her hand; but now it was next to an impossibility. As the prime minister, however, respectfully waited for her to take the pen, and arranged the sheets of paper before her, pointing at the same time to the place where her name was to be written, she was obliged to make a trial. Accordingly, with her hand shaking, she took the pen, and her first act was to drop a great blotch of ink upon the middle of the paper, which had been drawn up with the greatest care, and prepared to be laid before the parliament. I cannot describe how this awkwardness vexed the prime minister, who was remarkable for his neatness and accuracy, and never allowed a scratch or a blot to appear in any of his official papers. He did not, however, make any observation, but putting some blotting-paper over the blot, he once more dipped the pen in the inkstand, and presented it again to her majesty. Little Mary's hand now shook more than ever, as she was very much frightened at the mess she had made; and when she began to write her name it was in the wrong place, so that the prime minister, and all the hereditary grand councillors were extremely disconcerted and distressed; for it was one of the excellencies of all the late sovereigns of the empire, and especially of the lamented Queen Baratilda, that they had perfectly understood business, and could transact it with the greatest ease, even without the assistance of their councillors. Indeed, Queen Baratilda had been obliged to devote so much time to studying it that her health had suffered from it; and it was generally supposed that her last illness had been brought on by her being obliged to sit up three nights in the week in order to examine with her chancellor of the exchequer the annual accounts which he was about to lay before the parliament, and in which she was desirous that as few taxes as possible should be laid upon her faithful people.

The grand councillors looked at each other with great surprise and anxiety, but without speaking, while little Mary at last managed to take the pen very clumsily between the wrong fingers, and first of all making a large round dot to begin with, she scrawled slowly up the paper, and then straggled down again, making the lines all lean the wrong way, and every now and then suffering her hand to fly off in an opposite direction, until she succeeded in reaching the bottom of the letter *y* in Mary, which she curled down and up in such a strange way that even the vexation of the prime minister could not prevent him from smiling.

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Now there is no disgrace in a little girl or a little boy not doing well what they have never been taught to do; but Mary knew that her mamma had taken great pains with her writing, and all in vain, and that there were many little girls younger than herself in the village at home who could write very fairly, while she herself could scarcely form a letter. And this made her feel very much ashamed; and what with the disgrace, and the vexation, and the fright, when she saw the prime minister smile, she could no longer help throwing down the pen upon the paper,—and bursting into tears, she declared that she could not write any more—it was no use to try; that if this was being a queen, she would not be a queen any longer; and that she wanted to go home directly. I cannot tell what would have happened at this moment, such was the consternation and perplexity of the whole council, if happily the fairy, who was close at hand, had not made her appearance. Apologising for Mary's conduct, by explaining that she was labouring under a feverish indisposition brought on by nervous excitement, she requested the prime minister to obtain an act of parliament, by which the little Queen in future might put her mark to the papers requiring her signature, instead of writing her full name, until such time as she should be able to do so without difficulty. 'And in the meantime,' she continued, 'her majesty will devote several hours a day to the instruction of an able writing-master, under whose tuition I cannot doubt that she will become perfectly accomplished in the art.'

It must be confessed that few things had ever taken Mary so much by surprise as these words For one of the comforts which she had chiefly looked forward to in becoming a queen was to be rid of her tiresome lessons, and especially of her writing lessons; and little did she think that the higher the rank in which we are placed, and the more we enjoy of riches and luxury, the more necessary it is to study hard and attend to our lessons; and that no persons are so ridiculous and contemptible as those who are rich and at the same time ignorant. But no time was given her to dwell upon these thoughts, for a most important subject was now to be discussed before her, no less than the proper mode of proclaiming and carrying on the war with the great Emperor of Muckakoykey. And the fairy having retired (for though she had free access to the Queen at all hours, she was not a cabinet minister nor even a privy councillor), little Mary was once more left alone; and the prime minister commenced an address to her, informing her generally of the state of things which had led to the present invasion. As he was aware that the past history of Brakara-kakara had been little known in England, so that not even Mr. Pinnock had written a catechism, nor had the Society for the Confusion of Useless Knowledge published a volume about it, he illustrated his observations chiefly by similar facts in English history, such as are found in almost all children's books. When he spoke of King Alfred, and Henry the Eighth, and Queen

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Elizabeth, with whom he compared little Mary, as one of the most illustrious and wise females who had ever sat upon the throne, Mary remembered that she had heard the names before, but was grievously puzzled to say anything about them, for she had been as inattentive at her history lessons as she was careless in her writing, so that she sat in great alarm lest any of the councillors should ask her a question about these great sovereigns. At last, to her consternation, one of them (I cannot help thinking it was done purposely to find out what she knew) ventured, with many apologies, to remind the prime minister that a question had been much discussed lately in the empire among the most learned antiquarians, which, as they were at a great distance from Europe, and were therefore unable to get the daily papers regularly, they had found much difficulty in answering; but that undoubtedly her majesty, whose learning and talents were so extraordinary, and who of course, while desiring to come to the throne, had made herself well acquainted with all the knowledge of history required by a mighty sovereign, would be able to decide the matter in a word. The question was, whether Queen Elizabeth was mother or grandmother to King Henry the Eighth.

When little Mary heard this, and found that the councillors were all silent, and were looking most respectfully and gravely for her answer, she felt as if several hundred pins and needles were running into her skin and coming out at her forehead. Her face became red as fire; she did not know what way to look, and vainly endeavoured to ransack her brains to find out something which might enable her to answer right; for though very idle and very unwilling to learn, Mary was rather conceited, and did not like to be thought ignorant or stupid by any one, but particularly by the great councillors who were waiting to hear her answer. A glimpse of light flashed upon her for one moment, as she remembered, or fancied she remembered, that in the list of kings and queens of England, which her mamma had endeavoured to make her learn, the two names came together very near the bottom of the page. But this did not help her much; she proceeded, therefore, to guess. And at the same time (for she was very artful) she thought she would answer with rather a low voice and indistinctly, so that if she made a mistake it might not be heard, or she might be able to say that she had meant something else.

After waiting, therefore, as long as she well could in order to gain time, and finding that the great councillors and the prime minister all remained silent, not presuming to speak till her majesty had decided the question, Mary summoned courage at last, and said that Queen Elizabeth was King Henry the Eighth's grandmother. As she uttered the words her voice rather trembled, and she lifted up her head to see how they all looked, and if she could discover from their faces whether she had guessed right or wrong; and finding to her great dismay that they all looked significantly at each other, as if they had been much

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shocked, she thought she must have made a mistake; and as quickly as she could she corrected herself, and said, 'No, Queen Elizabeth was King Henry the Eighth's mother.' Now this was doing just what all persons do, at some time or other, who endeavour to hide their ignorance by guessing; she betrayed herself, and showed that she knew nothing of the matter. And when she ventured once more to cast a side glance at the grand councillors, she found that their faces were, if possible, even graver than before, and seemed not only sorrowful and anxious, but even rather angry and indignant, though they tried not to allow their feelings to be easily seen.

There was a considerable pause, and her little majesty sat ready to cry with shame and vexation; and rather than remain any longer, or be exposed to similar mortification, she resolved to escape at once. And as there was no other way of doing this but by pretending to be ill, she said very artfully to the prime minister, that she did not feel well, and wished to go to bed. Nothing could exceed the expressions of sympathy with which these words were received. The prime minister entreated her to inform him what was the matter, that the court physicians might be sent for without a moment's delay. Mary was rather puzzled to know what she should say: first, she thought of a headache, then of a pain in her chest; then she remembered that she had taken some medicine: at last she recollected what the doctors had said, and replied faintly, as if she had not strength to speak out, that she was suffering under a feverish attack brought on by nervous excitement. The prime minister on hearing this could not help retiring a few feet behind her majesty's throne, but unfortunately he forgot the large mirror which stood opposite to him, and in which little Mary could still see him, forcing his handkerchief into his mouth to prevent himself from laughing. At the same time all kinds of twitches and strange convulsions seemed to play upon the faces of the twenty-four councillors—one winking as quick as he could, another leaning his face upon his hand, a third stooping down as if to pick up something under the table, a fourth twisting his mouth, as if in great pain, into all kinds of shapes, a fifth seized with a violent cough, and a sixth obliged to take very rapidly two or three pinches of snuff. These indeed were great breaches of the usual etiquette observed in the royal presence, but they seemed quite unable to help it; and little Mary could not help suspecting that they were all laughing at her. Full of shame, and vexation, and passion, she was going to burst out into tears again, and to run out of the room; but the prime minister, who had passed all his life at court, and had never been known to be guilty of such an act before, recovered himself surprisingly soon, and, kneeling on one knee before her majesty, he entreated her to bestow one more hour to decide on the important business now before the council. And he said this with so much respect, and something even of tenderness, that little Mary became soothed, and dried her tears.

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And now the commander-in-chief proceeded to lay before her majesty an account of all her forces, both by sea and land, with which she would be able to defend the empire against the invasion of the Emperor of Muckakoykey. There were ten thousand cavalry, twenty-five thousand infantry, one hundred and twenty-two pieces of cannon, a fleet of thirty ships of the line, besides a large body of the New Police, who could be collected and formed into regiments in a few days' time. There was also a troop of elephants; and, what was mostly relied on, a brigade of no less than thirty-five rhinoceroses, of the same breed as that on which the Queen rode at the coronation, and which, when properly trained, were so ferocious and so strong, that they had been known to throw a whole army into confusion at a single charge.

When Mary heard of all these forces, she comforted herself with thinking that there could be no danger to her, and that even the great Emperor of Muckakoykey would not venture to attack them. But, to her great dismay, the prime minister proceeded to inform her that the army of the emperor was much larger—that even several of her own regiments could not be trusted, and were suspected of disaffection—that the five pretenders to the throne had been endeavouring to bribe the commanders of the garrisons throughout the empire; and as her majesty had not yet been sufficiently known to her people for them to feel towards her that reverence and affection which her exalted merits and virtues deserved, their loyalty was not proof against their fear of the emperor and the arts of the pretenders. He therefore pointed out to her majesty that it would be desirable for her to exhibit herself to her people without delay, as a brave and spirited Queen, who would not permit a foreign power to invade her lands without leading out her armies to repel them in person. He mentioned several instances in which the utmost enthusiasm had been excited, and the most extraordinary efforts made, solely in consequence of a young queen displaying her heroism. He reminded her of Queen Elizabeth reviewing her troops at Tilbury Fort before the Spanish invasion—of Queen Margaret of Anjou—of the Queen of Hungary—of the late Queen of Prussia (none of whom poor Mary knew anything about); and he concluded a most eloquent and affectionate address with an entreaty, that as the army was to march the next morning, her majesty would determine to put herself at the head of her troops, and lead them out to battle, mounted, like the good Queen Baratilda on a similar occasion, on the great one-eyed, golden-horned rhinoceros.

Little Mary thought she should have dropped from her throne with fright at these words. And I do not know what she would have said in answer, but before she could recover her breath, and while she was still sitting with her mouth open, and her cheeks pale as ashes, the commander-in-chief drew up a form of proclamation, announcing that her majesty would to-morrow take the command of the army in person;

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and before she had time to say or do anything, special messages were despatched with it all over the city. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm which the news excited. The bells rang, the cannons fired, the streets were ordered to be illuminated, and an enormous crowd assembled under the palace windows, to hurrah for Queen Mary; while tickets were issued immediately from the lord chamberlain's office admitting the public to see the great one-eyed golden-horned rhinoceros that evening at the time of feeding, and caparisoned with the grand state saddle and bridle, previous to the Queen mounting it on the morrow.

This being done, and little Mary being now really attacked with feverish indisposition caused by nervous excitement, the good fairy entered the room, and all the councillors standing up, the prime minister assisted her to descend from the throne, and, trembling all over, she was conducted back to her private apartments.

CHAPTER VIII.

MARY'S first act on reaching her saloon was to put her hands together and entreat the good fairy that she might be allowed to go home directly. She cried, she sobbed, she even screamed, till the fairy thought she would have fallen into a fit; but all her entreaties were useless. Maga explained to her that it was in consequence of her own repeated wishes that she had been brought to the island and made a queen; that she was not exposed to more danger than most other queens, and that there was no doubt, if she behaved well, and was not frightened, she would escape without any mischief, but that everything depended on her being courageous, and not showing the slightest sign of fear. As for her going home, it was out of the question. The fairy's carriage had been sent to be mended, and the coachman had sent word that morning that two of the peacocks had fallen lame—an accident indeed which, to Maga's great surprise, was constantly occurring, especially when she wanted the coachman to drive her out on a wet day.

However, to soothe and amuse the young Queen, Maga informed her that there was now an hour to spare before the writing-master came to give her majesty her lessons, and that as the whole afternoon would then be taken up with her lessons in geography, history, and other branches of knowledge in which it was absolutely necessary that she should be well instructed, this would be her only playtime, and that if her majesty liked she might go and amuse herself with the grand state doll, of which she had heard so much the preceding day.

At these words her majesty dried her tears, and almost forgetting the dreadful Emperor of Muckakoykey, and even the one-eyed golden-

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horned rhinoceros, she said she should like to go of all things. Accordingly the fairy rapped the ground with her fan, and when Hubbub-bubaboo appeared she bade him go immediately to the Tower, where all the crown jewels were kept, and to inform the great officers of state that her majesty proposed visiting the Tower immediately, and playing with her doll. Hubbub-bubaboo vanished in a moment; and scarcely a few minutes passed when the equerry in waiting announced that three of the Queen's carriages were waiting; and as this was a private visit only eight of the maids of honour and a small escort of cavalry were to attend her majesty, who, as the fairy informed her, whenever she wished to travel without being known, would call herself not the Queen, but the Countess of Liplololo, in order to be perfectly private. Little Mary did not exactly understand this; but it made her hope that none of the grave-looking councillors who had so worried and frightened her in the morning would go with her; nor was she very sorry when, instead of the great golden crown set with diamonds, and the crimson velvet robe trimmed with ermine, the Grand Duchess of Griffgrimmini brought to her a straw bonnet, with a single ribbon, exactly like that which she used to wear in her mamma's cottage, and a white muslin frock, perfectly plain, informing her at the same time that although the queens of Brakara-kakara were obliged, when they appeared in public, to wear silk and velvet, they always much preferred, when they could, to have nothing but the simplest and least expensive dresses, and that it was not the fashion in that court (which indeed was a model to all other courts), to dress finely, except upon state occasions, and as a matter of necessity.

Little Mary was very much surprised at this, for she had fancied that one of the chief enjoyments of a queen consisted in wearing lace frocks and satin bonnets. Indeed she fully believed that every queen slept with a plume of feathers upon her head, and used only pocket-handkerchiefs of the finest Brussels lace, besides curling her hair with five-pound notes, and sleeping between a pair of velvet sheets both winter and summer. But as her head still ached a little with the weight of the golden crown, and as the train of the velvet robe would have been much in the way when she was playing with her doll, she was not sorry now to be relieved from this splendour and magnificence.

As soon as she was dressed (and it must be confessed that she looked much prettier in the straw bonnet than in the golden crown) she was escorted to her carriage by the equerry in waiting, and passing out through a private gate, that no one might know it, the coachmen whipped their horses, and drove as quickly as they could to the Tower. Here they were received by the prime minister and the great officers of state, who, being responsible for everything which the young Queen either said or did, were obliged to be constantly in waiting on her; so much so, that one of them, the prime minister, almost

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always dined with her, whether she liked it or not. And now, indeed, though it was useless to wish it, she would very gladly have sent them away, for as to playing with her doll before them all, it was perfectly impossible.

This, however, Maga took care to inform her she must not do; and accordingly, led by the prime minister, she was conducted through the armoury of the Tower, and shown a number of curious cells and chambers, which were reckoned extremely interesting to all who were acquainted with the history of Brakara-kakara. In one of them, Maga informed her, no less than six of her illustrious predecessors had been put to death by cruel assassins, who had taken possession of the throne; in another was the very bed in which the young princess Hisclamala had been smothered by an ancestor of the very Emperor of Muckakoykey who was now invading the country; and a third, many feet under ground, had been the prison, for twelve years, of the great Queen Baratilda herself, previous to her coming to the throne: for the empire had always been distracted with factions and pretenders, and whichever gained the victory was accustomed to put the other to death; though (as the good fairy observed, when she saw little Mary very frightened), sometimes they are content to put out their enemy's eyes, and keep him in prison.

'And this, indeed, is the usual practice now,' she continued. 'We are living in more civilised times; and your majesty is happy to have fallen into an age when our manners are so much less barbarous than they were.'

Poor Mary shivered all over from head to foot as she heard these words; and she could not help asking if there was any chance of her being put to death herself, or confined in one of these dungeons: to which the good fairy, assuming a cheerful look, and speaking kindly and comfortably to her, assured her that she hoped that there was no danger. Much would depend on the issue of the war with the emperor; but, on the whole, she thought the chances were very much in favour of the party which had placed Mary on the throne. With this conversation the fairy conducted the Queen through the apartments of the Tower: but in the middle, the prime minister and the other officers of state were suddenly called away by an express from the palace, which demanded their immediate attention; and in the meantime the Queen was escorted by the commander of the Tower to the grand state doll-room, which, in truth, was all that she cared to see or to hear about.

The ten keys by which the room was locked up being brought, and the iron closet in which the doll was kept being opened, and a minute made of the fact in the register of the Tower, little Mary was certainly astonished and delighted beyond measure at the beautiful sight which exhibited itself. The doll was as large as life, and made of solid gold: its eyes were of two immense diamonds; its teeth were

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made of pearls, the lips of coral; its dress was most magnificent; and what delighted Mary most was, that the eyes opened and shut, and the arms moved, and the lips also; in fact, it was a piece of the most ingenious machinery which had ever been made, and had been ordered at an enormous cost, as the fairy had before said, by the grand sultan of Beccarabia, that he might make a present of it to the young princess Clothare four hundred years back.

There was also a beautiful doll's house, fitted up with every kind of furniture, and as large as a real house. There was a drawing-room, and kitchen, and bedroom, with fireplaces, and tongs and pokers; a dresser with plates and knives and forks; a chest of drawers, containing a number of beautiful dresses; a pianoforte, tables and chairs,—in fact everything you could think of; and in the larder there were not merely mock dishes made of wood as in baby-houses of common children, but this was a real larder, with a safe. And Maga informed the Queen that if she wished to play at drinking tea or dining with the doll, there would be a regular hot dinner served up immediately.

Little Mary was delighted. She could walk in and out of the rooms, just as in a real house; and in fact it was a real house. The only misfortune was that she could not take the doll up in her hands, for, besides being as large as a full-grown woman, it was, as was said before, made of solid gold. And after she had seen the mouth and the eyes move up and down for some time, she became rather tired; in fact it was too like a real house, and too like a real live person, for her to be long amused with it. She actually began to wish for her own wooden Matilda, even though the hair was scratched off its head, and its legs had no joints; for she could take Matilda up in her arms and carry her about, and pretend to nurse and dress her; and if Matilda lay out on the grass all night it did not much matter. Besides which she could take her to bed at night, and put her by her side, ready to play with the first thing in the morning; and it was much easier to amuse herself by playing at dining and drinking tea, using the little tin tea-cups and saucers, and little painted wooden plates, in her mamma's bedroom, than having real legs of mutton and real roast chicken. So that at last she began to suspect that there might be too much of a good thing, and that poor toys might be even better than fine ones. After looking into all the drawers, and walking in and out of all the rooms in the grand state baby-house, she began to yawn, and came out of the street-door (that is, the door of the doll's house) into the apartment in which it was kept, and asked the fairy if there was not a smaller doll with which she could play. The fairy very kindly answered that she would ask if any of the little children who lived in the Tower had one, and that she was sure they would be most highly honoured by her majesty using it. And in a few minutes the governor of the Tower returned with one so like little Mary's own Matilda that she was quite delighted

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to see it. The governor apologised, indeed, very humbly, for offering to her majesty so poor and ugly a figure, which had not even a wax face; whilst the nose had been broken off, and one of the eyes scratched out. But little Mary answered that it would do extremely well; and she proceeded to undress it and put on a new gingham frock, which the governor's wife also brought for it. But she had scarcely commenced her work and bade Matilda, as she called the doll, lie still and not cry while she was dressing her, when she was startled by a loud voice, louder than any trumpet, proceeding from the top of the room, and crying out, 'Her majesty is playing with her doll.' Poor Mary quite jumped with surprise when she heard the sound; and she let Matilda fall from her lap upon the floor, while she looked up to see who it was, but she could discover nobody; only just as she was proceeding to take up Matilda again, the voice cried out louder than before, so that it could be heard at a great distance, 'Her majesty is playing with her doll.' Little Mary could not imagine the meaning of this; but the fairy, observing her surprise, informed her that it was only the newsman; and as Maga did not appear at all startled at it, her majesty proceeded with her play. But scarcely five minutes had passed, when another voice, from the top of one of the houses near, called out, 'Her majesty has a new doll.' And before this had stopped, ten or twelve others, followed by twenty more, and these succeeded by a whole hubbub of cries, ringing like so many echoes all over the city, burst out in such a clamour that Mary was nearly stunned. They all seemed to take up the words one from the other, but each, as if purposely, added something, or left out something, or altered something, so that the first sentence became at last wholly different from what it had been,—something in this fashion: 'Her majesty is playing with a doll.' 'Her majesty has a new doll.' 'Her majesty has bought another doll.' 'The queen has ordered ten new dolls.' 'The queen has given orders for ten thousand new dolls.' 'The queen has laid on another tax to buy ten thousand dolls.' 'The queen is starving the poor people by buying golden dolls.' 'The nation is ruined by the queen's dolls.' 'The queen's dolls have turtle soup and champagne every day, while the poor are starving.' 'Down with the queen's dolls.' 'No dolls.' 'No dolls.' 'Down with the queen.' 'Down with the queen.' 'The pretenders for ever.' 'No taxes.' 'No dolls.' 'No queen.' And then burst out such a hubbub of hisses and groans that poor little Mary almost fell down with fright; and even the good fairy became alarmed, and could not help exclaiming, 'It is all through that provoking newsman!'

Though very much frightened, Mary ventured to ask what was the meaning of all that dreadful noise. But the fairy, who was evidently cross and out of temper, and did not like to trouble herself with answering questions, only replied shortly, that it was the liberty of the press. And when Mary, quite as much in the dark as ever, asked

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what this was, the fairy only added that it was something the common people of Brakara-kakara were very fond of—that it was like the air they breathed, and without it they would die. But Mary was no less puzzled than before. So at last Maga, though pettishly, and almost forgetting her respect for the Queen, was obliged to inform her that the people were remarkably fond of knowing everything which their superiors did, especially the Queen; and that in order to gratify their curiosity a number of persons were always stationed on the roofs of the houses in the city; and these, by means of trumpets, communicated regularly with six others, who had little sentry-boxes pitched for them on the tops of the chimneys of the palaces, so that they could look down and see all that passed; whilst every now and then others crept unperceived into the palace, and hid themselves under sofas and beds, and then gave information to the public of what they had seen and heard there.

'In fact,' continued Maga, 'your majesty must be extremely careful of everything you say and do, for you are perpetually watched, even when you are in your own closet; and, what is most provoking, the reporters are so ill-natured, that they never tell any good, but are sure to misunderstand and tell stories, to make your loving people believe you are a monster.'

Poor little Mary, who did not at all like to be thought a monster, was ready to cry with vexation at hearing this: but she could not help asking whether she might not buy as many dolls as she chose; and what right the people had to complain of her spending her own money? And as she observed that the fairy made no reply, she asked if it was not her own money that she should have to spend. Maga was not disposed to be very communicative; and accordingly she endeavoured to cut short any more questions by the same lucid and satisfactory style of reply which is generally adopted to inquisitive children by persons who are unwilling to instruct them.

'It was,' she said, 'and it wasn't.'

But as little Mary still persisted in asking for a clearer explanation, Maga proceeded to inform her, that not many years since one of her illustrious ancestors, King Polkas, had given up to the people all that the kings possessed—consisting of great estates, forests, and revenues—thinking that the people would manage them much better than himself; and that the people had promised to pay him in return so many hundred thousand pounds every year; but that latterly the people had begun to forget this, and grumbled very much when they were called on to pay the Queen her revenues, though it was only a just debt, and they themselves were pocketing every year the profits of the estates, which King Polkas had made over to them on this express condition. Little Mary had, indeed, no very clear ideas on the subject of debtor and creditor; but she could not help thinking that this conduct on the part of her loving people was shabby and roguish,

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and that if a common person were to do the same he ought to be put in the pillory; also, she said to herself, that if she had been King Polkas she would never have given up her estates in such a foolish way. And she began to doubt whether, after all, she should have as much money to spend as she should like: accordingly she asked the fairy how many thousand pounds she should have to spend every year. And Maga replied, about nine hundred thousand pounds; but that nearly all this would be required to pay the salaries of her ministers and her troops, and to keep up her ten royal palaces; and that she would be expected to give large sums of money in charity: so that at the end of the year, unless she was very economical, she would probably run in debt: and that as she could spend nothing without letting the parliament see her accounts, and examine even into the quantity of sugarplums and barley-sugar which she bought in the year, it would be necessary for her to give no cause of offence, since, if the parliament thought her extravagant, they would threaten to cut off her allowance. She added, that there was one gentleman in particular who always made it his business to look into the accounts very sharply, and who would insist on knowing how much she spent in gingerbread-nuts—how much it cost to mend her stockings—how many holes she made in her new pocket-handkerchiefs; all which information was printed every year at a vast cost, in large blue-covered books, and published throughout the empire. After which, as the fairy told her, the people generally became discontented, and probably would abuse her very much. But this, Maga added, she must learn not to mind, for it was so common that she would soon become accustomed to it.

Little Mary looked very grave at this, for it was different indeed from what she had expected; and perhaps she would have asked many more questions, and have received equally satisfactory answers, but, to the great alarm of the fairy, the governor of the Tower entered the room in a great hurry, with the perspiration running down his forehead, and his sword drawn in one hand and a great red box in the other, which contained some despatches that had just been brought from the palace by a dragoon, riding at full speed, and were to be opened by her majesty without a moment's delay. The fairy saw clearly that there was something the matter; and little Mary also was rather frightened. However, though her hand shook, she took the key, which the governor presented to her on one knee, and opening the box, she found it to contain a letter to herself, sealed with three large red seals, and bound round with silk ribbon. The fairy begged her to break it open and read it; but Mary had sadly neglected her reading, as well as her writing, and as she found some difficulty in making out the contents, the fairy took the letter, but had no sooner read it half-way down than she dropped it from her hands, uttered a loud scream, and, falling back into the arms of the governor, she kicked and struggled frightfully, as if she was in a fit, calling out for

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water, and salts, and brandy, and eau-de-Cologne, and declaring that she should certainly faint.

Poor Mary was sadly frightened at this; but the sight of the fairy was nothing to the real news; for the letter was from the prime minister himself, informing her that a dreadful conspiracy against her life had just been detected—that they did not know who were engaged in it, or when it was to break out—but that it was clear that her majesty had many traitors about her—that even some suspicion rested upon the fairy herself. The prime minister, therefore, begged her majesty to be very careful, and to return to the palace as soon as she could.

The fairy, after screaming for some time, and drinking two tumblers of brandy-and-water, recovered herself; and though extremely indignant at the charge thrown upon her, of being concerned in a conspiracy against the queen, she begged permission to attend her majesty home, and declared that she would without delay face her wicked calumniators and disprove their accusations. The carriages, therefore, were ordered to the gate of the Tower, and the royal party drove off in great haste, while the soldiers presented arms, and the drums beat, as they passed through the great court of the fortress.

(*To be continued.*)

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A TANGLED TALE.

KNOT V.

ELIGIBLE APARTMENTS.

'Straight down the crooked lane,
And all round the square.'

'LET's ask Balbus about it,' said Hugh.

'All right,' said Lambert.

'*He* can guess it,' said Hugh.

'Rather,' said Lambert.

No more words were needed: the two brothers understood each other perfectly.

Balbus was waiting for them at the hotel: the journey down had tired him, he said: so his two pupils had been the round of the place, in search of lodgings, without the old tutor who had been their inseparable companion from their childhood. They had named him after the hero of their Latin exercise-book, which overflowed with anecdotes of that versatile genius—anecdotes whose vagueness in detail was more than compensated by their sensational brilliance. 'Balbus has overcome all his enemies' had been marked by their tutor, in the margin of the book, 'Successful Bravery.' In this way he had tried to extract a moral from every anecdote about Balbus—sometimes one of warning, as in 'Balbus had borrowed a healthy dragon,' against which he had written 'Rashness in Speculation'—sometimes of encouragement, as in the words 'Influence of Sympathy in United Action,' which stood opposite to the anecdote 'Balbus was assisting his mother-in-law to convince the dragon'—and sometimes it dwindled down to a single word, such as 'Prudence,' which was all he could extract from the touching record that 'Balbus, having scorched the tail of the dragon, went away.' His pupils liked the short morals best, as it left them more room for marginal illustrations, and in this instance they required all the space they could get to exhibit the rapidity of the hero's departure.

Their report of the state of things was discouraging. That most fashionable of watering-places, Little Mendip, was 'chock-full' (as the boys expressed it) from end to end. But in one Square they had seen no less than four cards, in different houses, all announcing in flaming capitals 'ELIGIBLE APARTMENTS.' 'So there's plenty of choice, after all,' said spokesman Hugh in conclusion.

'That doesn't follow from the data,' said Balbus, as he rose from the

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easy chair, where he had been dozing over *The Little Mendip Gazette*. 'They may be all single rooms. However, we may as well see them. I shall be glad to stretch my legs a bit.'

An unprejudiced bystander might have objected that the operation was needless, and that this long, lank creature would have been all the better with even shorter legs: but no such thought occurred to his loving pupils. One on each side, they did their best to keep up with his gigantic strides, while Hugh repeated the sentence in their father's letter, just received from abroad, over which he and Lambert had been puzzling. 'He says a friend of his, the Governor of—— *what* was that name again, Lambert?' ('Kgovjni,' said Lambert.) 'Well, yes. The Governor of——what-you-may-call it——wants to give a *very* small dinner-party, and he means to ask his father's brother-in-law, his brother's father-in-law, his father-in-law's brother, and his brother-in-law's father, and we're to guess how many guests there will be.'

There was an anxious pause. '*How* large did he say the pudding was to be?' Balbus said at last. 'Take its cubical contents, and divide by the cubical contents of what each man can eat, and the quotient——'

'He didn't say anything about pudding,' said Hugh, '—and here's the Square,' as they turned a corner and came into sight of the 'eligible apartments.'

'It *is* a Square!' was Balbus' first cry of delight, as he gazed around him. 'Beautiful! Beau-ti-ful! Equilateral! *And* rectangular!'

The boys looked round with less enthusiasm. 'Number Nine is the first with a card,' said prosaic Lambert; but Balbus would not so soon awake from his dream of beauty.

'See, boys!' he cried. 'Twenty doors on a side! What symmetry! Each side divided into twenty-one equal parts! It's delicious!'

'Shall I knock, or ring?' said Hugh, looking in some perplexity at a dingy brass plate which bore the simple inscription 'RING ALSO.'

'Both,' said Balbus. 'That's an Ellipsis, my boy. Did you never see an Ellipsis before?'

'I couldn't hardly read it,' said Hugh, evasively. 'It's no good having an Ellipsis, if they don't keep it clean.'

'Which there is *one* room, gentlemen,' said the smiling landlady. 'And a sweet room too! As snug a little back-room——'

'We will see it,' said Balbus gloomily, as they followed her in. 'I knew how it would be! One room in each house! No view, I suppose?'

'Which indeed there *is*, gentlemen!' the landlady indignantly protested, as she drew up the blind, and indicated the back-garden.

'Cabbages, I perceive,' said Balbus. 'Well, they're green, at any rate.'

'Which the greens at the shops,' their hostess explained, 'are by no

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means dependable upon. Here you has them on the premises, *and* of the best.'

'Does the window open?' was always Balbus' first question in testing a lodging: and 'Does the chimney smoke?' his second. Satisfied on all points, he secured the refusal of the room, and they moved on to Number Twenty-five.

This landlady was grave and stern. 'I've nobbut one room left,' she told them, 'and it gives on the back-gyardin.'

'But there are cabbages?' Balbus meekly suggested.

The landlady visibly relented. 'There is, sir,' she said: 'and good ones, though I say it as shouldn't. We can't rely on the shops for greens. So we grows them ourselves.'

'A singular advantage,' said Balbus: and, after the usual questions, they passed on to Number Fifty-two.

'And I'd gladly accommodate you all, if I could,' was the greeting that met them. 'We are but mortal' ('Irrelevant!' muttered Balbus) 'and I've let all my rooms but one.'

'A back-room, I see,' said Balbus: 'and looking out on—on cabbages, I believe?'

'Yes, indeed, sir!' said their hostess. 'Whatever *other* folks may do, *we* grows our own. For the shops——'

'An excellent arrangement!' Balbus interrupted. 'Then one can really depend on their being good. Does the window open?'

The usual questions were answered satisfactorily: but this time Hugh added one of his own invention—'Does the cat scratch?'

The landlady looked round suspiciously, as if to make sure the cat was not listening. 'I will not deceive you, gentlemen,' she said. 'It *do* scratch, but not without——' she looked round once more, before adding, in a half-whisper, 'not without you pulls its whiskers.'

'Much may be excused in a cat so treated,' said Balbus, as they left the house and crossed to Number Seventy-three, leaving the landlady curtseying on the doorstep, and still murmuring to herself her parting words, as if they were a form of blessing, '—— not without you pulls its whiskers.'

At Number Seventy-three they found only a small shy girl to show the house, who said 'yes'm' in answer to all questions.

'The usual room,' said Balbus, as they marched in: 'the usual back-garden, the usual cabbages. I suppose you can't get them good at the shops?'

'Yes'm,' said the girl.

'Well, you may tell your mistress we will take the room, and that her plan of growing her own cabbages is simply *admirable!*'

'Yes'm,' said the girl, as she showed them out.

'One day-room and three bed-rooms,' said Balbus, as they returned to the hotel. 'We will take as our day-room the one that gives us the least walking to do to get to it.'

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'Must we walk from door to door, and count the steps?' said Lambert.

'No, no! Figure it out, my boys, figure it out!' Balbus gaily exclaimed, as he put pens, ink, and paper before his hapless pupils, and left the room.

'I say! It'll be a job!' said Hugh.

'Rather!' said Lambert.

LEWIS CARROLL.

P.S.—An answer to Knot IV. has been received, too late to be noticed with the others, from ALGERNON BRAY. He assumes that 'each picture is to have three marks,' which, if true, would have justified his conclusion that the problem is 'self-contradictory.' But no such condition is laid down. True, Mad Mathesis says 'I want you to fill them' (the three columns) 'with oughts and crosses.' But she could not mean 'fill them *full*,' for *that* would require that *every* picture in the room should be marked, which was clearly not intended.

L. C.

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WOMAN'S WORK IN THE TOWN AND COUNTRY PARISH.

BY CAROLINE M. HALLETT.

III.

G.F.S. WORK IN OUR VILLAGES.

(A Paper read at a Meeting of Associates.)

A FEW years ago there was a large class, who were, I think I may say, strangely overlooked in most schemes of parish work: I mean the class of young girls just growing into womanhood, whom our teaching does not, or rather ceases to, reach.

Looking back twenty years, most people will remember how the subject of schools occupied everybody's mind. To raise their tone, to improve methods of teaching—in a word to make them effective, was an all-absorbing thought. But times have changed, and since the Government scheme of education was set on foot, amateur help, in the shape of actual teaching, is now hardly wanted. Thus it is that there is what I may call a margin of leisure in the time of parish workers, which, however, may be turned to most valuable account in another way.

Probably each generation has had, and will have, its especial phase of work, and thus Mrs. Townsend's Girls' Friendly Society is the outcome of a conviction that has been spreading and gaining ground of late years, that something—some definite work—should be attempted for the good of the class of girls I have mentioned. And why? First, there is the obvious, but very strong reason, that these are the future wives and mothers of England. When we think of the influence they may, nay, they *must* have, not only on the men of this generation, but on the men and the women too of the next, can we look on the whole subject otherwise than as important?

But there is a second reason also, and perhaps a more practical one. Let us remember that from fourteen to one or two-and-twenty are the most critical years of a girl's life. Miss Nightingale says that women do not materially improve after five-and-twenty; *I* am inclined to think that girls of the working class have tolerably formed characters two or three years earlier. In fact, what a girl is at twenty, she will also be, in the main, at thirty, forty, or fifty. But at fifteen she is a pliable, easily led creature; and so surely, if ever she needs good influences to guide her aright, it is at this stage of her life. Now it is that we may do much—indeed, I had almost said, *now only* we may do much. For it is no exaggeration of the truth to say that *all* after-work, work among older women, fades in importance by comparison with this.

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To look at the brighter side of the picture first. Our young girl at fifteen is easily led by means of her affections. Win her love and you may do anything; for no dimming hardening process has begun yet, and she is enthusiastic and fresh and bright. Religion may now become lovely in her eyes, and advance from being a school lesson to becoming real and life-giving, a true source of strength and wisdom. Indeed, it is doubtful whether before this age, there is, or perhaps ought to be, actual religious fervour, although there may be that Obedience that has been beautifully called the Religion of Childhood. But maidenhood, though still, we hope, obedient, yet rises to enter more fully into the spirit of the Gospel: 'Henceforth I call you not servants, for a servant knoweth not what his Lord doeth.'

This is the brighter side of the picture, but I believe it is a true side, whether we speak of girls in general or of village girls in particular, with whom we have to do to-day. No one who has seen much of young village maidens of this age can have failed to notice how easily impressed and readily moved they are when, for instance, preparing for Confirmation; and so, if we were to stop short here, there would be sufficient proof that there *is* something that educated ladies may do for them, in deepening their religious impressions, and giving them a fuller knowledge of the things that are Eternal and Divine.

But there is a graver side to the subject, and because it exists, there is not only a need, but a pressing need, for educated women's work, such as the Girls' Friendly Society suggests, even if it does not directly dictate what form that work should take. I mean, when I speak of the graver side of the subject, the temptations, the bad influences as well as good, to which village girls just at this age are exposed.

It is not too much to say that the broad road is far more alluring now than in innocent childhood. It is such a smooth path. It is so easy for a girl to grow frivolous and trifling, to develop just at this age into a woman of an inferior, dressy type, fine when seen at holidays, rough and slatternly at home, just the type that is disappointing, unsatisfactory, so far below what noble Christian womanhood ought to be.

Just to give one instance of what I mean: we who live in villages know, or perhaps more properly *might* know, if we kept our eyes and ears open, how common it is for girls to frequent public-houses at holiday times, Whitsuntide for instance, when dances or such like amusements are going on.

Think for one moment not what this sounds, but what it *is*. A dance in a place where men are drinking, who are almost, as a matter of course, the worse for drink before the evening is over; where the girls are treated to drink by the young men, and are excited by it, to use no stronger word; where no mothers or older women are present and the talk becomes more unguarded as the deadly drink does its work.

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Can any one honestly believe that a young girl can go into such a place, and come out again exactly the same in mind as she went in? Is not the *bloom*, so to speak, rubbed off? It is not that we do not want young men and women to meet and to dance, but we *do* want the girls, at least, to be above such a kind of meeting as this.

Why do the young girls go to such places? The answer often is that there are no other amusements within their reach; and no doubt there *is* an absence of good safe innocent gaiety for them. But, even granting this, the *fact* remains, that a small minority of village girls do not go to public-houses, and why not? Because their tone is higher, their standard more refined, their manners gentler, quieter, and more womanly, and so they do not find pleasure in the society of drinking men. We honour and respect them for it, but the sad part is, that this minority should be, in our villages, so very, very small.

I do not say that there will not ever be the tares among the wheat, the one lost piece of silver out of the ten; but need there be so many girls who, if they do not actually turn out badly, are yet distressingly near the verge of wrong-doing, whose standard of Christian purity is low, whose idea of gaiety is a public-house dance, whose outer selves are probably well mannered, but whose true and inner selves are separated from us by a strangely wide gulf. Have we not felt this again and again, that we are so near the girls of our village in one sense, so far from them in another?

What I have said above applies more especially to girls either living at home with their parents, or at home temporarily from their places in service. We will now pass on to those actually in service, for this is a far larger class than the other.

If we trace the girls who leave our Sunday and day-schools, what do we find? That more than two-thirds go to service, and also that they begin their career in service, as maids-of-all-work.

The reason is obvious; these are the kind of places most readily obtained; indeed they are very plentiful, for most houses, two or three degrees removed from a labourer's cottage, boast in these days a servant. Of course such servants usually, are young and unskilled, being seldom more than eighteen, and in these parts often as young as twelve.

If the mistress is a clever housewife, superintending every detail herself, as I have known the case, this is by no means bad training for raw girls. In fact, such a household, with its single damsel, fulfils in its best phase our ideal of 'mistress and maid,' far more completely than that of a great *ménage*, where employers and employed are apt to live in two distinct worlds.

But an ideal, or even an approach to it, is not often to be met with, at any rate not so often as could be wished. The girl finds herself in an inferior place, where the mistress is not unkind, but is busy

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and weary, and too much absorbed in her own cares, to take much real interest in her young servant.

Thus it often happens that the girl leads in one sense a very lonely life. She is far from her parents, in a strange village or hamlet, or perhaps a 'lone' farm-house, and at first is child enough to be home-sick for want of a familiar face. On Sundays only is she allowed her afternoon out, ostensibly to go to church, but the less conscientious mistresses hardly inquire what becomes of Jane or Sarah when once she is out of sight. Return at a certain hour is rigidly enforced, and as long as there is punctuality no questions are asked.

It may be said that in village life concealment is almost a thing impossible, and that there is far greater safety in the country than in any place calling itself a town. True, the evils are far less in some ways, yet, to say the least, we cannot admire the indescribable style that prevails among girls walking about, and laughing and talking on their Sunday afternoons out. Of course the enjoyment of freedom is not wrong, but freedom quite uncontrolled is apt to be a little dangerous.

We must remember, too, that these girls are far from their parents, and that the parents themselves are often not educated enough to exercise much authority by letter. Nor is there such frequent reference to parents as there is in a higher class. For instance, I have known a girl leave her place and go to another without so much as writing home to tell her relations the fact. Perhaps this may be an extreme case; but it at least serves to show that servant girls, far from their friends, are very much out of the reach of home influence, and thus in one sense of the word, if not in more, they are a rather *friendless* class.

Now the question is, What can be done for these girls, to shield them from the dangers of the friendless, and give them a helping hand? Formerly, this would have been a difficult question to answer, for if there is a gulf between ladies and young village girls, there is (or *was* we may say in both cases) a still wider one between ladies and young servant-maids. The simple difficulty used to be even to *see* them. It would have been thought an intrusion, if not an impertinence, to *ask* to see the little servant-maid at the general shop or the farm-house; and if we had seen her, there would have been nothing to begin upon, and she and we should have floundered dreadfully in our attempts to be civil to each other.

But now things have changed. If the Girls' Friendly Society has done nothing more than this, it has bridged over these difficult gulfs once, we hope, and for ever. It has simplified and made definite the intercourse between women of different classes, who are not necessarily thrown together. The mere fact of village girls and general servants being Members, and ladies being Associates, of the same society, at once makes a beginning of friendly feeling. A *beginning* I

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say advisedly, not a completion; or, to go back to the metaphor of the gulf, the G. F. S. is a bridge to enable us to cross it, but having crossed it, we are not to stand still.

For instance: in this particular neighbourhood the G. F. S. has been established; we have asked the leave of mistresses to enrol their young servants in the society, and have in most cases not been refused; we have been pleased by the smiles and evident pleasure of the village girls when invited to belong to it—in a word, we have made a beginning. But is that enough? No, we must go on to something more, or the G. F. S. will degenerate into that shadowy and useless thing—a *name* and not a reality.

I consider, and most people will agree with me, that the *theory* of the G. F. S. is a noble and beautiful one; the leading idea of Christian membership, of hand joining hand for good, the influence of cultivated women brought to bear on their less cultivated sisters, all this is simply excellent. But what we want in addition is the theory fully expanded into practice, and adapted to meet the needs of every-day life. For just think for one moment what the word 'friendliness' implies. It means, at any rate, more than acquaintance; it means, most surely, an intimate knowledge of the person for whom we feel it. Friendliness, or friendship, is a very good key-note for the Girls' Friendly Society, for friendship lies at the very foundation of most works for the good of man or womankind. Without friendship we can do little, *with* friendship we may do anything. But friendship must not be left to chance; it is a plant that needs cultivation. I need hardly tell you that we *cannot* feel friendship for our girls, unless we have personal intercourse with them—in plain words, learn to *know* them. That is the one thing we must strive after, if we want to make our Branch real and effective.

It has often been suggested that Associates should call and see their girls at their places in service (with of course their mistresses' consent), or at their own homes, in the case of village girls. It is, no doubt, quite right to do this; but I do not think it is sufficient in itself. You may perhaps keep up friendship in this way with a girl you have known before, but you will not become a friend to a strange girl. Servant-maids are too shy, as a rule, to get over the awkwardness of this kind of *tête-à-tête;* and village girls have usually (in my experience) very voluble mothers who, effectually though unconsciously, put a stop to anything like intimate conversation between the daughter and visitor.

If possible, it is by far the best plan to hold a weekly class or meeting for the girls. But the very first step to be taken is, to consult both mothers and mistresses on the subject. Most likely the former will readily come into the plan; still it is wise to interest them in its details by describing what will be taught, &c. In the case of mistresses, it is quite indispensable that the Associate should distinctly

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ask *leave* for the girl to join the class and become a member of the G. F. S. A mistress who engages a servant girl has a right to the whole of her time; and yet I do not think many mistresses will assert this right as a reason for declining to let their servants join a class. What is the reason then why employers are said to be averse to the G. F. S.? May it not, in great measure, be owing to the want of courtesy displayed by Associates? It should be remembered that in asking leave, we are asking a *favour*, which even a model mistress may, in some cases, judge wisely in refusing. Human institutions are, after all, not everything. God can take care of the lambs of His flock, without *our* interference, if such interference is not His will. So there is no need to chafe and fret, but to *wait*, if we cannot gather in every girl on whom we had set our hearts. Yes, another thing is needed besides courtesy and tact, and that is Time. A new scheme (and the G. F. S. may still be this in some country villages) seldom wins its way at once. The mistress who now 'sees no good in the class' may in two years' time perceive that it is a recognised institution, which has common sense on its side; and so has slowly but surely turned public opinion in its favour.

The next consideration is the place and time for meeting. As to the former, a *place;* there is none better than a room in our own house—indeed this is almost essential, if we are to begin on the footing of friends. A school or class-room is not at all the same thing, as there is at once a less homelike feeling, and the girls connect the whole thing with the idea of school. It is quite certain, too, that places do have a moral influence, for it is remarkable how good the behaviour of both boys and girls is, when invited to a private house. I think it is a sense of honour that steps in and prevents their treating their *entertainer* badly, though they may not be quite as considerate when the same person is essentially a *teacher*.

The time is the next consideration. Sunday afternoon is often chosen, and in the case of servant girls, is probably the best of all times. There is no work to be done, and they are readily allowed to go out, yet before and after church time they have nowhere to go and nothing to do. They will generally gladly go to an Associate's house, where there is a kind face to welcome them and some interesting employment provided.

Next, having invited our girls, how shall the hour or hour and a half be spent? Though we may call our meeting a class, it is not absolutely necessary that every minute should be spent in *learning* (to use the word in its every-day sense).

If the first quarter of an hour be spent in conversation, it will be by no means time wasted; only it must not be gossip. We do not want to hear about the girls' neighbours or employers, but about themselves. *Home* is a fertile and safe subject, and one which they are generally pleased to talk about; or the teacher may show prints or photographs,

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for these, with talk about them, are civilising elements in lives that have but too much roughness, as well as narrowness and pettiness in them.

Next may follow the voluntary repetition of a few Bible verses, or a short psalm or hymn. Girls who have acquired the habit of learning by heart in their school life, and to whom it is in consequence nearly as easy as reading, will probably enjoy bringing the fluent lesson to be heard. But to others who have had only a meagre allowance of schooling, learning by heart is very laborious; yet, because the store acquired in this way is so very valuable in after life, we must never be impatient, but praise the *correct* repetition of even one verse.

Cards of questions to be taken home and answered, are a variety, and may easily be prepared by the teacher thus: A subject is chosen, such as, for instance, *Forgiveness*, and four or five questions are written out relating to it. Each question is to be answered by a text of Scripture, of which the chapter and verse, but not the words, are also given.

I may mention a few subjects—Keeping the Sunday holy, Public Worship, Prayer, Holy Communion, Membership, Repentance, God's Mercy to Sinners, Meekness, Ruling the Tongue, &c., &c.

Next may follow a short reading from the Bible, each girl taking a verse in turn. It is better to read only ten verses, or whatever number form a single passage, than the forty or fifty of a whole chapter.

And then I should strongly advise that the questions and explanation should all turn on some *one* point or idea. It is a great mistake to do what is sometimes attempted—to explain a whole chapter, verse by verse. The result probably is, that *nothing* is carried away. To use a homely illustration, *drive a single nail well home.*

Another thing, too, we must and will avoid, and that is dryness. If one mode of teaching does not answer, try another, but never rest until you have won attention. Enforced attention at a Bible-class is not what you want, but, on the other hand, voluntary attention is worth everything. Anecdotes and illustrations may be usefully pressed into the service, and will often bring home a lesson, where mere generalities will fall flat. Thus an anecdote beginning, 'I remember a story I once heard,' and going on to tell the struggle and effort it was to a young servant-maid to speak the truth, will strike a chord that is left untouched by the merely general remark that lying is sinful.

Yet we need not adapt our teaching too closely to refute the supposed errors of servant life; in other words, we need not *talk down* to our girls too much. We and they are servants of the same Lord, and so we will not speak from a higher level, but show that we, too, find it hard to bear ourselves bravely in the strife, and that we know what it

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is to be faint and weary in well-doing. In this, as in all missionary work, sympathy will be the key to unlock hearts. Once a very successful schoolmaster was asked what was the secret of his influence with his boys.

'Most masters,' he answered, 'say to their boys, "*Allez.*" *I* say to them "*Allons.*"'

It may not be always easy to gain a complete idea of the temptations of a village girl's life; yet surely in some respects, at least, our experience and hers are alike.

For example, who, among women, young or old, rich or poor, has not been tempted, at some time or other, to set aside what may be called *thoroughness*, to slur over and perform imperfectly the every-day duties of life, from the mending of a glove, to the highest of all, prayer and worship? Who has not felt that real self-denial is wanted for this virtue of thoroughness, and that very often it is a genuine fight with feebleness of will to 'do what our hand finds to do with our might.'

Here is common ground, then; for have not we often fallen? And so we may point out *where* alone the weak may seek for and find strength.

Such minor matters as dress will branch out easily from the leading idea of some lesson, and may be dwelt upon occasionally, though in no spirit of interference. Nor should it be implied that there is one rule for rich and one for poor. The *rule* is the same in every class, that dress put on to attract attention to the wearer is always wrong, but becomingness and prettiness may be safely studied, and are right. Girls often dress over smartly from mere want of taste, and on this head we may give them a few hints. This is far more likely to take effect than a lecture against finery. But I trust that most people have discovered nowadays that it is far wiser to *lead* than to *drive*.

Love and marriage are sure to occupy the minds of girls to a great extent, and for this, if for no higher reason, the subject need not be avoided, but be spoken about sensibly and quietly; for instance, we might point out the qualities a *good* man would look for in a wife, how Home is a woman's kingdom, and how great her power and influence and responsibilities are, as soon as she begins her rule.

And this leads me up to speak of one more subject which very wisely is now thought of the utmost importance in the training of women. I mean what is called, perhaps for want of a better word, Domestic Economy.

This subject is, of course, not adapted to a Sunday class, but it is most useful and suitable if the class or meeting be held on a week-day afternoon.

Now, there are a few very simple things that every woman *ought* to know, but which even well-taught school girls do not always know. I mean that we must teach them a little about those wonderful machines,

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our bodies, and how to keep those machines in order—in other words, How to preserve Health. As I have said in a former chapter, it is remarkable what ignorance prevails among mothers, about this and kindred subjects; and so it is of the utmost importance that the rising generation should be better instructed.

Let me repeat that our Friendly girls are the wives and mothers of the future, and so much depends on *what they are* that the thought is almost overwhelming.

I know of no better plan with a week-day class, whose attainments are not of a very high order, and whose time for learning is limited, than to give short *dictation* lessons every week on some one subject, to be written with pen and ink in exercise books, and eventually kept by the girls.

The list of books I gave in a note to the chapter on Mothers' Meetings will be found useful for this purpose; for instance, in *The Pathway of Health* (Jarrold), take the chapter on 'Fresh Air.' You cannot, of course, go through the whole chapter, but you can mark short passages in it to be given as dictation lessons, each one being headed Lesson I., Lesson II., &c.

This simple plan has a twofold advantage.

First, the dictation lessons improve the girls in writing and spelling, and the second and chief one is, that a lesson thus slowly given out word by word, and afterwards read and perhaps re-read, makes far more impression than the mere reading it would do, especially if questions are asked each time about the preceding lesson.

The first principles (though not the practice) of cookery might be taught in this way; also facts, such as the nourishing power of different kinds of food, the little real sustenance there is in alcoholic drinks, if set before the girls singly and clearly, are not soon forgotten. On these subjects, *Friendly Leaves* is of service, and may be used as an inexpensive reading book, if several copies are taken in.

Of course at a week-day class, it is quite permissible to teach geography, arithmetic, needlework, or any other school subject, but I mention domestic economy only for two reasons.

First, because our *present* Friendly girls (1880) have not, generally speaking, learnt it at school; secondly, because it is of such vital importance that women should know something of it.

Not only may we accept the truth that this kind of knowledge enlarges minds that have the tendency to become narrow and frivolous, but practically such knowledge is of the utmost value.

For instance, let us think for a moment of that curse of our country, the curse even of pretty rural, innocent-looking country villages—drink.

Does not ignorance lie at the very root of this gigantic evil?

If we could only make our girls thoroughly take home to themselves the facts that well-cooked food is better than strong drink,

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that strong drink at all is not a necessity to the healthy, there would be hope for the future.

In the time to come, their influence (as I have said) over husbands and sons *must* be great; so is it possible that the next generation of English working men may be a sober, drink-abhorring, and (therefore perhaps) prosperous one.

It seems so imperative to make some effort to gather our girls about us, to try and *do* something for them, and not rest contented with merely *calling* them members of the Girls' Friendly Society, that I would suggest one more plan. That is, to have quarterly meetings, to which all the girls, whether in service or not, would probably be allowed to come.

This might be an addition to the weekly class, or, if for any reason the weekly class be an impossibility to collect together regularly, the quarterly meeting would be far better than nothing.

In one respect, at least, the quarterly meeting and the weekly class may be alike, and that is, in finishing with a story read aloud. There is no doubt that this part of the programme will be popular; and I believe that in this way we do succeed in lifting our girls into a higher and more refined atmosphere than the one they habitually live in. There are so many useful and suitable tales now written, that it is sheer waste of valuable material not to make use of some of them.

To lend books to be taken home is also a good plan, as with the craving for 'stories' that girls have, they will read what is hurtful, if something innocent is not provided.

One word in conclusion. Let us always bear in mind that our Branch may be a lifeless branch, dead and useless—indeed, a mere *name*, and nothing more. But it can, and may, be much more; and on whom does it depend for vitality? Surely on none other than on its Working Associates—and the name is well chosen; for what is wanted is actual *work*, i.e. personal pains and trouble, a real effort to be sympathetic, a resolute conquering of shyness or *mauvaise honte*, a steadfast regularity in keeping to days and hours—all this is work, and yet is it not honest, satisfying work, worthy of Christian womanhood? And if we would raise our girls up to us, we must plant our own standard high. I heard a good definition the other day of a *lady*, that she is 'one who never looks down upon anybody.' May we not go a step farther, and say, that the higher the cultivation and refinement, the higher is (or ought to be) the standard of right and nobleness.

It is the spirit of this saying that we desire above all things to infuse into our girls, and if we succeed in doing that, our work will not have been altogether in vain.

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A DEDICATION.

BRING me thy blossoms love, they say,
Thou hast a crown of flowers for thy brow;
Sweet, bring it hither, give to me
The hues, and scents, of summer memory.

My roses, are the lips of famish'd people fed;
My lilies, whispered thanks from suffering sick;
My violets, timid prayers from trembling souls;
My pansies, little helps to work-worn folk;
My creeping plants, are wishes, thoughts, and hopes,
That for my sad ones there may come relief;
My snowdrops, are the heavy tears that flow
O'er the bereaved, heart-stricken, dumb with grief.

Is this the coronal you speak of? but not mine,
I cannot gather it, The Gatherer is divine;
Flowers from His garden, for His garden meet,
A Christmas garland for The Gardener's Feet.

H. F.

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Spider Subjects.

It is hard to choose among the University answers. Spinning Jenny is very good, but space gives the preference to Ignoramus. Don Quixote is likewise lengthy; Wakatu thinks Oxford was founded by Alfred; Bubbles, fair; Nightingale, painstaking. Tacita and Mara also replied.

THE UNIVERSITY SYSTEM OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

The Latin name *Universitas* originated during the thirteenth century, when it signified merely a body of students and teachers assembled in one place. At a later period these establishments were denominated *Universitas Literarum*, which indicated that the important sciences were taught by them.

The precise period at which the first university in Europe was founded is not known. That of Oxford was established about the year A.D. 1200, and that of Cambridge at somewhat the same time; but before this there were universities in France. At Paris, during the twelfth century, teachers collected around them students, and founded schools in which instruction was given in theology, philosophy, and rhetoric. These teachers called themselves rectors, and were not all clergy, for the celebrated Abelard was still a layman when he opened his school. By degrees the number and importance of these schools increased, and a vast number of young men with a thirst for knowledge were attracted by them to Paris, which possessed other attractions also for youthful minds. The rectors or teachers acquired a great reputation, and thus the first European university arose.

Towards the end of the twelfth century, Philip Augustus granted the members of these schools immunity from the jurisdiction of the royal courts; hitherto they had not been endowed with any privileges. Teachers and students had been quite independent, regulating their conduct by rules of their own making, and each school possessing its own rector; but in 1206 a common rector was chosen, and the whole mass of students and teachers formed one important body called *Universitas*. At the same time associations were formed of members, who were natives of the same nation; this was called the division into nations, each having its own peculiar head (procurator), and also its own funds and regulations. This division into nations is an essential feature in the original constitution of the oldest universities.

When the division into four nations became established, they consisted of—first, French; second, Picard; third, Norman; and fourth, English. The first of these included Italians and Spaniards, and the last included all students from the north of Italy. Though the number four was perhaps accidental at first, it was afterwards also adopted in the German and Italian universities.

Examinations were established to prevent any but well-qualified persons from lecturing; those who were found well qualified for teaching received formal permission to lecture publicly.

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The first academical degree was that of *Baccalaureus* (Bachelor), the second that of *Licentiatus* (Licentiate). The title of *Magister* (Master) in Paris corresponded to that of Doctor in Boulogne.

Examinations and distributions of academic honours were usual in Paris as early as the beginning of the thirteenth century.

The Faculty of the seven liberal arts * was in existence long before, for these sciences had been taught from a very early period. The Faculty of Arts took precedence of the others, which were as follows:—First, Theology; second, Law; and third, Medicine. The year 1209 is assigned as a probable date for the institution of faculties. In this year the mendicant orders and secular clergy joined to form a sort of corporation of theological teachers. Shortly afterwards teachers of medicine followed their example, as also did those of the canon law.

Among the public institutions which were founded in the universities during the thirteenth and the following century, were the colleges or buildings in which students, particularly those who were poor, might live together under superintendence without paying for their lodging; in some cases they could also receive their board for nothing. The first of these were at Paris; but here, as elsewhere, they degenerated by degrees and did not continue to be used by *poor* students only. In England these colleges attained great importance, and in Germany something similar was introduced and called the *Bursæ*, or charitable institutions, where students might live at a low rent. The same name, *Bursæ*, was given to boarding-houses founded by professors, and the students who lived in the *Bursæ* were called *Bursarii*.†

A disturbance which took place in the Paris university in 1229 caused numbers of students to leave Paris; this was advantageous to the English university, for Henry III. invited many to England, and they came and settled at Oxford.

The first German universities were founded at Prague in 1348, and at Vienna in 1365. In both the division into nations was adopted. The Emperor Charles IV. had divided students and teachers into the Bohemian, Polish, Bavarian, and Saxon nations. The Polish consisted chiefly of German Silesians, and had the advantage over the Bohemians, and as these were unwilling to suffer, John Huss and Jerome of Prague induced the Emperor Wenceslaus to make three nations of the Bohemian and one of the German. Several thousand withdrew immediately, and founded the University of Leipsic in 1409, where they were divided into four nations, viz., the Misnian, Saxon, Bavarian, and Polish. No other German university founded in the fifteenth century accepted the division into nations, for by that time they had become expressly established, and were not left to grow up as before.

IGNORAMUS.

Sea-Breeze, best; Fifée, Bath-Brick, Bruce's Spider; Bubbles, Crocus, Firefly, Thisbé, A Bee, A Geometric Spider, Nightingale.

DATES.

One hundred and eight dates of years since the Christian era can be read backwards and forwards the same. In the first century there

* The Philosophical Faculty, as it has been since called.

† Hence the German word "Bursch."

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are *nine* dates which can be reversed, those in which the second figure is the same as the first, as 11, 22, 33, &c. In each of the *nine* succeeding centuries the dates can be reversed *ten* times, at the periods when the last figure is the same as the first, as 101, 232, 484, &c. In the next *nine* centuries (bringing us to our own time) in which four figures are required, the two last figures must be the reverse of the two first in order to be read backwards and forwards the same, as 1001, 1221, 1881, &c., and this comes to pass only *once* in a century.

$$9 + 9 \times 10 + 9 \times 1 = 108 \text{ ans.}$$

SEA-BREEZE.

SPIDER QUESTIONS FOR MARCH.

What is the process by which a plant puts forth its buds?
The puns of history.
Stamps received from Bath-Brick, Spinning Jenny, Don Quixote.

HANDWRITING SOCIETY.

Write in figures five hundred and five millions, three hundred and twenty-six thousand, eight hundred and seventy-four.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

The subject for last month, "The Prominent British Botanists of the Eighteenth Century," does not seem to have been thought an attractive one. Only twenty members contributed notices; nor were these, with the exception of four or five, very brilliant. In some a number of lesser luminaries were described, to the exclusion of the great names suggested in our last number. Other members chose to ignore the limitation of the subject to *British* Botanists, and to sketch the careers of eminent foreigners, which was not at all what was desired.

The botanising season having once more begun, Vertumnus ventures again to remind members of the society of their obligations as such—obligations which may be tersely expressed by a quotation from a well-known Wykehamist line—

'Aut disce, aut discede.'

The '*sors tertia*,' viz., the penalty due to those who will neither 'learn nor depart,' Vertumnus has neither the power, nor (perhaps) the authority, to inflict.

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Notices to Correspondents.

NOTICE.

Correspondents are requested to observe that the Office of the *Monthly Packet* is now 34, KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C. Paid-for advertisements should ALWAYS be addressed to Mr. Walter Smith, NEVER to the Editor. Much delay and disappointment are caused by this rule not being attended to. The rule seems hard, but there are too many to admit in any reasonable space. No mere private advertisements are admitted without payment.

I beg leave to point out to Mr. Lewis Carroll and others who call 0, 'ought,' that there is a wide difference as to length of prescription between this practice and the change of *nadder* into *adder*. The latter took place some time between the age of Chaucer and the middle of the sixteenth century. I have traced it as far back as the Geneva Bible, which came out in 1560. My copy bears date 1577. On the other hand 'ought' (or *aught*) in the sense of *nothing*, or its sign, is not acknowledged in Johnson's Dictionary. I am aware that, in a living language, other changes besides that of growth must be expected: but such a very crooked development as taking a word which means *anything*, and using it to mean *nothing*, can hardly be acceptable to those who care for the purity of the language. Perhaps Mr. Lewis Carroll will write us a tale about AN OUGHTY BOY. No doubt the general opinion will be that no one else could do it better.—*S. S. G.*

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

M. E. L. would be glad if the editor or any reader of the *Monthly Packet* could explain the origin of the curious ear-rings worn at Fiume. They are called morati, and consist of little Moors' heads made of black enamel and gold, with generally a cluster of grapes of small pearls. They are of exquisite workmanship, and have been used by the peasantry for centuries, but no one seems to know the origin of the custom. Since the exhibition at Vienna these morati have become fashionable in Austria, and brooches, ear-rings, and bracelets are made of different arrangements of Moors' heads. A brooch in the form of a fan no bigger than half-a-crown contained thirty-six of these morati. They are only made at Fiume by a few workmen, and the supply by no means equals the demand.

E. A. S.—For Italian correspondence class inquire of Miss Roberts, Florence Villa, Torquay.

A. F. T.—The histories of Scotland and of France in Macmillan's *Series of Short Histories*, edited by Mr. E. A. Freeman, if you want mere brevity; *Tales of a Grandfather*, Miss Sewell's *History of France*, or Mr. Masson's abridgment of Guizot's *France*.

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A. Z.—The Editor knows nothing about the paid advertisements at the beginning of the *Packet*, and has no concern with them.

An American Reader.—I Promessi Sposi, Marco Visconti, Ettori Fieramosca, Niccolo de Lapi.

Miss C. Orr.—*Pictures of Cottage Life*, by Mary Ann Poole (Macmillan); *My Little Patient* (Masters); *Wee Willie Winkie* (Cassell); Mrs. O'Reilly's *Sussex Stories*, *Phœbe's Fortunes*, *Homes Made or Marred*, *The Watchers of the Long Ships*.

A Parish Priest.—Divide the children into the school-room and class-rooms. Get some one to read or tell some droll story to some. Set others to play round games, not too romping, except the very little ones, and, just at the end, 'Do you know the Muffin Man,' 'Buff says Buff,' 'Sitting Blind Man's Buff.' Consult the *Girl's Own Book* if your ladies cannot set them off. Boys can catch apples with their mouths suspended from a string, and perform other feats which interest the spectators. I have known children say a wet day was the best fun.

Frances.—In the Christmas number for 1875.

May.—The Domestic Servants' Benevolent Institution grants pensions (by election) to servants on payment of a small sum. All particulars can be obtained from the Secretary, Sackville Street, Piccadilly.

H. B.—The chapters on Körner have not been republished. We do not know if there is a translation of his *Lyre and Sword*.

Muriel.—1. Have no doubts as to your baptism. The validity of such baptism has been accepted by the whole Church. 2. Abstinence need not be in food. Some innocent indulgence may be avoided, some unpleasant duty accepted, on fast days. 3. The holy sign had better be reserved for your private moments.

Lola wants the names of some tracts or books which will help her to persuade mothers to come themselves and bring their babies to be baptized. She also wants helpful suggestions for making Church people *earnest* members of the Church, and not so half-hearted as to go to Church one week and the Chapel the next, as many about her do.

Christmas Carol.—Robert Browning's poem, to which I suppose *Christmas Carol* alludes, is one called 'Ivàn Ivànovitch,' in a volume of *Dramatic Idylls*, published in 1879. But the story is not what the questioner describes. A mother saves herself from wolves at the expense of her children's lives, and Ivàn beheads her with his axe at a single blow, and is afterwards pronounced to be innocent of murder, and to have acted as God's servant by the Pope and assembly of the Commune in which he lives.—*M. F. K. C.; Back; M. S. G.*

The poem called a 'Danish Boy' is by Wordsworth, and is placed among his 'Poems of the Fancy.' It may be found in the second volume of Moxon's edition of Wordsworth's *Poems*, published in 1841.—*M. F. K. C.*

L. A. S.—Some writings, such as *Sintram*, are not quite allegories, but suggestive tales, almost allegory, but not quite. To these the *Beleaguered City* seems to belong. It is the working out of the axiom —'If they hear not Moses,' &c.—showing that faith does not depend on signs and wonders, but on the heart. It has been noticed in the *Church Quarterly*.

D.—By whom was *The Rolliad?*

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A. E. H.—'The Land of Long Ago' is by T. Westwood, set to music by Dolores. We cannot insert a copy, as it would interfere with copyright regulations.

Vivian.—The last verse of 'To the Day.'—*Katie.*

QUOTATIONS WANTED.

'He is not dead whose holy mind
Lifts thine on high,
To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die.'

—*Agatha.*

'Up to every day's most quiet needs.'

—*Macrin.*

'Blind Authority, beating with a staff
The child that might have led him."

—*R. F. L.*

'Leaves are the wings on which the summer flies.'

—*Nobody.*

'Broadest streams from narrowest sources.'

—*Ch. G.*

'No hands to write, no eyes to read,
No feet to walk, my every need
No strength to satisfy, but still
To serve my holy God a will,
A heart to love my Jesus Christ.'

—*E. V. M.*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Twelve pounds of arrowroot from Mrs. Becket, of Southsea, for the *Samaritan Free Hospital for Women and Children.*

The Sister-in-Charge of Allhallows Mission, Southwark, desires to acknowledge with many thanks the following sums from readers of the *Monthly Packet*:—M. A. W., 10*s.*; L. Mills, 2*s.* 6*d.* and a parcel; Mrs. G. Faussett, 2*l.*; M. Hughes, 1*l.* 1*s.*; M. B. Vickers, 1*l.* 1*s.*; H. Kingsmill, Esq., 3*l.*; G. Broughton, 1*s.*; Anon. 3*s.*; Anon. 1*s.*; Miss Fielder, 5*s.*; Miss Geldart, 1*l.*; Miss Finch, 10*s.*; Mrs. Saunders, 5*s.*; Anon. 5*s.*; Miss Maddox, 2*s.*; In Memoriam, 4*s.*; Miss Booty, 10*s.*; J. S., 5*s.*; Mrs. Wilford, 5*s.*

Charles Irons begs to acknowledge with thanks the following sums for *S. Alphege Mission*:—W. H., 2*l.*; Invalid, 5*s.*; E. C. P., 5*s.*; A Reader, 5*s.*; May, 1*s.*; Collected, G. S., 15*s.* 6*d.*; E. L. J., 10*s.*; H. J. P., 1*l.*; Pin, 2*s.* 6*d.*; Anon. 2*s* 6*d.*; Lowther, 5*l.*; Exeter, 12*s.*; W. and E., 2*l.* 2*s.*; Chester, 5*s.*; Well Wisher, 5*l.*; E. L. F., 5*s.*

Bishop Wilberforce Confirmation Memorial Window in S. Mary's, Southampton.—Miss L. Phillimore (5, *Arlington Street, London, S.W.*), acknowledges with her best thanks the following sums received for this memorial:—W. P., 3*l.*; per Miss Keele, 6*s.* 8*d.*; I. S. B., 2*s.*; Hon. Lady McGarel Hogg, 5*l.*; Miss Bradstreet, 1*s.*; J. L. E., 3*s.*; Miss E. Graves, 2*s.*; Mr. Shepherd Allen, M.P., 10*s.*; Miss Meredith, 1*s.* 6*d.*; Mrs. Pickthall, 2*l.*; E. R. F. F., 1*s.*; A. K. and C., 3*s.*; Anon. (Ruthin), 2*s.* 6*d.*; Misses Ellis, 5*s.*; Mr. W. S. Trollope, 5*s.*; Olive, 1*s.*; Mrs. T. Compton, 2*s.* 6*d.*; Anon. (Kenilworth), 1*s.*; Mrs. G. Royds, 2*s.* 6*d.*; Mr. H. Pinniger, 5*s.*; Miss L. Curtis, 2*s.* 6*d.*; Misses Ashley, 1*l.*; O. M. F. 2*s.* 6*d.*; Anon. (Dedham), 1*s.*; Lucie,

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2*s.* 6*d.*; Anon. (Paddington), 1*s.*; Miss E. Jarrett (second donation), 1*l.*; Rev. C. West, 10*s.*; Bishop of St. Alban's and Hon. Mrs. Claughton, 5*l.*; Hon. C. Erskine, 1*l.* 1*s.*; Mr. G. F. Bower, 10*s.*; Anon. (Peterborough), 1*s.*; Miss Wilks, 2*s.* 6*d.*; A poor Governess, 6*d.*; per Miss Lee, 10*s.*; Two Sisters, 2*s.*; per Mrs. L. Bruce, 10*s.*; F. M. A., 2*s.* 6*d.*; Miss K. Thomas, 10*s.*; Mrs. Gamlen, 3*s.* 6*d.*; Anon. (Chislehurst), 1*s.*; K. B., 3*s.*; Mrs. Waller, 1*l.* 10*s.* 454*l.* received; only 11*l.* now needed; further offerings gladly received as above.

Town Children and Country Holidays.—The kind friends who helped in this good work last year may perhaps be glad to hear how very successful it was. Four hundred and thirty-two children were sent to the country, and the results in almost every case were entirely satisfactory. It is, indeed, impossible in a short space to tell of all the good which has been done through these country holidays. We hope this year that others may be induced to try the plan which we have found to work so well, and that these holidays may spread. If any one who has been interested in our work, or thinks of trying it, wishes for any further particulars or practical suggestions gleaned from the experience of the last two years, I shall be very glad to give every information in my power if they will communicate with me at 8, Sunderland Terrace, Westbourne Park, London; and I may also mention that should any one like to entrust money to me for sending children and young people to the country during the ensuing summer I shall be happy to take charge of it, and either send them myself to homes I know or through friends I can trust, and I would send a faithful account of the way in which any money so entrusted to me was expended, to the donor.—*Margaret Tillard.*

'*Wait, He is sure to Come.*'—*Mrs. Bromfield, Fladbury House, Pershore,* thankfully acknowledges for this Mission the following sums:—T. D., 2*s.*; E. T. H. Rudge, 18*s.* 9*d.*; H., through Miss Blakeway, 5*s.* For the Shingwauk Home:—Miss A. Lyne, 7*s.* 6*d.* For Algoma General Mission Fund:—W. Rivington, Esq., 10*l.*; the Misses Attyis, 2*l.*; A. J. A., 5*l.*; J. S. S., 3*s.*; G. E. Bennett, 5*s.* 6*d.*; P. M. M., 1*l.*; Rev. W. Rudge, 1*l.* 1*s.*

N.B.—Acknowledgments of any length must henceforth be paid for.

March 12, 1881.

Dear Editor,—You will confer a great favour by allowing me a few lines in the *Monthly Packet*, to prefer a request to your many readers, for books and magazines—not necessarily new ones—in aid of a Penny Library in the East End of London. It was started two years ago with twenty volumes and about six subscribers, in connection with the Mission in the district of S. Augustine, Stepney. It now has 170 volumes, and fifty subscribers, but the district is composed exclusively of poor, many of the readers being dwellers in the lowest courts and alleys, and the monthly penny from each member hardly keeps the books in repair. It is therefore difficult to keep up the supply without extraneous aid, which up to this time has not, however, been asked for.

But I feel sure many readers would gladly spare a volume from

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their own or their children's book-shelves if they knew how they would be welcomed by the poor readers, who are eager to avail themselves of a higher, purer, literature than that of the 'penny dreadfuls,' &c., which is so often their only resource. The books most in demand are tales of travel, adventures, and historical fiction, such as those of Ballantyne, Scott, and Whyte Melville; but Shakespeare, Carlyle, George Eliot, Charles Kingsley, &c., are each and all appreciated in a manner highly creditable to the good taste of the 'East End.'

Any such books and magazines I shall be very glad to receive; but *all* books are useful, as those that are unsuitable, such as theological works and hymn-books which have been sent me, can be exchanged, and will be gratefully received at the following address by

Yours, sincerely obliged,

MARY WIEHÈ.

19, GARWAY ROAD, BAYSWATER.

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THE

MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

MAY, 1881.

ASCENSION-TIDE HYMN.

Written for music by M. Charles Gounod (No. 103, *Hymnary*, 2nd tune).

LIFT up, lift up your heads, ye gates,—
The Lord, the King of Glory waits!
The Cross is borne, the Passion done,
The Crown of Victory is won.
The King! the King! who is this King?
The Strong, the Mighty, triumphing.

The Lord in battle's bloody shock,
The tender Shepherd of His flock,
His body bright with crimson scars,
His vesture fairer than the stars.
The King! the King! who is this King?
The Lord of Hosts come triumphing!

Unfold, ye everlasting doors,
Heaven's welcome-song like thunder roars;
The angels' Monarch, lov'd so long,
Returns to greet th' expectant throng;
The King! the King! His throne prepare,
For He shall reign for ever there.

But love, that angels never felt,
The heart of sinful man must melt;

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The nails, the scorn, the crown of thorn,
Who gave Thee these, Thou Virgin-born?
O King! O King! our sins Thy load
From Mary's breast to Calvary's road.

Lift up, lift up your heads, ye gates,—
The Lamb comes in Who expiates,
To plead, in flesh, His Passion's might,
For ever at His Father's right.
The King! the King! ye nine-fold ring,
Ye sinners saved, His triumph sing!

W. CHATTERTON DIX.

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CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CLXXV.

WEBS AND SNARES.

1583—1584.

After the raid of Ruthven, the Earl of Arran and the Master of Gray became the chief powers in Scotland, since James VI. was their willing instrument. Gray was a Roman Catholic, and Ruthven a lover of the Presbyterian ministry. The King, emancipated from the galling yoke of his youth, was delighted with every measure that kept down the men who had so rudely reproved him. Once, when he had been hunting, and his hounds had pleased him well, he called for wine, and drank to the health of all the pack, and taking the paw of one old dog named Tell-true, he thus addressed him: 'Tell-true, I drink to thee above all my hounds, and would sooner trust thy tongue than either Craig or the Bishop's.' These were both distinguished ministers, and the offence was great.

Mary, in her prison, began to have hopes that there would be a recall in her favour; but after a succession of the ordinary intrigues of the emissaries of Elizabeth, the court of Scotland was again secured to the interests of England, and all hope in her son was again lost to the unfortunate Queen.

Mary had been fourteen years in the custody of the Earl of Shrewsbury, usually at Sheffield Castle, but sometimes—at times of alarm or agitation—at Tutbury, for more security. Sheffield Castle, standing on a tongue of land between the confluence of the rivers Sheaf and Don, was one of the grand old buildings, covering four acres of ground with its courts and defences, and the park was no less than eight miles in circumference, containing noble trees and large herds of deer. One of the oaks spread its branches forty-five feet from the trunk, and could shelter 200 horsemen. Besides the castle, there was a lodge or manor-house, with a noble gallery, and there are also the remains of a smaller lodge, richly ornamented in the Elizabethan style, with the handsomest chamber at the top of the house. Tradition declares it to be haunted by Queen Mary's ghost, and antiquaries incline to the opinion that Shrewsbury built it for her abode. It was a place where she could be guarded, and yet ride out and enjoy her favourite sport of hunting, and there was also space for her own numerous retinue, as well as for the guards whom Shrewsbury maintained.

The household of the captive Queen was a considerable one, for

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besides her women there were thirty men—a Roman Catholic priest, gentlemen, secretaries, mediciners, cooks, and stablemen, and for this Elizabeth professed to allow him 52*l.* a week, which was very irregularly paid, and not by any means sufficient for their maintenance. The salaries were paid by Mary herself, as her French dowry always gave her full command of money. She kept a little court, her chair had a canopy and stood upon a daïs, her table was furnished with silver, and her toilette apparatus was also silver-gilt, her floors had the rare luxury of Turkey carpets, her chairs were covered with crimson velvet and gold, and the ladies sat on embroidered stools.

She was encouraged to hunt as much as possible in the ample extent of park, as Lord Shrewsbury thought this took her mind off from plots and conspiracies. She had six horses and three grooms, and did hunt a good deal; but she also did an immense quantity of embroidery, making presents of it to the English Queen and to many others, so that specimens are to be found in many places; and she also wrote most voluminous letters to her friends and enemies.

She often suffered severely from rheumatism, and was several times allowed to make some stay at Buxton, which place belonged to the Talbot family. They seem to have had a private residence there besides the hotel they had erected for bathers; and Mary sometimes spent a month or six weeks there, enjoying the pastimes which were supposed to promote the cures of the visitors, such as bowling, shooting at the butts, or playing at ball or Troule Madame.* She also seems to have visited the famous cavern called Poole's Hole, for one large stalagmite is called Mary Queen of Scots' Pillar, and is said to mark the limit of her explorations. She had visitors there; Leicester once came to hold conference; and altogether these visits were holiday times to her. On her last departure she wrote an affectionate farewell with a diamond upon glass, after the fashion of the day.

'Buxtona, quæ calidæ celebraris nomine lymphæ,
Forte mihi post hac non adeunda. Vale.'

(Buxton, who hast a name for thy warm baths,
Perchance thou wilt never be visited again by me. Farewell.)

Lord Shrewsbury always treated his prisoner with respect and courtesy, and when pushed hard by Elizabeth's inquiries, declared that if the Queen of Scots once gave her word she always kept it. He was a stately, grand old nobleman of the ancient type, the head of a large family, with numerous retainers, guards, and pages. Among the young gentlemen around him was Anthony Babington, of Dethick, a lad who had become his ward, and who thus had opportunities of forming an enthusiastic attachment to the captive Queen, who was gracious to all who approached her. The two households in the castle

* A game somewhat like bagatelle, played by rolling (trowling) balls into a succession of small arches.

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and the lodge appear to have visited one another, and farces were sometimes exhibited in the Shrewsbury establishment in which, strange to say, the foibles of Queen Elizabeth were grossly caricatured. These were no doubt the contrivance of my Lady Shrewsbury, the real misfortune of her husband, who often drove him nearly wild by her violent temper. He had been already married to Gertrude Manners, of the house of Rutland, and had a numerous family, when he met Lady St. Lo, and became her fourth husband.

Elizabeth Hardwicke, or Bess of Hardwicke, as she was often styled, was a country gentleman's daughter, with a portion of forty marks, and at fourteen she was married to a lad named Robert Barlow, who very soon died. She then married Sir William Cavendish, of Chatsworth, and had eight children, but at the time of his death she was still esteemed a beauty, a distinction owing perhaps to her being in the same style as the Queen—small, with a thin, narrow, not to say shrewish face, with yellow hair and blue eyes, the complexion said to belong to masterful women. She was a great builder; Hardwicke and Chatsworth, and probably afterwards the lodge at Sheffield, were built under her care; and she was likewise a farmer and active housekeeper, so that she was esteemed a prize.

Her next husband was Sir William St. Lo, who soon died, and she then accepted the hand of Shrewsbury. She stipulated that two of her children and two of his should at once be wedded, and this was carried out when one of the brides was only twelve years old—little Mary Cavendish.

Bess was a hot-tempered woman, and had entirely managed all her former husbands, and she seems to have had Lord Shrewsbury's whole heart for full nine years, as well as to have kept on good terms with the prisoner, though Mary neither liked nor trusted her, for she was a woman of coarse tongue and violent temper. However, all went smoothly till a wedding took place between Elizabeth Cavendish, her daughter, and Charles Stewart, Earl of Lennox, the nephew of Darnley, who stood next to the Scottish King in the succession. Queen Elizabeth was greatly angered, not only at the marriage, but at the deference the bride was reported to have shown to Queen Mary. She sent both Lady Shrewsbury and her daughter to the Tower, but did not keep them there long; and when the young earl died, leaving only an infant girl, Arabella Stewart, both were forgiven, on the ground probably that no great harm had come of it. Nor did the mother long survive, and the little 'Arbell' became the object of the grandmother's love and ambition, the existence of the child apparently giving her a personal hostility to the captive Queen, as standing between the unconscious little one and the throne.

The earl did not take the same view; and family peace was over. Gilbert Talbot, now his eldest son, who had married her eldest daughter, heard confidences and recriminations on either side, chiefly

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about quarrels as to the property and expenses, when it appears that both father and son well knew what could be my lady's language as a scold.

By and by, however, the countess took it into her head that her husband had become the victim of the fascinations of the captive Queen, and began spreading reports to that effect. Shrewsbury was able to clear himself completely to the satisfaction of Elizabeth, though he earnestly entreated to be freed from his charge. Queen Mary, on her side, not only appealed to the French ambassador, Mauvissière, but was stung by her indignation into writing to Elizabeth a long letter complaining of Lady Shrewsbury, and detailing all her offences against Elizabeth herself. Every scandalous story that the countess had poured into the ear of her captive was detailed. There were absurd and coarse allusions to the Queen's supposed lovers, especially Sir Christopher Hatton; an account of the countess having advised Queen Mary to make her son, King James, a suitor to her majesty, for, said Bess of Hardwicke, laughing excessively, no one was too young for the Queen, no flattery too strong; and she was ready to believe her courtiers if they said they could not look full in her face, for she dazzled them like the sun or like some heavenly goddess. Also that the Queen, in one of her furies, had broken the finger of one of her ladies, and had cut another with a knife. Remarks equally insulting and still more galling were added on Elizabeth's age, health, and appearance, and there was likewise a story that a conjurer had been consulted, who declared that Elizabeth would shortly die a violent death and Mary succeed to her throne.

A letter more wounding, provoking, and impolitic could hardly be imagined, and as the language is far more rude and coarse than Mary usually employed, there are many who think it was a mere forgery, designed by Burghley and Walsingham to inflame the Queen's dislike of her captive, and make her withdraw that protection which had hitherto preserved the life of the unhappy woman. It is unfortunate that this should be also a plea against the genuineness of the casket letters, and it is to be remembered that there are times when a passionate woman is so carried away as to forget both her safety and her womanhood. On the other hand, some think that on cooler reflection Mary perceived the folly of sending such a letter, and that Elizabeth never saw it.

However, in that same autumn, 1584, Mary was taken from the custody of the Shrewsburys, and Sir Ralph Sadler and John Somers became her keepers. She was removed to Wingfield House, and was then well enough to ride, conversing freely on the way, and founding many hopes on her son. Her luggage with that of her suite was considerable enough to require a hundred carts.

Meantime, alarm was increased by a Dutch cruiser capturing a vessel containing the Scottish Jesuit, Crichton, and bringing him to London,

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with a paper which he had tried to tear and throw into the sea. It seems to have been in Italian, and to have contained a scheme for the Spanish invasion of England, in concert with the Scottish King, to liberate his mother. It was of course a plea for putting the man to the torture, though he was a Scottish subject, and not even made prisoner by the English; but the Jesuits were considered out of the pale of humanity; and Crichton's confessions of intended plots and invasions were so desperate that they alarmed every one and probably were put into his mouth by his tormentors.

Leicester made them the ground in the next Parliament of excluding from the succession all who should conspire against the Queen's Majesty, and all on whose behalf the conspiracy was made, thus aiming not only at the Queen, but the King of Scots, and putting first in order among the heirs, little Arabella Stewart; but the Queen did not approve of this, and sent down the Bill again, only excluding these persons in case she should herself suffer a violent death. As the Bill was finally passed, it appointed that *any person* accused of plotting against the Queen should be tried by a commission of twenty-four persons appointed by the Crown, thus bringing Mary under the power of English law.

Very heavy penalties against Roman Catholics were further proposed, making it high treason in a priest to acknowledge the authority of the Pope, heavily fining the parents of children who sent them to be educated in Roman Catholic seminaries abroad, and disabling such children from inheriting property.

One Dr. Parry, a Welshman, rose in his place and denounced the Bill as tyrannical and mischievous, whereupon he was committed to the custody of the Serjeant-at-Arms. He was presently released by order of the Queen, but only a few weeks later he was arrested and confined in the Tower for high treason. It was altogether a mysterious affair. He had been in the service of the Earl of Pembroke, whence he passed to that of the Queen, and had since been employed by Burghley to collect intelligence at the courts of Europe after the spying fashion then in vogue.

Then he came home, married a rich widow, spent her fortune, and then broke into his principal creditor's house and tried to murder him. Escaping condign punishment probably by Burghley's interposition, he returned to his former work as secret intelligencer abroad; but on some misunderstanding arising between him and Burghley, he began to cultivate the acquaintance of the numerous body of Scottish and English Roman Catholics who lived abroad and intrigued on behalf of Queen Mary. He pretended to embrace their faith, and thus won their confidence, being reconciled to their Church by the Scottish Jesuit, Crichton, to whom he confided his desire to deliver the English Romanists from their persecution, and his readiness to kill Elizabeth with his own hand, if only he were persuaded that it was lawful.

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Crichton was not an advocate of the lawfulness of murdering tyrants, and bade Parry dismiss the idea; so did Palma, an Italian Jesuit; but Edward Morgan, the chief agent of the foreign intrigues, who lived at Paris, fully approved.

Then Parry affected fresh doubts, and was advised to see Cardinal Allen and Father Parsons, but he had not courage to put the question to the first, and he would not see the last. He seems, however, to have—on the pretext of these scruples—sounded as many exiled English clergy as possible, and to have found them almost all strong against the horrible maxim—a practical question at the time not only as regarded William of Orange or Elizabeth, but the King of Navarre, and even the King of France himself. In point of fact, Elizabeth alone of these four ultimately escaped falling a victim to the fanatical belief.

The question had been put by letter, through Morgan's interposition, to the agents of the Pope, especially Cardinal Como, who was too astute to make any decided answer, though he actually wrote to Parry.

Thus armed, the spy returned to England, made a grand narration of his discoveries to Burghley, and declared he had received a commission from the Pope to murder the Queen. In support of this allegation he produced the letter from Cardinal Como, which certainly said nothing about murder. He expected to be rewarded with a pension, or with the Mastership of St. Katharine's Hospital in the docks, but when he found that his claims were not allowed, he returned to his old intrigues; and this time he seems to have worked with the Romanists, though whether with the purpose of betraying them or not, there is no knowing. In England he conformed, became a member of Parliament, and made the pretext above-mentioned. Was it honestly, or to obtain confidence?

Among the outward Roman Catholics whom Burghley kept in his pay was one Edmund Neville, of the noble Westmoreland family, who played exactly Parry's game, by propounding the assassination of Queen Elizabeth to one person after another, and then reporting him to Burghley if he were favourable to it.

These two worthies contracted a strong apparent friendship, and talked to one another of the Queen's destruction, Spanish invasions, and other perilous matter, while each reported the other to Burghley as a secret traitor; and the Lord Treasurer must have looked on as at the struggles of two spiders with one another.

Neville, however, was either the bigger, or the favoured, spider, and his denunciation of Parry was accepted, the Welshman was sent to the Tower, the two were confronted, and Parry, after a faint denial, owned that he had spoken of the Queen's assassination.

He confessed strange things—that he had been sent by Morgan to murder the Queen, that the Pope had commissioned him, but that the sight of Elizabeth's virtuous life had made him change his purpose

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till he read a book of Cardinal Allen's. He was brought to trial in Westminster Hall on the 25th of February, 1585, and in the hope of pardon, pleaded guilty; but when he heard the sentence, he cried out in despair that he was innocent, and never had harboured in earnest a thought of injuring her Majesty. He wrote a letter to the Queen, calling himself her unfortunate Parry, and appealing to her own knowledge of him, but all in vain. On his way to the execution, which was witnessed by Sir Francis Knollys, and other courtiers, he again declared his innocence, and when Como's letter was mentioned, declared that it referred to quite another matter.

Morally, there is no question that he was a base and intolerable traitor, who had finally overreached himself. The horrible intriguing policy of the times bred such wretches, but whether he were an intentional traitor to Queen Elizabeth or not is another question. Most likely he would have held to whoever could reward him best, and probably Burghley let him perish at last because he was so wavering and self-contradictory that he could not be trusted, and he may have been possessed of dangerous secrets. The Queen was afterwards convinced that Neville was even a more dangerous traitor.

One effect of this exposure had been to show the Queen that the means of murdering her was an ordinary subject of discussion among a certain section of Romanists. Those who were really honest and good subjects ventured to draw up a petition declaring their loyalty, and entreating for a relaxation of the disabilities under which they laboured, and this was presented by Richard Shelley, of Michael Grove, in Sussex. This was regarded as presumption by the Council, and the brave gentleman was thrown into prison, where he languished for some years, and then died.

Meanwhile a Protestant association, with Leicester at its head, was formed for the protection of the Queen's person from the apprehended danger; but the thought in all minds was that her chief danger lay in the existence and captivity of the Queen of Scots. As long as her next heiress belonged to the Church of Rome, there was every inducement to put her to death; but if Mary were removed, her son—now twenty years old, and bred up in Calvinism—would not tempt the Roman dagger. There was the alternative of friendship with Mary and releasing her, now her son was a man; her chief enemy, Morton, was dead, and minds had cooled in Scotland.

However, negotiations went on, giving Mary the hope of recovering her liberty, and being associated with her son in the throne of Scotland. She sent her secretary Nau to London, and James despatched the Master of Gray thither for the same purpose. Gray was handsome, graceful, and plausible; he charmed every one, and he had even once exchanged a promise of friendship with Sir Philip Sidney; but he had made up his mind to throw over the unfortunate Mary, thus gaining favour with the Calvinist party in Scotland, by which he might hope

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to destroy the power of Arran, and become the only influence with James. He therefore concluded a treaty with Burghley on the part of his master, securing the alliance of Scotland, and entirely omitting all stipulations on behalf of Mary.

At the same time orders were given to remove Mary to Tutbury, a cold and dreary place, where her health had before suffered, and in the depth of winter. She had to sleep at Derby on her way, at the house of a Mrs. Beaumont, and we see that her gracious courtesy had not forsaken her, for on her arrival she kissed the lady, saying 'she was come to trouble her, and that being herself a widow, she trusted they should agree well, having no husbands to trouble them.'

Tutbury was in a wretched state, the walls green with damp, and the doors and windows ill fastened. Mary had preceded her baggage, and even beds and bedding had to be borrowed from the neighbouring gentry; but this arose from either bad or careless management, for Queen Elizabeth was highly indignant when she heard how the Scottish Queen had been received. Nor was Sir Ralph Sadler unkind; he took the Queen out hawking on several occasions, and did his best for her comfort and pleasure. He had known her all her life, and felt kindly towards her; but the hawking parties were thought dangerous, he was sharply rebuked, and was soon made to give up his place to Sir Amias Paulet, a strict and sour man of the Puritan party, rude in his manners, and likewise very suspicious, for the first thing he did was to forbid her giving alms to the poor, no doubt thinking she might bind them to her service.

Moreover, a young Roman Catholic who had been arrested for some offence connected with his religion, was compelled by main force to attend the English prayers with the household, and this so preyed on his mind that he actually committed suicide by hanging himself, to the great grief and horror of Mary and her suite. Moreover, tidings reached her that by the intrigues of the Master of Gray and Sir Edward Wootton, James had been induced to recall to Scotland the lords banished on account of the raid of Ruthven, that Arran, her best friend, was a fugitive in his turn, and that the door of hope on the Scottish side was entirely closed against her.

Her entire life in prison had been one of hidden intrigue, and she had always maintained a wide secret correspondence in cipher, besides that which was openly carried on with the ministers and through the ambassadors. Little did she guess that scarcely one of these private letters but was copied on its way, and the contents laid before Sir Francis Walsingham.

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ASCENSION-DAY, 1876.

'Is this Ascension-day?'—*King John.*

I.

THE skies are dim with weeping—like a pall
The skirts of shadowy clouds around us fall—
Mists loom on ev'ry side.
Within—'tis all too like the sullen May—
How shall our hearts look up to heaven to-day,
O pale Ascension-tide?

II.

Hearts with dull ache of shattered hopes, or those
Who watch a while their darlings' last repose—
They that for wand'rings wide
Bend farewell looks on each familiar shrine.
How shall we see the light that should be thine,
O sad Ascension-tide?

III.

We mark with heavy plash on street and pane,
Not fresh'ning field or bud, the gracious rain;—
But let the thought abide
To fruitfulness—we know the clover flower
Breathes richer now—the green corn loves thy show'r,
O sweet Ascension-tide!

IV.

'O fools and slow of heart!' Amid all ill
And through all storms we hear the Master still
Speak;—as of old, to chide!
Lord, Thou art risen! the darkling veil is rent.
Hail!—that we might look up and live, thou'rt sent,
O great Ascension-tide!

FANNY S. HOLLINGS.

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THE ARGUMENT FROM NATURAL BEAUTY.

IV.

In that hot year the harvest was over by the 12th of August, but the clouds, which had considerately held off from sickle and scythe, had no idea of waiting to accommodate grouse-shooters, and broke out about the 6th, right furiously, for ten days of thunder, lightning, and rain. At the beginning of the month the thick limestone walls of S. Vitus's College had been found to be about heated through, and daily less habitable. Charles was getting rather overworked, and May and Caroline began to pant for their Dales. So the Oxford party, declining total dispersion, agreed to transfer itself to the North Country. The Provost was engaged to his son-in-law at Ravensgill Chase, and consented to take Kirk-Otterscope by the way, and give a tone to the Herons' shooting-party and hospitalities. Lady Hertha had now given the domestic reins into Grace's not inexperienced hands, and withdrawn, in spite of protest, to Bewerly Banks. This was a jointure-house high up Garrowdale, which had of late exhausted the constructive ingenuity of all the masons as far as York, and had strained the decorative tact of Charles and May Cawthorne to the uttermost. We have no space for descriptions of tables and chairs, carpets or wall-papers; it is enough that there were plenty of pretty things, that the colours were half-tint, that black oak prevailed in the rooms, with some gold, and with Lady Hertha's particular china, and endless water-colours. There was but little *bric-à-brac*, beyond the Chatelaine's wedding presents of thirty years ago. As she said, a woman can't possibly be anything without her 'things,' but she didn't want Grace's; and she handed over plate and jewels, lace, linen, and the keys, and installed her daughter-in-law in her old rooms as philosophically as that Dervise who told the Sultaun his palace was a caravansary. She was one of those curious Englishwomen, who wear their great pride like a gauntlet on soft hands. Their haughty humour is tender, and their immeasurable tenderness is proud. She quite laughed at Grace's being timid, 'for the first time in her life,' she supposed, at taking possession of her new reign.

'You've walked off with Hugh, and Frank Roundell's got Fan,' she said; 'what's the use of any other jewels? Do let me go out of Otterscope like Cornelia, with a didactic bounce.'

But Grace looked scared, and threw her arms round her with kisses, and hid her face.

'Why, what a dear thing it is! Pooh, Grace, I'm only going four miles, and they've made the place like South Kensington, or Howell

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and James's. My own pet, I don't care the least for going out. I saw George carried out, and after that nothing matters much. Besides, I shall be always back after you. What a life you'll have with your Twelfth party. I wouldn't be you for anything. Send the Provost up to me for a quiet time, and keep May to help. Come along, Tiny.'

And Lady Hertha went forth from her old home, with her absurd little dax-hound in close attendance; the creature was quite aware that something was happening, but seemed resigned, having had its dinner. She had found out a suitable place of rest. Bewerly stood in a bay of velvety turf at the foot of Lingside, a long ridge of the Yorkshire shale, which stratum alternates with the regular limestone along some of those beloved rivers. It is always distinguishable, near or far, by the purple depth of heather, thick with bilberries, and cranberries, and crowberries, and all small fruit the gorcock knows of; by its wilder scaurs and more massive boulders, its trees mightier and more aged, especially the great beeches and ashes; by the rejoicing fulness of growth in rare ferns and woodland grasses; by the scarlet contrast of its forest floor of dead beech leaves; by the broad oaks above, and the heartier meeting of forest and open moorland. In that soil, if anywhere in our English dales, the field is joyful and all that is in it, and the trees of the wood rejoice, with a tropical redundance which the crown ferns enhance.

The house was the usual two-story Yorkshire building; with a central hall and good rooms on each side, with plate glass below for use, and quarrel-pane lattices above for the picturesque. You can suppose as many roses as you like, and any sorts you please. There was a good vinery by the house, sundry small greenhouses against the hill side, offices on a compact scale, the whole embowered and shielded in its woods from all the winds that blew. The purple hill-sides contrasted with forest-green all the summer long; the view down dale was one descending vista of woodland, with peaks, scaurs, and high moors above; and here and there beneath, grand masses of cloven rock where Garrow had rent his way. The tributary becks were magnificent, with secret waters creeping or thundering according to weather, between and under sheer down cliffs. You could have a close or widespread horizon, as you pleased, anywhere. But the old flower garden about the house was almost its chief delight: it was not so old-fashioned as primitive—not formal or Dutch, but genuinely as it had been for centuries. All above it grew wild hill-side trees, with stony scaurs behind, and quiet lawns leading up to the moor. There the mavis shouted to the grouse in the late spring, and was answered from the hill by their tribes, like Roderick Dhu. Snipe and plover twinkled past the window; there the early cocks first rested, and you heard the wild geese clang and chime on a winter's night as their long skein descended, towards unfrozen woodland meres. One side of the garden was secured by a strong beck famed for its trout,

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declining just now in volume, as the sun returned to his strength. Within it was a large, abundant, icy-cold spring, which welled suddenly up from the living rock—it was said that Maulger Hawke had once scandalised the house by taking his bath in it at five in the morning. Except the grey walls of Kilnsey Tower, a quarter of a mile off, with a fishing inn, the smith's, the home farm, and two or three more distant ones, the dale was without habitation: all left, but for its lichened stone dykes and a good though grass-covered road, as hunter and herdsman had ranged it in the days of Henry or Edward, or of Alfred or Cæsar, if that be all. Nor did king or Cæsar ever get more of their way, in the ultimate issue of things done or left undone, than the elderly beauty with the silver locks who now, at about 8.30, stood at a wide-open hall window calling her stray party in to high tea.

The Provost of St. Vitus's, as Lady Hertha had anticipated, soon found that he enjoyed her society at Bewerly more than the great Otterscope shooting party, who had settled to their work vigorously with the return of the fine weather, and talked of nothing but breech-action, dogs, and driving all the evening. May and Charles plied between the houses as they were wanted, two days a week gunning being exacted of the painter, as well as of Highcliffe, who had come back to stay with his old pupil. Hugh was as busy as a man who minds his business at the head of a big place generally is; but he was always clattering up dale on this nag or that to see his mother; and the pony-chaise traffic between her and Grace was incessant. On this evening May had returned rather late from helping in the preparations for a numerous dinner-party of people who stayed all night. So she and her husband, with Highcliffe, had made room at Otterscope; and thus it came about that they had a good quorum of the old Oxford coterie strolling about the Bewerly lawn, to whom Lady Hertha made appeal by voice and a shrill little bell, 'Now then, tea, good people; there's hot grouse and things in general."

Everybody was rather hungry; and the two younger men had been shooting, and required copious use of the pewter, as they assimilated the birds announced, with tongue and dry toast and butter unlimited—much wholesomer than wassail after a heavy day. At last they asked dubiously for tea, and were refused; their hostess allowing them a little sherry instead, and promising that infusion later on. And she told them they might have cigarettes outside if they would sit a little away, settled herself with the Provost in the large jasmine-muffled porch, and asked him if they couldn't go on with their Oxford talks in Garrowdale.

Provost. Well, I think we ought, after that grand Titianesque sunset:—no, I can't tell you properly why it was Titianesque, but Charles knows.

Charles (on appeal). Well, one does not very often see those tones and colours here. There was the true Titian purple of distant hills,

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opposed to powerful bronzed greens in middle distance; massive woods below and big trees leading from foreground into the picture: and it was his barred clouds, and rich solemn lights—and particularly there were separate trees standing out, bathed in light you know, against the woods—and the grass up to foreground was his warm kindly green, quite like Cadore; and his quality of colour.

Lady Hertha. There you go about quality, and when any artist says that word—What does it mean in Titian?

Charles. In his colour of distant hills and so on, it means a kind of mystery in clearness, with very pure perfect colours perfectly contrasted: as Ruskin* says, 'like an Italian twilight, when, sixty or eighty miles away, the ridge of the Western Alps rises in its dark and serrated blue against the crystalline vermilion. There is an unsearchableness without cloud or concealment; an infinite unknown' that seems to convey the idea; and Wharncliffe and Aire Fell had just that clear purple mystery—it's hardly gone yet.

Provost. We were coming to something about beauty of skies and clouds in our communings. Are we to go on with that this evening, Lady Hertha? I'm sure you've heard enough to join, unless you've heard too much already.

Lady Hertha. I think I understand where you are: you've had the argument of design from Paley and Beckett, and the argument of beauty from Mozley; and now you're going to have Ruskin to illustrate them both, from beauty and design together in landscape. I'm quite agreeable to hear all you say about that; and now I've time to read more. Don't mind my knitting, Arty, dear: 'light labour unto aged breath,' she laughed, going on automatically with her work, and looking at Highcliffe's note-book. He had once saved the life of her daughter, the young Lady Roundell, and Lady Hertha had ever since claimed him as a son, and called him Arty, to his unfailing satisfaction. He began accordingly.

'Well, the first thing to observe is that *Modern Painters* was not in the first instance intended to bear on the argument from design. Its motive was to induce the world to do justice to Turner, as a landscape painter. Having lived all his life in observation and study of nature, particularly in the Alps, Ruskin starts on his great knowledge of what the phenomena really are, in things great and small. He knows what an Alp is like, and he knows what an Alpine flower is like, having drawn and laboured hard on both. And he says that Turner's work is truer and more beautiful than other men's, and more beautiful because it is more true. And in the preface to the second edition, which is a regular manifesto, he says that want of truth, or want of accuracy in natural detail, is the vice of modern landscape painting. Such detail is sacred to him, because it is God's work, and shows visible tokens of Divine power and purpose. Therefore, he says to

* *Modern Painters*, p. 81.

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every painter, have faith in Nature as possessing the beauty of God's handiwork, and draw her faithfully in detail. Beauty is man's recognition and imitation of this hand-mark. Accurate finish of details in backgrounds and so on is good because of it. It is on all natural things in their natural state. The painter will assuredly produce things worth producing, and do good work, if he only makes faithful studies from Nature. Then if he has the higher gifts of poetic invention, ingenious selection of subject from Nature, of graphic composition or arrangement of ideas in his pictures, the study of Nature will best help him to develop those gifts, and supply him with endless material.

Charles. Yes, that's right. I think the great thing of working from Nature is not so much that you learn how to paint (that you ought to have learnt before), but you get full of things you want to paint.

Highcliffe. Yes, his whole theory and practice and system of art-teaching means right study of Nature.

Charles. All right; but your student ought to have gone through a good course of technicals before he's fit to face Nature. And you see he ought to know something of a school or a style before he begins, or before he's free to study Nature his own way. You know all painters own the truth of what you say:—Nature is all. One can't really invent anything, one only finds. The type or idea or what-d'-ye-call-it is suggested and springs—it gets up before one somehow, like a grouse.

Highcliffe. Quite so; but what do you mean about schools and styles?

Charles. What Poynter said long ago, at least in substance. Mozley says natural beauty is the appeal of a reason to a reason; and no doubt so it is—as you see it out of window. But natural beauty in a picture is the appeal of a reason to a reason, by means of another human reason skilled in technique and other things.

The Provost nodded approvingly, and said something about Christ Church-Eristic.

Charles (*continues*). Now skill has its traditions and conditions: and is better or worse; there are acknowledged methods and styles one can't go against, and they must not be mixed up with each other. Different schools pursue different lines in their study of Nature;—and consequently their technique is various. They dwell on different parts or features of Nature. Greeks made everything centre in the human figure—that was their standard of education; and in fact they were right. After all, we ourselves have to follow their line in our teaching. Till you've gone through the Greek school of drawing man, you're not free to go out and draw everything, like a Gothic naturalist.

Provost. Well said, painter—I think the first pre-Raphaelites forgot that.

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Charles. They did; and it was because their choice suited his delicacy about the subject that the Professor set himself so hard against figure-drawing at first. It always split him from the regular schools, and ruined a lot of his followers. They all wanted to set up styles of their own, and become great painters by drawing ferns; and they lost the grand lines.

Provost. Well, I suppose you ought to have schools of study from Nature, and the object, and schools of styles and models; museums of standard works, in fact—like Dresden and Berlin. They are getting them up all about.

Charles. Of course I mean truth to Nature to be the object, even to extreme detail. You must learn the use of the tools first; but if Ruskin isn't quite like Solomon in everything, he is like him in being wise on the hyssop as well as the cedar. That's real detail and finish, and I'm sure I am all for it.

Highcliffe. Then you go for naturalist finish (say of vegetation) in foregrounds of great pictures?

Charles. Yes, they'll be all the greater. His example's a very good one: compare Sir Joshua's *Holy Family* in the National Gallery with Nicolo Poussin's *Nursing of Jupiter* at Dulwich. One has omitted all botanical detail, and his picture loses ideal character, and becomes a sort of flower garden, with a pedestal. "Poussin has drawn every vine-leaf carefully and perfectly; and has produced a tree-group not only full of grace and beauty, but one which, in its pure and simple truth, belongs to every age of Nature, and really to all time." You see, that's not mere rhetoric; the old academic in this instance honoured Nature more than Reynolds—who was by nature quite his equal.'

Caroline. Don't you remember Titian's exact backgrounds and leaves and tree-trunks—that we used to talk about—Mr. Highcliffe?

Highcliffe. I'm on your side, you know; it's your subject—or one of them. But many would say, if a Holy Family is well painted we don't care about the background.

Provost. That opens a wide question, as loose general statements often do. The accurate painter might say, neither a Holy Family nor anything else is well, or so well painted, without proper *entourage* detail. That is Holman Hunt's great point: to have many smaller things all concentrating their interest on the great one.

Charles. Well, and that's right. If one cares for a great subject of that kind, one ought to care for it right into the corners of one's picture. The details should be thoroughly well chosen, and thoroughly worked out. It's a tribute to the subject; and men to whom that is sacred generally seem to pay it. The picture is more beautiful for the representation of more beautiful things in their place. A man who does not know their beauty may not care; but it's no use people's

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arguing from what they don't care about; we deal with the positive side of their feelings.

Highcliffe. I suppose Sir Joshua was really afraid that a highly-finished background would obtrude itself, or take off attention from the figures?

Charles. He need not have feared that. In Titian and Tintoret, and, in this case, in Nicolas Poussin, the well-drawn, natural background is quite subordinate, and only gives the idea of grand, powerful patience, realization, and the workman's honour. If you only *will* look into Titian's forests and flowers you will see how true they are, according to distance; and all that truth is plain natural beauty.

Highcliffe. Yes, but you painters don't allow for your own skill; I mean, you select the right beauty at the right time and place. Titian made an artistic selection of his own. Nature doesn't show up every day in grand oppositions and masses, and that sort of thing, like his work.

Provost. All that is allowed for in *Modern Painters;* you're coming to it. He owns there are two factors that go to the creation of a great picture—Beauty and the Man: or the wonderful stamp of Divine work everywhere in nature; and the soul, eye and hand, of this or that man. You see things pretty generally in masses and oppositions, don't you, Charles?

Charles. I suppose one's got some knack of that kind in the course of years.

Highcliffe. Yes, that makes the painter at last; don't you find it so, Miss Creyke? You haven't said anything.

Caroline. I try only to speak when I'm spoken to. I think you are all right as far as I can see, and all very nice, and clever, and unanimous. And really it is a comfort for us—assistants—if common detail beauty is such a great thing. I don't compose or see masses much yet. It really is a great thing if backgrounds are to be worth doing—and it's good of you to put interest into yours, and have them all outdoor landscapes, Charles. You don't keep me at eternal curtains and still-life.

Highcliffe. Well, then, this mysterious hand-mark is asserted to be all natural objects, great and small. It dignifies detail and all, from cedar to hyssop, Alp to Alpine rose, and from sunrise to sunset. Mozley calls it the appeal of a reason to a reason.

Provost. And I think Micah calls it, in his Hebrew sense of Omnipresence, the Lord's controversy, which the mountains hear, and strong foundations of the earth. So you have your voice, even in that, Caroline, my dear.

She was sitting as she liked best, on a low stool by May, and drew a little back for a moment or two, half hiding her face. The words seemed to go deep. At last she made a little effort, and said nobody had settled all that truth had to do with beauty: and the commonplaces on the subject were so appalling.

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Highcliffe. Truth is truth to nature: truth, in fact, *is* nature. A good faithful study is a plain statement of simple facts; but I think if such facts are to bear out beauty in relief and strike the mind, they must at least be well selected. Some facts are ugly. Truth and beauty ought to go together, but it's no use talking as if they were the same thing. There's no beauty in Cain's having killed Abel, or in two and two making four.

Caroline. But what beauty there is in Tintoret's *Cain and Abel!* and yet one can't consider Cain's behaviour natural on the occasion.

Charles. But it is not a picture of Cain's behaviour. It appeals to your previous knowledge of that; but if we had it here we should find that all the beauty in it comes from fair representation of natural colour and form. I know it has other qualities, rather mysterious ones, like so much of the best of Michael Angelo's work, which is, in fact, ugly. So have all impressive pictures of painful subjects.

Highcliffe. They seem to me to be poems done in symbol instead of spoken in words. They are not entirely works of beauty, which they would be if they were of purely natural things or actions.

Lady Hertha. Then you say sin and sorrow are not natural?

Highcliffe. No, not in the same sense and way as their contraries. I know you're rather nervous about my views, aren't you? and I hardly know how to say what I mean; but I am sure all things give tokens of having been made very good, or made to become so, and having been spoiled and ruined in some deep way in the heart of them. And that spoiling in all human things seems to me connected, I don't know how, with moral rightness and wrongness. It's beyond me. Man isn't quite the measure of all things.

Lady Hertha. Dear boy, I'm so glad to hear you say that—not in the way of religious patronising—you know what I mean—I am glad for myself—and I have dropped two stitches. Carry, my specs are by you on the marble table. [*Handed over.*]

Highcliffe. But we can't go into all that we mean by nature to-night.

Provost. Then what do you mean to go upon? What is your working hypothesis?

Highcliffe. Butler's: that 'Nature' really means the original natal or native state of the world—not the fallen state; that's the corruption of Nature. The original nature of man is the image of God. Whatever the words mean, they mean a good deal.

Charles. The plate's been sadly defaced, I'm afraid, and it's first state is conjectural.

Provost. Well, beauty means traces of the original state of the plate; lines and touches of the master's work; unmistakable in ruin, like Phidias' hand on Theseus and the Fates. Well, that holds water, I think; and it's comforting, and what we all think and hope. But it's optimism, we shall be told.

Lady Hertha. All hope is, as far as I can see. Is that to be put down?

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Highcliffe. Well, if you like to have it out with a live pessimist—and, dear Lady Hertha, I think you might do him good—we'll take the subject up again when you are in Oxford, and have in my friend Chepe Coxsure, by way of devil's advocate. Won't he give it us all round!

Lady Hertha. I don't mind; but it seems to come to a dead lock so soon. Is it much use listening to a young gentleman whose only object is to vex one and make one's ears to tingle, with no common ground at all? They don't condescend to answer or explain, but settle everything their own way.

Highcliffe. He's not like that; he has manners, at any rate. But there's no doubt they've all got a way of dismissing everything that's againt them.

Charles. That's why I see so little use in devil's advocates. They must be thoroughly devilish, and generally attempt it; and then we're on the side of the angels and can't argue with them. After all, Lady Hertha's quite right. Hope is optimism; she (hope I mean) will have a hand in everything, and pleads for everybody. We *are* optimists, and we can't satisfactorily account for evil; pessimism can't account for anything, and gives it up with a flourish.

Provost. Now you know we're on beauty and design. You boys are as difficult to drive along a road as a flock of turkeys.

Charles. I'm so young, I suppose, but I never saw a flock of turkeys. But why are they harder than pigs, or geese, for example?

Provost (*contemptuously*). You inexperienced limb—limner, I mean—don't you know they're always flying up into trees? There was a bet won on it just within my time, between geese and turkeys. Geese won easy.

Lady Hertha (*gravely*). My dear Provost, you're demoralised.

Provost (*grimly*). I know. Something's upset me.

May. I'm sure you're poorly, and Gerty's not here (*coaxingly*). Now do, please, Provost—do tell your own—I mean tell me what's the matter.

Provost. Sha'n't. (*The ladies hold up their hands.*) Tell them, Charles.

Charles. It's all right—the fact is, the Provost took my second gun at the drive yesterday, and killed two right-and-lefts quite in the old form—without a licence—and he's written for one, and I suppose he's not yet got it by post, and is uncomfortable.

Provost, all impulse. I won't be young and hybristical any more.

Lady Hertha. What on earth's that, Provost?

Provost. Oh, rampagious, bumptious; anything young men are. I say, here's more tea—and O 'Cliffe!!

Hugh. Hurray! Crumpets! (*They embrace each other—silence.*)

(*To be continued.*)

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THE INVENTION OF THE CROSS.

MAY 3RD.

Ah! when the Cross is found and known
All things are viewed aright,
Upon life's scenery is thrown
A golden glory-light.

Till this discovery is made,
All treasures sought and found
Are like the flowers doomed to fade,
Uprooted from the ground.

All men are seekers; happy they
Who go upon this quest,
Seeking the priceless Cross alway
Until it be possest.

Till they their need of this confess
The eyes of men are sealed;
Life's awfulness, life's blessedness,
To them are unrevealed.

But when at length the Cross is found,
Straightway anointed eyes
Discern Love's Victim glory-crowned—
Divine Self-Sacrifice!

Another, truer Cross they see
Bound to that Cross of wood;
The world-redeeming Cross must be
A Cross of flesh and blood.

A mystery doth this declare
The Father's Heart within;
Behold! the Cross is planted there,
His protest against sin;

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To sinners His appeal; when this
  At length is understood,
The Cross is found to be the kiss
  Of yearning Fatherhood.

Only when that is seen and known
  Can things be viewed aright;
A scaffold makes a glory-throne,
  And thorns a crown of light.

Who find the Cross must carry it:
  So doing they are blest,
By salutary toil made fit
  Beneath its shade to rest.

A. G.

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A CONVERSATION ON BOOKS.

BY THE EDITOR.

A SUPPLEMENT AND SOME SERIOUS READING.

Spider. Do you know that Bee declares that you have left out some of her favourites?

Arachne. Most likely. I do not profess to have read everything, nor to remember clearly all I have read.

Spider. This is what she says—'E. A. Leatham's *Charmione*, a tale of the fall of Athens at the end of the Peloponnesian war, though a little cold and statuesque, is well done, and worth reading. Whyte Melville's *Gladiators*, of the siege and destruction of Jerusalem by Titus.'

Arachne. I did think of that, but it had left a somewhat horror-stricken impression on me.

Spider. '*Anderida, or the Briton and the Saxon*, on the conquest of Kent; it is very good indeed, and with power in it. The *Luck of Ladysmede*, for the time of Richard I. G. P. R. James's *Forest Days*, for the time of Henry III., though not one of his best, is pleasant and readable; it tells of Prince Edward's escape. Then comes Bulwer's *Rienzi*.'

Arachne. I am ashamed of having forgotten that most interesting book.

Spider. 'Mrs. Stowe's *Agnes of Sorrento*, a story of Savonarola, though with nothing like the power of *Romola*, is more truly sympathetic and healthier in tone. G. P. R. James's Henri de Cerous in *the Man at Arms*, is one of the best stories on the Huguenot civil wars. Colley Grattan's *Heiress of Bruges* is the only good story I know on the Dutch War of Independence. It is on the times of Maurice of Nassau, and ends with the battle of Nieuport.'

Arachne. Another book of which I have been reminded is Whyte Melville's *The Queen's Maries*, but I have only myself read a scrap of it while waiting. Captain Meadows Taylor's *Noble Queen* is an admirable Indian story of a grand contemporary.

Spider (*continuing to read*). 'Two, I fear forgotten, stories of our Civil War are very good, *Marmaduke Wyvil* and *The Broken Font*, the latter written from a very Cavalier point of view indeed.'

Arachne. I have a dim remembrance of having seen it, and having thought so.

Spider. 'For James II., *Lorna Doone*, great and unapproachable.'

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Arachne. I am afraid it is my bad taste, but I never cared for it as much as most people do.

Spider. She says, 'You do not praise as it deserves *The Last of the Cavaliers*, a really beautiful story. And for William III., G. P. R. James's *King's Highway* is one of the best; also his *Huguenots*, for Louis XIV.'

Arachne. Nor should I have omitted Bungenaer's wonderful *Un Sermon sous Louis XIV.*, and *Trois Sermons sous Louis XV.*, where the state of religion at court and among the Huguenots is shown to perfection. A new book, of lesser calibre, but still interesting, deals with the persecutions of the times of Louis XIV., namely, *The Chevalier's Daughter*, by Miss Guernsey (Shaw). The English and French life are both very carefully worked up, and the only fault I have to find with it is some injustice to Mother Mary of the Incarnation, the first head of the Ursulines of Quebec, who need not have been made such a Pharisee. One shrinks from such harshness to a real personage, when one remembers that she is still a living soul. Have you any more of your friend's suggestions?

Spider. Yes; 'Miss Thackeray's *Miss Angel*. Also *Ivan de Biron*, for the Russians under Czarina Elizabeth; James's *Castelnau*, for France just before the Revolution; Dr. Neale's *Duchenier*, for the rising in La Vendée; and' now I know you will exclaim at yourself 'all the Erckmann-Chatrian series.'

Arachne. Indeed I do regret leaving them out in all their cleverness.

Spider. '*The Afghan Knife*, a story of the Indian Mutiny; and lastly, *Iseulte*,' a lovely character, whom we ought never to have missed. The heroic death of the priest is most exquisite.

Arachne. Indeed it was a blunder.

Spider. And I have a letter, too, to read you, complaining of omissions in the magazines.

'The "Conversation on Magazines" in the February number of the *Monthly Packet* was not of course intended to exhaust the subject, but there are a few names which seem so positively to call for notice, that I venture to ask Arachne's permission to write a few words about them.

'And first the dear old Missionary *Net;* and should any one be desirous of finding out some of the thousand *little* ways of giving help to foreign missions I would advise him to take in the *Little Papers*, published by Masters (yearly subscription, 2*s.* 6*d.*; by post 2*s.* 9*d.*). The *Gospeller* stands first for distribution to poor old people, and, perhaps, *My Sunday Friend* for very little Sunday-school children. Then, for big boys of all classes, many of Cassell's publications are useful, while his *Science for All* and *Magazine of Art* are capital for every one. His *Popular Educator*, and other strictly educational works, are just the thing for lads in the post-office, higher classes in night schools, &c. For those who have time and inclination for such studies, there are the *Antiquary*, and I suppose the *Magazine of the Folk-Lore Society*, though I am not sure if the latter can be obtained by non-members. Last, but by no means least, the first part of a new work by Ruskin, entitled *Our Fathers have told us*, has just appeared, price 10*d.*, to be obtained from Mr. Ruskin's own publisher, Mr. G. Allen, Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent. And now having wandered from magazines in the correct sense of the word,

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would just call attention to one great use of serial publications, viz., the enabling many to become possessors of large and expensive works they could not otherwise afford to buy. E. G. Smith's *Christian Antiquities* is now coming out in 5*s*. monthly parts, to say nothing of the innumerable books which have been and always are appearing in 6*d*. monthly numbers.

'LAMBDA.

'I should be very glad to send No. 1 of the *Little Papers* to any one who would give their name and address in *Monthly Packet*. I have no personal interest in them.'

Arachne. Before leaving off, I should like to mention a few books for more serious reading. So many people like to have a short daily meditation provided for them that it is always well to mention a variety.

Spider. You told me of two at the beginning of the year.

Arachne. Yes, and I have now to tell you of Miss Plumptre's *Words of the Son of God* (Rivington). This has the real Gospel passages above and devotional extracts beneath, from great authors, old and new. It follows the days of the month, and thus does not adapt itself to the movable feasts, as do the *Short Readings on the Christian Year*, published by Skeffington, which carry us from Advent to Easter. I hope the year will be completed in due time, for they are good readings for family prayer times. I know many people shrink from reading bits of instruction at such times, but I believe that servants really are often much benefited by them. The shortness of the passages, too, makes them good for cottage reading.

Spider. Have you seen Mrs. Augustus Craven's *Year's Meditations* (Kegan Paul)?

Arachne. I have looked at them, and they seemed to me very tender and sweet, though not perhaps with much force. There does not seem to be anything distinctively Roman Catholic to stumble at, and they are what I should call pretty meditative reading. And we will not leave off without mentioning the Rev. G. E. Jelf's *Consolations of the Christian Seasons* (Walter Smith), an excellent collection of sermons.

Spider. One more book, *He that Serveth* (Skeffington), has struck me as most excellent to read to classes of young servants, being indeed what it is written for. There is also a striking blank-verse translation of the Book of Job, by the Rev. H. J. Clarke (Hodder and Stoughton), very interesting to compare with the Authorised Version.

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KEEPING THE VOW.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'JOINED TO AN IDOL,' &c., &c.

PART I.

HOW THE VOW WAS MADE.

CHAPTER XI.

COLONEL HEPBURN complimented Stuart upon being such a good sailor, that, as far as any uncomfortable feelings were concerned, he might have been on dry land; and said it was indeed a fortunate thing, seeing that he had the prospect of a long voyage before him. Under these happy circumstances, Stuart was able to enjoy the view of the coast, and of the towns which stood, here and there, along it. He was, of course, especially interested in Port Henry, to which they passed so close that he could notice its peninsular position, its small island, cut off from the main town by an artificial channel, and the solid look of its compactly grouped red granite houses, and wondered in which of those narrow wynds running up from the shore his parents had been married. A few hours were spent in Aberdeen, the captain of the vessel having some business in that port, and Colonel Hepburn kindly took Stuart ashore, and showed him as much as he could in the time allowed to them. Stuart thought it a wonderfully noble city, and talked much about it until he arrived in Edinburgh, and then he had no room for thoughts of anything but *its* manifold attractions of Palace and Castle, and lofty houses. Colonel Hepburn explained to him how that when he was a boy, there had not been even a thought of that part of the city now called the New Town, which Stuart saw stretching away to the north of the ancient citadel, and its underlying streets; and that there really had been a loch in that space now drained, and filled in underneath the fine 'North Bridge,' the foundation stone of which was laid by Provost Drummond in 1767.

The Colonel and Stuart lay that night (to use a phrase even then still in vogue) in that flat of a house in the Old Town which Lady Marjorie still retained, although she and her household, with the exception of two servants left in charge of the rooms in town, now resided at 'The Dens,' the small country seat with which her son had presented her. Colonel Hepburn despatched a messenger thither, desiring that the family coach might be sent for him and Stuart on the following day, in the early morning of which they were abroad; and many hours were spent in visiting the Castle, Holyrood House, and other objects of interest, amongst them George Heriot's Hospital, for on the voyage, in the hush of a moonlight night, an hour and scene inviting to confidence, Stuart had told his kind friend of his heart's

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desire and purpose; not from any desire to boast of it, but because he rightly thought that the knowledge was due to one who had taken upon himself the office and the loving duties of his father. The Colonel had sympathised warmly, had thrown no difficulties in the way, and had done nothing to damp the boy's happy hopes, although his own, seeing that he was rather more than double Stuart's age, were not quite so sanguine; still he knew that fortunes could be made in India, and he fully believed that if Stuart were one of the many successful in making a fortune, he would certainly spend a large portion of it in the good scheme which he had conceived. Little did the master of the hospital imagine that the quiet-mannered, grave-faced young 'gentleman' who listened interestedly to everything he had to say, and inquired attentively into every detail of the management of the charity, had, not many weeks before, been a sorrowful-hearted boy, struggling against terrible odds to maintain himself and an aged parent, or that, after many years, he would be as noble a benefactor of the human race as George Heriot, and a far more enlightened one.

When the visit to the hospital was over, Colonel Hepburn advised Stuart to go into the sitting-room of his town house (whose outer door they were just passing) and rest himself, as he looked a little tired, whilst he should go on to transact some business before starting for 'The Dens,' which they would have to do in about an hour's time. Stuart obeyed instantly; obedience was natural to him, although he had had to think much for himself; and this characteristic Colonel Hepburn had early discovered in him, and thought how good and valuable a quality it was for one who was to be a soldier; being a soldier (and a good thorough soldier) himself, he knew that no one can command well and judiciously who cannot obey promptly and implicitly.

When Stuart entered the withdrawing-room, as Lady Marjorie would have called it, he thought that it seemed rather dark and gloomy; perceiving that a thick curtain hung over the greater portion of the deep, projecting window, he went to draw it aside, intending to rest himself on the wide cushioned seat which he had noticed the evening before. Scarcely had he drawn aside a part of the curtain before he almost dropped it in his great surprise, for there, curled up upon the old damask cushions was, as he for a moment really believed, a little fairy! The next instant he saw that it was a genuine mortal child, but certainly, a beautiful one. To Stuart, who had never before come into close contact with a high-bred lady of any age, this tiny gentlewoman was a very fair and wonderful sight, something to be gazed on with bated breath; as he gazed, she came down from her cushions, and stood before him, her natural height somewhat increased by the heels of her buckled and rosetted slippers; her frock of pink quilted satin stuck out stiffly from the slender little frame; but above it, in infinitely graceful folds, hung a panier of white silk, brocaded in tiny bouquets of roses and rosebuds. Her

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black hair fell in its own natural curls around the lovely face, and pink-tinted baby throat; but as if to atone for that touch of nature, a grotesque little satin hat, its shallow crown wreathed with roses, rested on the top of the curls that were drawn up above the brow. One of the dainty little hands was bare below the elbow ruffle of yellow tinted thread lace, fine as a cobweb; but the other hand and arm were covered with a long glove of white leather, embroidered in silver thread, and tiniest seed pearls. This Queen Titania made a deep curtsey, and said,

'Where is my father? I came from the Dens to look for him, and take him hame wi' me.'

The last words being in the homely vernacular, reassured Stuart, and he replied as he also bowed almost to the ground, 'Your father has gane some way on some concern o' his ain, and bid me wait here till he should return, madam,' Stuart added hesitatingly, wondering whether that was the proper and fitting title to give the pretty child. The little lady smiled and said,

'I am not madam; that is what people say to Lady Marjorie, my grandmother. *I* am just Mistress Marjorie Hepburn, Gowanbrae's dochter; and you are Stuart, arena you? the gude laddie that Hamish M'Bean spoke to us aboot; the gude laddie wha took care o' his auld grandfather, arena you?'

'I am Stuart, Mistress Marjorie,' replied the 'gude laddie,' blushing hotly under the eager scanning gaze.

'I am glad father brocht ye wi' him; are ye gaun to bide a whilie wi' us?'

'Colonel Hepburn is sae gude as to bid me bide wi' him, Mistress Marjorie.'

'That is richt; an' ye needna be saying Mistress Marjorie ilka time you're speakin' to me, or I'll be wearyin' o' my name; but hoo is't ye could come awa' frae your auld grandfather, and leave him his lane?'

Even as the little girl spoke her eyes fell upon Stuart's mourning clothes, and the hot blood of penitent shame flamed in her cheeks as she hastily added—

'Oh, forgie me! I suld hae kent better, and no hae asked ye sic a question, for I'm feared that he's dead.'

'Aye, just that, Mistress Marjorie; and it was a sair trouble to me.'

'But we will comfort you, and be aye guid to you, so you must try and be happy.'

'I'll surely be happy if *you* are guid to me, you bonny little leddie,' said Stuart, as impulsively as he had ever said anything in his life, for his heart was full of a new sensation; he understood now what he had missed, without being aware of the want—the companionship and love of a sister; he longed to pet and caress this little fairy-like creature,

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and yet he would not have dared to touch her. The pretty child herself had no such scruples, she put out the ungloved hand, and laying it on his coat-sleeve answered—

'Very well, that is a paction then, that I will be good to you, gin you will take care of me when we go out in the parks, and gin you will'na let the big dog nor the Bubblyjock rin after me, for I'm feared o' them, and whiles I greet, and then my grandmother flytes upon me, and says that I'm a coward; but gin you are wi' me I'll not be feared, for you will take care o' me, will na you?'

'Aye, 'deed will I; naething sall hairm you gin I be beside you, or it sall hairm me first,' and Stuart ventured to stroke the little fingers with a touch as dainty as they themselves.

'That is a' vera gude, kind Stuart, and I will like you very much; but, there, oh! there is my father!' added the lively little girl, and with one great cry of delight she bounded off, to be caught up and folded tightly in Colonel Hepburn's arms. After one long eager kiss she struggled to be put down, and as soon as she was on the floor, she held out her frock with both hands and, drawing back her right foot, made a deep and elaborate curtsey, saying, when she had recovered breath after the operation—

'That is what my grandmother says I ought to do when first I see her or you, and I hae been practising at it a weary lang time.'

Colonel Hepburn smiled, and catching her up again in his arms, said—

'You precious wee wifie; father's own sweetheart!' adding, after another kiss or two, 'So I see that you and Stuart have made friends already?'

'Oh yes, and he is vera gude; he will take care o' me and no let the big dog and the Bubblyjock rin after me,' the little lady replied complacently from her throne in her father's arms.

'Ah, Stuart,' said the Colonel. 'It seems that your share in the division of this world's goods is to help other people, and do something for them'; adding, as he rubbed his cheek against his daughter's, 'Don't you know, little lassie, that you mustn't always have people waiting upon you and helping you; you must do something for them?'

'Yes,' replied Marjorie, in a rather doubtful and sobered tone.

'Then you see Stuart mustn't be good to you unless you are good to him. What will you do for *him* if he is to keep away the big dog from *you*?'

'Oh, I'll gie him berries and posies, and I'll sing him songs, and I will let him carry me over the muddy bits in the roads and the parks; and whiles, he sall gie me a kiss.'

Merrily laughed the Colonel.

'Oh, May! May! there's a terrible deal of selfishness in your little heart, my bonnie bairn.'

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'Deed, sir,' put in Stuart, 'I'm sure I will be mair than weel paid for keeping the nasty fearsome beasts awa' frae the bonnie wee leddie, gin she'll do a' that for me.'

'Well, if *you* are satisfied with your share of the bargain it is not for me to make you discontented; but will you please be so good as to go and tell one of the maids to take your packages down to the coach which is at the door, or will be in a few minutes?'

As soon as Stuart had left the room Marjorie looked up in her father's face with a puzzled expression in her dark-blue eyes, and said, in a low, wondering tone,

'Please, father, how is it that Stuart has such fine clothes, clothes like yours, ye ken, only they're black? I thocht he was a puir laddie, and no a young gentleman, but I didna like to ask him ony questions aboot it.'

'That was quite right, little daughter; he has been very poor, but *I* think he has always been a gentleman, for his heart is kind and tender, his words true, his dealings honest, and his manners gentle. He is going, I hope, to be a soldier like me, and no good or wise person will think the less of him for having been very very poor.'

'But, father, his hands are not like yours, and grandmother's, and Lord Lilliesleas', and anybody's; they are hard like Hamish's and Roger's—like folk that work, ye ken.'

'Yes, my wee wifie, because, as he has been poor, he has been obliged to work, and no honest work is a disgrace, always remember that; besides, doesn't my lassie mind of one who was the King of Heaven and earth, the noblest and truest gentleman that ever lived in this world, Who worked as a carpenter in a little humble workshop? He Who was the great and good God Himself worked when He was living here as a man.'

'Yes, father, I mind, grandmother told me of that; so I will love Stuart a' the same, although his hands are hard, and maybe they'll soon get soft and white when he has na ony mair work to do.'

Stuart now came back to say that the coach was all ready, and Colonel Hepburn, with much amusement, watched his little daughter go up to him and say—

'You must take my hand and lead me down the stairs like Lord Lilliesleas does to grandmother;' and Stuart gravely performed the task very well, and almost as if he had been to the manner born. It was fortunate that his first lesson in the art of squiring dames, which in those days was an essential part of a gentleman's education, should have been so easily and pleasantly acquired; and so thought the Colonel, though it must be acknowledged that the conversation with his little daughter had put into his mind some misgivings as to what his lady mother might think of his schemes for Stuart, and whether she would consider that he had been altogether wise. A glance at the boy himself as he sat beside him in the roomy chariot amusing the

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little girl who had taken up her throne on his knee, greatly reassured him. No one, especially not such a skilled judge of the article as his mother was, could look at that boy and not see that he was intuitively a gentleman, and had the blood of the noble and the gentle in his veins. Colonel Hepburn was no leveller of ranks, but he knew that there are persons marked out by God to rise in the social scale, and he believed that Stuart was one of those so marked. He hoped to be able to make his mother share his conviction, and he had the better hope as he had more than once heard her say that she had no objection to persons rising in the world by any honourable means, but that she had a great contempt for those who, having risen by their own exertions, despise those who are rising, and endeavour to retard their upward progress.

Five miles out of Edinburgh, even in 1785, meant complete country, and 'The Dens' was a thoroughly rural home, situated at the head of one of those natural hollows, long, narrow, and often winding between two low hills rising abruptly from the plain, and called in Scotch parlance 'a den.' Through this particular den ran, or rather leaped and jumped (such a merry little kelpie governed it) a burn, and the avenue raised above it followed its windings, until, when nearing the house, it let the burn take one of its prettiest curves by itself, whilst it widened out into a broad gravel sweep gradually rising to the top of the little knoll upon which stood the house, one of those delicious bits of domestic architecture almost peculiar to Scotland, and which has yet so many of the characteristics of the French châteaux that it has been aptly called the 'Franco-Scottish style.' In all these buildings there is a quaint mixture of homely family dwelling-house and warlike castle, and 'The Dens' was behind none of its kind in all possible quaintness, and picturesque confusion of irregular roof-elevations, long, low wings, abruptly rising 'pepper-box' shaped turrets, 'crow-stepped' gables, queer twisted chimneys, pointed porches, and one high square battlemented tower, pierced with narrow windows; nor was it lacking in richness of colour, being all built of red sandstone and roofed with purplish-grey slate. Both walls and roofs were in many parts encrusted with yellow lichen, and all the hues contrasted well with masses of dark-green ivy, jessamine, pale monthly roses, and cream-tinted honeysuckle, which climbed, or clustered, or drooped, each according to its different nature, in every available and possible nook and corner; whilst between the long, narrow windows, which reached to the ground of the lowest and straightest portion of the house containing the eating and withdrawing-rooms of the family, was trained, in the very perfection of Scotch skill in arboriculture, a splendid apricot-tree, at this time, the end of May, beginning to send out its beautiful blossoms; but this tree, the glory of the place, was at the back of the house, where the living-rooms looked out upon a little grassy parterre, sloping down the knoll until lost in the parks (Anglicé fields)

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where sheep and cattle grazed, and beyond them stretched a varied landscape, ending in the blue Pentlands. There is no need to invent any other than the familiar, time-honoured adjective for these hills, comparatively low, therefore perhaps all the more lovely and lovable.

The surroundings of the house were not so neat as those of family dwellings at the present day; domestic labours were not so carefully hidden out of sight, and articles of personal clothing, as well as bed and table-linen, lay out to be dried and bleached upon the sloping knoll in the very front of the hall door. Many weeds grew in the gravel sweep, and there was a very wilderness of unpruned shrubs round three sides of the house and parterre; but where any gardening had been attempted it had been brought to that perfection for which Scotch horticulture was, even at that period, justly celebrated, and an excellent though small walled garden lay further down in the sheltering hollow, whilst terraced beds of strawberries climbed up a part of the southern bank of one of the two hills, the other being left in its native wildness of moss, ferns, and birks, that most graceful of all British trees.

Marjorie had told her father during the drive to The Dens that her grandmother was suffering from a catarrh, as people in those days called a cough or cold, so on arriving at the house the Colonel was quite prepared for the message that her ladyship could not leave her private sitting-room that evening, but would be glad to receive him there at his earliest convenience. He was not altogether sorry to have the opportunity of seeing her alone, and telling his story before introducing its hero.

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LITTLE QUEEN MARY.

A FAIRY TALE.

BY THE LATE REV. DR. W. SEWELL. EDITED BY ELIZABETH M. SEWELL.

CHAPTER IX.

It was thought desirable, in the present dangerous state of political affairs, that the queen should not pass through the principal streets, lest some of the conspirators should see her; and accordingly the coachman was ordered to drive through the Sun-and-Moon Road, and so round by Chronon-hoton-thologos Square, and into Fiddledeedee Crescent, which communicated by a private entrance with the royal gardens. But just as they were turning round the corner of the square, close by the new pillar, there was a great crowd gathered round a sort of waggon, on which were displayed a number of enormous pictures; and as the carriage was obliged to move slowly, little Mary ventured to look out of the window to see what they were. But how was she shocked to discover that they were the most frightful and hideous pictures you can imagine of herself, with her name painted in large letters, under them. She was represented with red carroty hair (and indeed her hair was rather sandy), and a large red nose, and extremely fat, with a crown upon her head; and, in particular, the painter had taken care not to forget the ugly blue and green and yellow marks upon her forehead, which he had made three times as bad as they were in reality. You never beheld anything so deformed or so shocking. And there was a great label coming out of her mouth, with something written on it; but what it was, Mary could not read. And there were not merely one or two of these figures, but a great many of them, dressed up in different strange ways, and in all kinds of frightful attitudes, with the name written under them all, for the amusement of the people, who stood laughing and joking about the new queen. Poor Mary thought she should have died with vexation. She burst into tears. But the fairy, who seemed not at all surprised, begged her not to mind it, for that she would see things of the kind every day; and that the people were very fond of seeing caricatures of their kings and queens; and that the person who painted these was a very clever man, and known by the name of X. Y. Z. But this did not comfort little Mary, who did not at all like being turned into ridicule in this way. Her mortification was not at all diminished when the crowd, perceiving one of the royal carriages, gathered round it; and having just been listening to one of the reporters before mentioned, who had told them of the queen having commenced her reign by expending ten

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thousand pounds upon wax dolls, began to be very outrageous. Mary endeavoured to hide herself in the corner of the carriage, but she was soon espied, and the mob burst out into such an uproar of hissing and hooting, that she was nearly stunned and terrified to death. The fairy ordered the coachman to whip his horses, and drive through the crowd as fast as possible; and she was going to put up the glasses, when something was thrown in at the window, and poor Mary found in her lap a nasty dead cat, which had been dragged through the gutter.

I cannot attempt to describe how she felt, or what she did. It is enough to say that, after considerable difficulty, the maid of honour, who was in the back seat of the carriage, took up the cat by the tail and threw it out of the window; and the coachman, after nearly running over two children and an apple-woman's stall, succeeded in putting his horses to a canter, and turning down the first lane, was soon out of the way of the mob.

But little Mary's distresses that day were not yet at an end. She would have given the world to be back again safe in her mamma's cottage. She cried bitterly as she thought how safe and happy and quiet her life had been when she was only a little girl, with neither money nor rank, compared with her present condition: and what with the thought of the conspirators, and the dread of leading out her troops to battle the next day on the back of the terrible rhinoceros, and the vexation and annoyance which she had met with every hour since she had been a queen, there never was a person who felt so unhappy and so miserable.

The carriage, however, reached safely the entrance which led into the private gardens of the palace; and while the porters were throwing open the great iron gates to admit the horses a poor woman, pale and ill, and looking as wretched as possible, with two sickly and nearly naked children in her arms, came up to the door of the carriage and presented a petition. Now it had always been the practice of the sovereigns of Brakara-kara, and especially of the lamented Queen Baratilda, to pay great attention to the petitions presented to them by any of their subjects, especially by the poor; and the coachman had orders always to stop and allow them to come up to the windows of the carriage, when the queen would at least speak kindly to them, and sometimes give them money, even if she could not grant their petition. So now the poor woman was allowed to come quite close, and the equerry in waiting having opened the carriage door, she was permitted to tell her story. It was indeed a sad one; and Mary, who, as I before said, was often very kind-hearted, almost forgot her own troubles when she heard it. The poor woman was the wife of one of the seventy-four unhappy men whom the lord chancellor had informed the queen had been condemned to death, and who could not be hanged until she had signed the paper to order it. And now the poor creature had travelled upwards of eighty miles without shoes or stockings to entreat little

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Mary to pardon him. I cannot tell her piteous story at length, though it would make your heart bleed; and Mary herself could not help taking out her pocket-handkerchief and wiping her eyes as she heard it. And when the poor woman fell down upon her knees, and stretched out her hands, imploring her to have mercy, and to remember that she also, though a queen, often did wrong, and entreated her to forgive as she hoped to be forgiven, and remind her that it depended only on her will whether her poor husband and the father of her two sick children should be cruelly put to death or not, little Mary fairly sobbed out that the man should not be hanged, and that she would pardon him; upon which the poor woman in her joy fell back as if she was stone-dead, and lay without moving or speaking, till she was taken away by two of the police.

Perhaps this was the only real and true pleasure which Mary had felt since she had been made a queen; and she was so delighted to think of the joy of the poor woman that she quite ceased to think of her own fear and danger. What then must have been her vexation, when the fairy informed her that it was against the laws of the empire for her to pardon persons in this manner without inquiring into all the facts of the case, and that when she consulted the lord chancellor she would find that it was impossible for her to keep the promise which had been so hastily made, and that she would be obliged to sign the order for the poor man to be hanged. Mary heard this with great sorrow, and she was thinking of the dreadful disappointment of the poor woman, and how terrible it was that she, a little girl, should have to give orders for putting poor men to death, when just as the carriage was turning round by a knot of trees at the corner of the garden-wall, Maga jumped up and screamed, and at the same moment a flash issued from behind the wall. There was a report of a pistol, and a quantity of smoke, and little Mary felt something hiss swiftly through the air just by her head, and strike against the side of the carriage. What it was she did not know; but the maid of honour screamed out that some one had fired a pistol at the queen, and Mary, looking round, saw that there was a round hole in the window-glass of the carriage, and another in the padding, just by her head, in which the bullet had buried itself.

It is useless to attempt describing the scene which followed. A great crowd gathered round the carriage, others ran in every direction but the right after the assassin; the maid of honour nearly fainted. The equerries, on finding that the little queen was not hurt, waved their hats to the people, who waved theirs in return; and after some delay, during which Mary was so bewildered and frightened that she did not know what they were doing or saying, the fairy, who had jumped out of the carriage in the greatest haste, recovered herself sufficiently to ask the queen's permission to offer her some advice which she thought of great importance on this dreadful occasion. Mary scarcely knew

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what the fairy said; but Maga, without coming close, recommended that her majesty should immediately have the carriage thrown open and drive at a slow pace through the principal streets of the city, to show that she was neither hurt nor afraid. Maga added that this was the course which the illustrious Queen Baratilda had adopted without hesitation on a similar occasion; that in fact it had now become a very common thing to shoot at kings and queens; and that, in particular, persons who were a little odd, or who had had any favour refused them by any of her majesty's ministers, or who wished to see their names in the newspapers, or who, having no money, desired to obtain a comfortable provision for life, either in some decent asylum, or in one of the colonies, were in the habit of buying a pair of pistols and some bullets, and stationing themselves in the road when the queen drove out, that they might fire at her.

'Some of them indeed,' she added, 'who were better disposed than others, and wished only to make a noise in the world, did not put any shot in their pistols, but only a rusty nail; but the general practice was to fire bullets. This being the case,' she continued, 'it was quite idle for Mary to think of shutting herself up in the palace, for that whenever she was obliged to go out she would be liable to these unpleasant accidents, and that therefore the best thing she could do was to put a bold face upon the matter, and behave as if she was not the least afraid.'

Now all this was very sound advice; and the good Queen Baratilda, who was a most admirable woman, of as much good sense as high spirit, had done precisely what the fairy recommended, the very first time she was shot at; and it was astonishing how she had gained the love and respect of her people by her bold behaviour. For as kings and queens are placed in much higher stations than other persons, so they are exposed to far greater dangers; and if they are not brave and courageous, they are not fit for their post, and soon become contemptible.

Little Mary, indeed, did not enter very well into all these considerations; to tell the truth, she was nearly stupefied, and almost doubted whether she was dead or alive. So, as she did not reply, Maga took upon her to announce that her majesty, instead of returning to the palace, would immediately drive with the carriage open through the principal streets, to show her loving subjects that she was not hurt.

I cannot describe the enthusiasm which this information excited in the enormous crowd who had by this time assembled. They shouted, they threw up their hats, they crowded upon the carriage to see their little queen, to touch her dress, to kiss her hand. They hurrahed 'Long live Queen Mary!' 'Queen Mary for ever!' Many of them even cried for joy. And I believe, at that moment, that they would have torn any one to pieces who had offered her the slightest disrespect,

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or said a word against their beloved sovereign. They were even about to take the horses out of the carriage and drag it in procession themselves, but the equerries begged them to desist; and as the carriage had now been thrown open, Maga, who was standing by the door, ordered the coachman to drive on at a slow pace. Little Mary could not help looking up to ask if the good fairy was not coming with her, but Maga very respectfully excused herself, saying that she had some pressing business at home, and that the maid of honour would be sufficient to accompany her majesty at present. So she ordered Hubbub-bubaboo, who had just made his appearance, to call her a hackney-coach; and as the queen drove off in one direction, Maga, who did not at all like the thought of being shot at, drove off in the other, and was soon seated safe and comfortable in her own drawing-room drinking a cup of tea, to quiet her nerves.

In the meanwhile poor little Mary, seated in the open carriage, and expecting every moment to hear five or six bullets hissing through the air at her head, not knowing what to do, or where to look, was driven slowly through the chief squares and streets of the city, which were filled with immense crowds, who had heard of the dreadful attack upon her; and though many of them were the very same persons who, only an hour before, had hissed and hooted at her, now they all made the air ring again with their shouts in her honour. All the windows were full of ladies, and hung with tapestry and laurel. An immense body of the first noblemen and gentlemen on horseback rode on each side, and before and behind the carriage, with their hats off, waving them in the air, and cheering for the queen. Numbers of persons brought the most beautiful flowers, and threw them under the carriage all along the road where the horses passed. Bands of music, stationed in different parts of the town, played the national hymn. Never was there such a sight; and if Mary had not been so dreadfully frightened and shocked, I do think she would have been delighted at the love and respect which were shown to her,—unless, indeed, she had known that this was only a passing feeling, and that the first thing she did which the people disliked, or the first false story which they heard of her, they would be just as ready to hiss and hoot her, if not to shoot at her with pistols.

But, as I said before, she was so stupefied with fright that she scarcely knew where she was; and if it had not been for the maid of honour who sat in the carriage with her, and was the most kind and gentle creature possible, I think she must have fainted several times. But the maid of honour consoled her with the assurance that there was no more danger, and that no one could possibly get near the carriage to shoot at her now, except, indeed, from the garret-windows. She bent forward, also, so as to protect Mary as far as possible, and that she herself might be shot instead of her; and then she bathed the little queen's temples with eau-de-Cologne, and did numberless

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things of the kind, which comforted poor Mary very much. In fact, no one whom she had seen in the court was she so disposed to love as this good, kind, beautiful maid of honour; and indeed she felt so grateful to her, that she could not help putting her arms round the lady's neck, and giving her a kiss, and making her promise that she would never leave her; for little Mary said she would much rather have the maid of honour to live with her than Maga, who, though a fairy, was not half as kind, and would not answer her questions; and, as Mary added, when she did receive answers, very often she could not understand them. The maid of honour, whose name was the Lady Carlotta, and who belonged to one of the first families in the kingdom, answered that she was entirely at her majesty's disposal, and would do whatever her majesty wished. And as little Mary now began to recover herself, her kind attendant ventured to recommend that she should sit more upright in the carriage, and look up cheerfully, so as to bow to the people, and acknowledge their cheers. And when Mary did this, and saw how all the people were smiling at her, and clapping their hands, and blessing her for a beautiful and bold young queen, she could not help being pleased also, and wondered how it was possible that any one should venture to shoot at her, when such immense numbers of her loving subjects declared that they were ready to die in her defence. But she did not remember that among so many good there were also many bad, and that even the good were not so good as they used to be. For, as the maid-of-honour told her, some years back the people honoured and obeyed their sovereigns much better than they did now; when they did not scruple to abuse, and even threaten to depose them, whenever anything was done which they, the people, did not like. This, said the Lady Carlotta, was a modern notion, and the empire had never flourished since it came in.

CHAPTER X.

I MUST not tire you with describing more of little Mary's drive through the city. Suffice it to say, that it answered the end which Maga had in view, and made the young queen extremely popular; and as very often there is the least danger where there appears to be the most, and the best way to escape it is to face it boldly, Mary arrived once more in perfect safety at the gates of her palace, where she was received with the greatest joy and affection by the prime minister and the hereditary grand councillors, and a vast number of lords and ladies who had assembled to congratulate her on her escape; and by them she was most respectfully conducted to her private apartments.

She found that the fairy had sent an humble apology for not waiting on her majesty that evening, as she had a bad headache. And, indeed (as fairies, and that kind of people, generally do in the long run),

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though she had brought poor little Mary into this sad scrape by indulging her foolish wishes, she was not at all disposed to sacrifice any of her own comforts to draw her out of it; and such I have generally found the case with fairies, who are very unsafe persons to trust to. But as Mary wanted some one to comfort her, she begged that the maid of honour would come to her immediately; and a message was instantly sent off for the Lady Carlotta to attend on the queen. She was obliged, however, to wait some time, and the messenger did not return. And when at last he came back (it was one of her thirty-five pages who had been sent), instead of bringing back the Lady Carlotta, he humbly informed her majesty that the prime minister requested an immediate audience upon business of the highest importance. Little Mary, by this time, was very tired, very sleepy, and very fretful. But as the prime minister entered the room without delay, she was obliged to sit and listen to him. First, however, she resolved to ask that the Lady Carlotta might come to her at once. The prime minister bowed low to the ground at these words, and, with a grave and sorrowful voice, he informed her majesty that, unhappily, this was the very subject on which he had craved an audience. And he proceeded to inform her that the Lady Carlotta was second cousin to the Duke of Mackau's great aunt's sister-in-law's nephew's intimate friend, and that the Duke of Mackau was a nobleman who had long been opposed to the present administration; and that therefore, in consequence of some discoveries, which had been made that same morning, it would be necessary for her majesty immediately to dismiss the Lady Carlotta from her service, and to take in her place the old Lady Quackledum, who was sister-in-law to the secretary for the colonies, and closely connected with the party in power. The prime minister added, that, though she was old and deaf, her political principles were extremely sound, and that she had great influence in the borough of Briblestone,—circumstances which would doubtless render her a most desirable accession to her majesty's court.

It must be confessed that this was very vexatious to Mary, who, except from her own mamma, had never experienced so much real kindness and affection from any one as from the beautiful maid-of-honour,—and she could not help declaring this; and with tears in her eyes, she said that she would not send her away, and that she would have nothing to say to that old ugly Lady Quackledum—nothing should induce her. She even stamped with her little feet, and put herself quite into a passion; for the manner in which she had been received by her subjects during her drive through the city had rather turned her head, and made her conceited. The prime minister remained silent for a short time, and then, when Mary became more quiet, he represented that it was impossible for him to carry on the government unless her majesty permitted him to place about her majesty's person only such attendants as he could place confidence in; and that if her

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majesty persisted in refusing to dismiss the Lady Carlotta, he must, however reluctantly, resign the office which he had the honour to hold into her majesty's hands.

Little Mary did not exactly know what this meant, but she answered pettishly, 'that he might do whatever he liked, and the sooner he went away the better;' and, having once given way to her ill-temper, she even added, that 'he was an ill-natured, ugly, green-eyed old man; and that he was always doing something to vex her; and she hated him—that she did!'

Now, persons generally pique themselves upon the exact point in which they are most deficient; and though the prime minister was a very clever man, and might justly have prided himself on being one of the greatest statesmen of his day, he cared but little for this, in comparison with his personal appearance, which, to say the truth, was anything but handsome: and if there was one thing about him more than another which he thought beautiful, and used often to look at in the glass, it was his eyes, which the rest of the world thought green, but which he himself called blue. It is, therefore, impossible to describe the anger and mortification which he felt at hearing himself so insulted, and called old, and ugly, and green-eyed. He did not, indeed, say anything disrespectful—for this would have been contrary to the laws of the empire, and subjected him to the penalties of high-treason; but he resolved at once to go to the fairy and inform her that the government could not be carried on while little Mary continued on the throne. And, as he knew that Maga herself was much disappointed with Mary's behaviour, and had been carrying on a secret correspondence with the emperor of Muckakoykey, whose eldest son she wanted to marry, he thought there would be little difficulty in inducing her to enter into his plans, and to engage with him in a plot to dethrone Mary, and put the son of the emperor of Muckakoykey, the illustrious Prince Mousky, in her place. All this, however, he kept privately to himself; and as the little queen sat up in her chair, sulky, and biting her thumb, and saying nothing, he only asked respectfully if it was her majesty's pleasure that he should retire; and on Mary saying that she did not care how soon he was gone—he was so ill-natured and disagreeable—he bowed low to the ground, and left her without saying any more.

It is astonishing how much mischief persons fall into by giving way to a hasty temper; and you will soon find that little Mary's pettishness, and the rude and improper way in which she had behaved to the prime minister, was followed by the most serious calamity to her. It made the prime minister, who would have been a firm friend to her, her greatest enemy, and indeed brought on——

However, I must not tell what happened too soon.

Nothing more particular occurred that evening. Her majesty, after dining privately on a roasted leg of mutton and some mashed potatoes,

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served up in the grand dining-room, and three hours afterwards, having drunk her tea,—complained much of fatigue, and the grand Duchess of Griffgrimmini, who was in attendance on her, conducted her therefore to her bed. Her thoughts were full of the terrible rhinoceros, and the frightful situation she would be in when riding out the next day to battle at the head of her troops; but at last she cried herself to sleep, and though disturbed with dreadful dreams, did not wake up till the usual hour, five o'clock, the next morning.

Every one knows how extremely unpleasant it is to wake up in the morning with a sort of dim indistinct remembrance that something disagreeable is about to happen in the day; and thus, when little Mary began to stir, she had all kinds of frightful impressions and sensations on her mind, without exactly knowing what was the matter. By degrees, however, a succession of terrible noises in the court of the palace and the streets round it completely awakened her. She heard great bodies of men marching with a heavy measured tramp, which quite shook the ground; then there was a terrible clashing of arms; then twenty or thirty pieces of cannon were heard rumbling over the stones till the very houses rattled again; then there was the prancing and neighing of several thousand horses, as the cavalry prepared for the march,—in short all the troops were already stirring. Presently the signal-guns began to fire, the bands played, the trumpets sounded, and the bustle and tumult and preparation increased. Nor were the queen's attendants at all behindhand: before Mary was wide awake, the grand Duchess of Griffgrimmini appeared at her bed-side, and congratulating her majesty on the fineness of the day, informed her that the great rhinoceros was already brought out from the royal stables, and that they were leading him up and down the court of the palace in order to keep him quiet, for that he had been rather troublesome during the night, and had bitten one of the groom's arms nearly off. At which words little Mary's heart sank within her, as if it had vanished away into empty air, and there was nothing in her breast but a cold dreary hollow. The duchess, however, informed her that no time was to be lost; and though Mary could scarcely move a limb (she was so overcome with fright), the ladies in waiting dressed her with the usual ceremonies, and her breakfast was quietly served up in the state breakfast-room, just as if riding out to battle on a one-eyed golden-horned rhinoceros, who that very morning had bitten a man's arm off, was one of the most common and easy things in the world, scarcely to be thought off. Mary could not touch a morsel; she would have given worlds to have seen the fairy, and entreated her to let her go home; but the fairy only sent a message by Hubbub-baboo to inquire how her majesty had passed the night, and to express her regret that a slight cold and general indisposition prevented her having the honour of waiting on her majesty that morning.

And now the ladies in waiting brought the dress in which little

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Mary was to be attired for the occasion, and which consisted of a blue velvet riding-habit, beautifully embroidered with gold, like the jackets of her majesty's life-guards. On her head they placed a splendid cap of gold tissue, shaped something like a helmet; and they also took out of a silk case an elegant little sword, about as big as a small carving knife, set with diamonds, which the queen was to carry in her right hand, while she held the reins of the rhinoceros with her left.

Thus habited, and trembling from head to foot, and full of dreadful qualms and sinkings of heart, little Mary was sitting on her crimson velvet throne in the grand drawing-room, when she was startled and nearly made to jump out of her seat by a great cannon which was fired off close under the window, and which announced that everything was ready. At the same moment the folding doors were thrown open, and the prime minister and the lord commander of the forces appeared with a splendid retinue to conduct her majesty down the grand hall, and to assist her in mounting the rhinoceros, which was now pawing the ground, and bellowing, and showing signs of great impatience and ferocity at the grand entrance.

How little Mary got down the stairs, how she got up on the back of the frightful animal, how she managed to keep her seat while it moved on at the head of the troops, she never knew. Her head swam, her eyes seemed closed up; nothing but a medley of confused sounds rang in her ears; and several times she thought she was going to faint, but the jolting of the enormous animal kept her from fairly going off into a fit; and without knowing how it was, she managed to cling with both hands to the pommel of King Sigismund's saddle, having, from the first moment, dropped both the diamond-hilted sword and the white silk bridle trimmed with silver fringe, whilst thinking of nothing but her poor mamma, and how much she would give to be once more in her little cot, with the dimity curtains, without a chance of ever again either seeing a fairy or becoming a queen.

I will not attempt to describe the order of the march; except to say that first there advanced the queen's beefeaters, dressed in crimson and gold; then followed her thirty-six pages on white horses; then came the twenty-four hereditary grand councillors (who, being all old gentlemen, had seats in four royal carriages—six in each—with all the windows up); then came little Mary herself on the rhinoceros, with the commander of the forces riding on a magnificent black charger on one side, and the prime minister on a very steady bay pony on the other. After them followed all the troops, with banners flying, drums beating, trumpets blowing, horses prancing, swords flashing, helmets glittering, the people cheering, the cannon firing. In short, it was the most magnificent spectacle of the kind that had ever been seen since the days when the good Queen Baratilda had put herself at the head of her army to repel the last invasion of the emperor of Mucka-

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koykey's grandfather. Every one was rejoiced and delighted, and all congratulated themselves that they had a young queen of such a noble spirit, and prophesied that the wicked emperor of Muckakoykey, with his whole army, would soon be blown up into the air, and vanish from the face of the earth before such a sovereign and such an army, and such a commander of the forces, and such a prime minister. It was impossible sufficiently to express their joy and admiration.

But poor little Mary could hear and see nothing; she was too frightened to look up, and was solely occupied, as I before said, in clinging fast to the pommel of the crimson velvet saddle. By degrees, however, when she found that she could manage to keep her seat, she ventured to open her eyes, and found that the procession had already come to the gates of the city, where the lord mayor and aldermen, who were none of them going out to fight, were waiting to present her an address, which they did upon their knees, and which, with the exception that it contained six pieces of false grammar, and was three times too long, was considered a beautiful specimen of these compositions. When it was finished, the lord mayor delivered it into the hands of the prime minister, who then took out another piece of paper from his own pocket, and presenting it to the little queen, entreated that she would condescend to read it, as her answer to the address of her loyal and ancient corporation of the city of Brakara-kakara. But the prime minister had totally forgotten, or rather he had never supposed it possible, that a little girl who had been for several years thinking of coming to the throne should be so ignorant as to be unable to read writing; and he was therefore extremely shocked to observe that Mary cast her eyes up and down the paper in great perplexity, and at last was compelled to confess that she could not read it. The prime minister was therefore obliged to make some excuse, and to read it himself. But all the time he was saying to himself, that such a state of things could never go on, and that it would be absolutely necessary to place some fitter person on the throne, that the empire could never flourish under a little girl who could not read writing, and who had called him an ugly, disagreeable, green-eyed old man. For the prime minister could not forget this; and, indeed, he had already had a private conversation with the fairy, and I am afraid a great deal of mischief was even now at work, though Mary knew nothing about it.

I must add, also, that when the lord mayor and aldermen found that the queen did not herself answer their loyal address, they were extremely offended; and as soon as the fact was known in the city, the common council, who were by far the most disloyal of her majesty's subjects, and were always troubling and abusing their rulers, called a number of meetings, and declared that they would no longer pay any taxes, and that it would be better to join the emperor of Muckakoykey, and fight against the queen, than to be exposed to

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such an insult. And they added, also, their firm belief that her majesty's conduct had been caused by the advice of the grand Duchess of Griffgrimmini, who was known to be opposed to the popular party, and who, they insisted, should immediately be removed from the court. All this, as you know, was very false and very foolish; and the poor duchess knew no more of what the queen did now than the man in the moon. But this was just the silly way in which the common people of Brakara-kakara, and especially the citizens of her metropolis, used to take up notions, and spread stories about their sovereign.

We must not, however, be led away from little Mary.

CHAPTER XI.

As soon as the lord mayor and aldermen had risen up and retired, the prime minister informed the queen to her great delight that, as the troops must now march on more rapidly, it would be advisable that her majesty should descend from the rhinoceros and perform the rest of the journey in her carriage: and I need not say that Mary very willingly assented; indeed she was almost ready to jump down into the prime minister's arms, had she not been at too great a height from the ground. But the state ladder having now been placed against the side of the enormous animal, she slipped down it with the greatest agility, and felt quite happy when she found herself in the carriage, with only the grand duchess to sit opposite to her and wait on her.

The carriage now drove on, and nothing particular happened during the journey, except that little Mary having now escaped from that which she had most dreaded, felt in high spirits. If this was all she had to do in leading her troops to battle, it was rather pleasant than otherwise, for she quite enjoyed driving in an easy carriage, and seeing the country as she passed through it. In fact, she almost forgot the dreadful emperor; and fancied that the commander-in-chief and the prime minister would take care that her soldiers should win the battle, and that no harm should happen to herself. And as her spirits rose she became very troublesome to the grand duchess. She would insist every moment on changing her seat: sometimes she made the grand duchess sit with her face, and sometimes with her back, to the horses. And the poor lady, who was obliged to do all that she was ordered, was no sooner seated comfortably in one corner than Mary thought she should like to sit there herself, and made her move. Then, though the grand duchess had a bad tooth-ache, Mary would have the window down close by her face. At another time when she seemed falling off to sleep (for she had been up all night preparing the queen's wardrobe for the journey) Mary climbed up into her lap and begged her to tell her a story; and again she would jump up in the seat and amuse herself with putting the windows up and letting them down, till at

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last, with a sudden jolt of the carriage, she nearly ran her head through the pane of glass; and this for a time sobered her. But ever since she had been thinking about fairies she had been a troublesome and disagreeable child, and was always doing something which she should not do, and especially, as I before observed, she was fond of laughing at and mimicking persons. And now she amused herself with looking out of the window to see the prime minister, who rode at one side of the carriage, and who, not being accustomed to ride on horseback, sat very awkwardly upon the saddle, and was shaken all to pieces by the trotting of his bay pony. At last at a turn of the road a cow happened to jump out of the hedge, which so frightened the pony that it turned sharp round and nearly threw the poor prime minister off its back. Instead of being sorry for this, little Mary was so amused with the odd face the prime minister made, and his funny appearance, half tumbling down and half clinging to the pony's mane, that she burst out into a fit of laughter and quite clapped her hands, so that the prime minister could not help seeing her; and he was so vexed and mortified at her ill-behaviour, and so angry with her, that he now made up his mind to have her dethroned; and, in fact, from that moment he resolved to do what, by and by, we shall find that he really did.

Little Mary, however, thought nothing of this. And when the grand duchess gravely, but respectfully, informed her majesty that it was a custom of the empire that when the young queens travelled they should sit still, and that her people would not like to see her laughing at the prime minister, Mary, though she was rather overawed for the moment, only laughed; and then, hiding her face behind the grand duchess's back, made faces at her, and, indeed, behaved extremely ill. But there is no pleasure in repeating evil things; and I will only say that such ill-behaviour is generally followed very soon by some great misfortune, and so it proved to be the case with little Mary.

The carriage travelled on all day, only stopping to change horses, and to have some dinner. And towards the evening Mary became so tired that she fell fast asleep, and was only wakened by the carriage stopping, and the door being opened by the commander-in-chief, who informed her that they had arrived at the camp. She yawned very much and stretched herself, and said pettishly that she did not wish to get out—that she wanted to go to sleep again. But the commander-in-chief, who was a very gruff, surly person, and had no notion of giving way to such fancies in a little girl, even though she was his queen, took her up in his arms, and, lifting her out of the carriage, placed her on the ground.

As she looked round, she found herself surrounded by a great number of tall officers in scarlet uniforms, covered with gold, with cocked hats and feathers on their heads, and great swords by their sides. There were also whole lines of troops drawn up on

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each side, and a number of generals on horseback, and large flags flying, besides great piles of cannon-balls, and a number of cannon, out of which, as she appeared, there burst such a flame, and smoke, and noise, that she was ready to die with fright. All this was in honour of her arrival; and she had scarcely recovered herself when the commander-in-chief conducted her to the royal tent, and requesting her to seat herself on a beautiful satin sofa, he informed her that the emperor's forces were drawn up within half a mile on the other side of the river, and that he had given orders for the battle to commence at six o'clock the next morning. He also conducted her, —attended by a number of other officers, and by the grand duchess,— to a point on the hill from which she could see the enemy's camp. And it was indeed a frightful sight, for the camp was nearly twice as large as her own; and she could distinguish the dragoons galloping up and down, and the infantry marching to take up their positions. And then the commander-in-chief presented to her a telescope, and, requesting her to look over the corner of one of the tents, he told her that she could see through it, quite plainly, the emperor himself mounted upon an elephant, who was reviewing his troops. Accordingly she did look, and, to her great consternation, she did behold the emperor—and anything so frightful she had never seen. He was a giant, even taller than Hubbub-baboo; but had only one eye, and that where his mouth ought to have been. His nose was quite flat. He was also bald, and had two dreadful cuts or scars all across his face, where he had been wounded in the great battle of Grum-glert,* where he had killed two hundred and forty-three of the enemy with his own hand. He was covered with shining armour, over which were thrown two lions' skins; and he carried in his hand an immense sword, four times as big as a common scythe. Nothing could be more ugly or more dreadful; and, to make matters worse, he was perfectly black like a negro, and bald.

Little Mary trembled from head to foot when she saw this frightful person, and she ventured to ask if there was any chance of his gaining the victory, and cutting off her head; upon which the commander-in-chief gruffly answered, that indeed he could not tell—that sometimes one side won and sometimes another, but that he was afraid her majesty's troops would not be so much disposed to fight for her as they would have been, for that they had heard strange stories about her, how that she could neither read nor write, and had been put upon the throne by the fairy without having any right to it by birth, and also how she had been laughing at the prime minister, and called him names. And as he said this he looked very sternly at her, so that she was ready to cry. However, he was a good-natured man, notwithstanding his rough manners; only he had been much more accustomed to fight battles than to attend upon a young queen, and always spoke his

* Rightly spelt Grmglmndzrts.

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mind, which was not the case with the other persons about the court. So when he saw her crying he bade her not be afraid; for though the prime minister had gone away, no one knew where, he would still stand by her; and he thought the soldiers might be trusted, and hoped that to-morrow they should win the battle. This was the first time that Mary had heard that the prime minister had gone away; but she did not think much of it. Little did she know where he was gone, and how he wickedly intended to revenge himself upon her for laughing at and calling him names.

It was now getting late; but before they could return to the tent little Mary was shocked and distressed by seeing great numbers of young men straggling along the road, most of them covered with wounds and streaming with blood; besides women without shoes and stockings, and scarcely with clothes on their backs, leading and carrying little children, who were crying for food, and old grey-headed men, who could scarcely limp along;—in fact, such a number of wounded, starving, miserable creatures, that even with the assistance of a whole body of soldiers she could scarcely make a way through them. She asked the commander-in-chief who they were; but he seemed to think nothing of it, and only answered that they were some of her majesty's subjects, whose houses had been pillaged and burnt by the enemy, and who, after fighting as well as they could, had been driven away, and had come to take refuge in the camp. And indeed they no sooner heard that little Mary was the queen, than they fell down before her, crying out for bread, and showing their dreadful wounds, and telling her that they had suffered all this in fighting for her, and by her going to war with the emperor, and that their houses had been burnt, and their children were starving, all for her, and entreating her to relieve them, otherwise they must die of cold and hunger.

This was very dreadful indeed to hear; and little Mary begged the commander-in-chief to give them some money, and food, and clothes; but he only answered gruffly that there was none to be had—that he had only just enough for the soldiers; and that if they did die it was only what happened always in every war, and could not be helped. This, however, was little satisfaction to the poor people, and they continued to cry and implore the queen to help them, for that all that they suffered had been occasioned by her; so that she could not help crying herself, and begged that she might be taken to the tent as soon as possible.

But she had no sooner reached it than a trooper rode up full gallop to the commander-in-chief, and informed him that the enemy were preparing without delay to bombard the camp. The words were scarcely out of his mouth when there was a loud cry, and little Mary, looking up, saw a great black iron ball up in the air, and coming just in the direction over her head; for the emperor, who was a very

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clever giant, had observed by the royal flag which tent the queen was in, and of course had ordered his artillery without delay to commence firing upon it. The commander-in-chief looked up also, and in a moment he seized little Mary, and made her lie down flat upon her face, while he himself bent over her, charging her not to stir for her life; and the other soldiers followed his example. Nor indeed had they a moment to lose, for the next minute the great ball fell close by little Mary, making the ground shake, and throwing up such a quantity of dust and dirt that she was nearly choked and blinded. Then followed a tremendous crash and explosion, and all kinds of dreadful noises, as if bullets and pieces of iron and chains were flying about in all directions, after which everything was silent, and nothing was heard but some dreadful shrieks and cries from soldiers who had been wounded by the shell,—for such it really was. Throwing those shells among the tents was the meaning of bombarding the camp. The commander-in-chief, who did not seem in the least frightened, now assisted her to rise; but she no sooner looked round than she saw the ground covered with blood, and two or three dead bodies lying just at her feet, one with the head torn off, and two others without arms or legs; and upon this she was so horrified, that without uttering a word she fell down on the ground and fainted quite away.

(*To be continued.*)

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STRAY PEARLS

FROM THE

MEMOIRS OF MARGARET DE RIBAUMONT, VICOMTESSE DE BELLAISE.

CHAPTER V.

IN GARRISON.

I AM almost afraid to dwell on those happiest days of my life that I spent in garrison. My eyes, old as they are, fill with tears when I am about to write of them, and yet they passed without my knowing how happy they were; for much of my time was spent in solitude, much in waiting, much in anxiety; but ah! there then always was a possibility that never, never can return!

Nancy seems to me a paradise when I look back to it, with its broad clean streets and open squares, and the low houses with balconies, and yet there I often thought myself miserable, for I began to learn what it was to be a soldier's wife. Madame de Rambouillet had kindly written to some of her friends in the duchy of Lorraine respecting me, and they assisted us in obtaining a lodging and servants. This might otherwise have been difficult, for the Duke was in the Spanish army, while we held his territories, and naturally we were not in very good odour with the people.

My husband had to leave me immediately after he had placed me in my little house at Nancy, to join the army in Germany under Marshal Guêbrian. I lived through that time by the help of the morning Mass, of needlework, and of the *Grand Cyrus*, which I read through and then began again. My dear husband never failed to send me a courier once a week with letters that were life to me, and sometimes I heard from England; but my mother's letters were becoming full of anxiety, affairs were looking so ill for the King.

After a gallant victory over the Swedes, my Viscount returned to me, without a wound, and with distinguished praise from the marshal. That was an important winter, for it saw the deaths of the Great Cardinal and of King Louis XIII., moreover of the old Marquise. My husband's loving heart sorrowed for her and for his uncle; but that same week brought thee to my arms, my dear son, my beloved Gaspard! O what a fight Tryphena and I had to prevent his being stifled in swaddling clothes! And how all the women predicted that his little limbs would be broken and never be straight.

That winter was only clouded by the knowledge that spring would take my husband away again. How good he was to me! How much

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pleasure and amusement he gave up for my sake! He had outgrown his bashfulness and embarrassment in this campaign, and could take his place in company, but he remained at home with me. I had neither the grace nor the vivacity that would have enabled me to collect a society around me, and I seldom saw his brother officers except my brother, M. de Solivet, and his great friend, M. de Chamillard, who was quite fatherly to me.

The Duke of Enghien took the command of the army of Picardy, and asked for our regiment. I entreated not to be sent back to Paris, and prevailed to be allowed to take up my abode at Mezières, where I was not so far from the camp but that my dear M. de Bellaise could sometimes ride over and see me. He told me of the murmur of the elder men of the army that the fiery young inexperienced Prince was disregarding all the checks that the old Marshal de l'Hôpital put in his way; but he himself was delighted, and made sure of success. The last time he came he told me he heard that Rocroy was invested by the enemy. I was made to promise that in case of any advance on the enemy's part, I would instantly set off for Paris. He said it was the only way to make him fight with a free heart, if a battle there were, and not repent of having permitted me to follow him, and that I must think of my child as well as myself; but he did not expect any such good fortune as a battle, the old Marshal was so set against it!

But I knew that he did expect a battle, by the way he came back and back again to embrace me and his child.

I have waited and watched many times since that day, but never as I then waited. With what agony I watched and prayed; how I lived either before the altar, or at the window; how I seemed to be all eyes and ears. How reports came that there was fighting, then that we had the day, then that all was lost. Then came a calm, and it was said that Marshal de l'Hôpital had refused to fight, and was in full retreat, with the Duke of Enghien cursing and swearing and tearing his hair. My landlord had a visit from the mayor to say that he must prepare to have some men billeted on him, and I sent out to inquire for horses, but decided that, as it was only our own troops retreating, there would be plenty of time. Then one of the maids of the house rushed in declaring that firing was plainly to be heard. Half the people were out in the streets, many more had gone outside the city to listen. Tryphena sat crying with fright, and rocking the baby in her lap, and wishing she had never come to this dreadful country. Alas! poor Tryphena, she would have been no better off in her own at that moment! I ran from window to door, unable to rest a moment, listening to the cries in the streets, asking the landlady what she heard, and then running back to my own room to kneel in prayer, but starting up at the next sound in the streets.

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At last, just before sunset, on that long, long 19th of May, all the bells began to ring, clashing as if mad with joy, and a great roaring shout burst out all over the city, 'Victory! Victory! Vive le Roi! Vive le duc d'Enghien!'

I was at the window just in time to see a party of splendid horsemen, carrying the striped and castellated colours of Spain, galloping through the town, followed by universal shouts and acclamations. My man-servant, Nicole, frantic with joy, came in to tell me that they had only halted at the inn long enough to obtain fresh horses, on their way to the Queen Regent with the news of the great victory of Rocroy. More standards taken, more cannon gained, more of the enemy killed and captive than could be counted, and all owing to the surpassing valour of the Duke of Enghien!

'And my husband!' I cried, and asked everybody, as if, poor little fool that I was, any one was likely to know how it fared with one single captain of the dragoons of Condé on such a day as that!

The good landlady and Tryphena both tried to reassure me that if there were ill news, it would have been sent to me at once; but though they persuaded me at last to go to bed, I could not sleep, tossing about and listening till morning light, when I dropped into a sound sleep, which lasted for hours. I had longed for the first morning Mass to go and pray there, but after all I only heard the bells through my slumber, feeling as if I could not rouse myself, and then—as it seemed to me, in another moment—I heard something that made me turn round on my pillow and open my eyes, and there he stood—my husband himself. His regiment had surpassed itself, he had received the thanks of his colonel, he had but snatched a few hours' sleep, and had ridden off to assure his Gildippe of his safety by her own eyes, and to rejoice over our splendid victory.

And yet he could not but shudder as he spoke. When they had asked a Spanish prisoner how many there had been in the army, 'Count the dead,' he proudly answered. Nor could my husband abstain from tears as he told me how the old Spanish guards were all lying as they stood, slain all together, with their Colonel, the Count de Fontanès, at their head, sitting in the arm chair in which he had been carried to the field, for he was more than eighty years old, and could not stand or ride on account of the gout.

The Duke of Enghien had said that if he had not been victorious, the next best thing would be to have died like that.

But his charges, his fire, his coolness, his skill, the vehemence which had triumphed over the caution of the old Marshal, and the resolution which had retrieved the day when his colleague was wounded, of all this M. de Bellaise spoke with passionate ardour and enthusiasm, and I—oh! I think that was the happiest and most glorious day of all my life!

When we went together to mass; how everybody looked at him! and

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when we returned there was quite a little crowd—M. le Gouverneur and his officials eager to make their compliments to M. de Bellaise, and to ask questions about the Duke and about the battle, and whether he thought the Duke would march this way, in which case a triumphal entry should be prepared. They wanted to have regaled M. de Bellaise with a banquet, and were sadly disappointed when he said he had only stolen a few hours to set his wife's heart at rest, and must return immediately to the camp.

There was little after that to make me anxious, for our army merely went through a course of triumphs, taking one city after another in rapid succession. I remained at Mezières, and M. de Bellaise sometimes was able to spend a few days with me, much, I fear, to the derision of his fellow-soldiers, who could not understand a man's choosing such a form of recreation. We had been walking under the fine trees in the *Place*, on a beautiful summer evening, and were mounting the stairs on our return home, when we heard a voice demanding of the hostess whether this were the lodging of Captain de Bellaise.

I feared that it was a summons from the camp, but as the stranger came forward, I saw that he was a very young man in the dress of a groom, booted, spurred, and covered with dust and dried splashes of mud, though his voice and pronunciation were those of a gentleman.

'Do you bring tidings from M. le Marquis?' inquired my husband, who had recognised our livery.

'Ah! I have deceived you likewise, and no wonder, for I should not have known you, Philippe,' cried the new comer.

'Armand d'Aubépine! Impossible! I thought your child was a girl,' exclaimed my husband.

'And am I to waste my life and grow old ingloriously on that account?' demanded the youth, who had by this time come up to our rooms.

'Welcome, then, my brother,' said my husband, a little gravely, as I thought. 'My love,' he added, turning to me, 'let me present to you my brother-in-law, the Chevalier d'Aubépine.'

With infinite grace the Chevalier put a knee to the ground, and kissed my hand.

'Madame will be good enough to excuse my present appearance,' he said, 'in consideration of its being the only means by which I could put myself on the path of honour.'

'It is then an evasion?' said my husband gravely.

'My dear Viscount, do not give yourself the airs of a patriarch. They do not suit with your one and twenty years, even though you are the model of husbands. Tell me, where is your hero?'

'The Duke? He is before Thionville.'

'I shall be at his feet in another day. Tell me, how goes the war? What cities are falling before our arms?'

He asked of victories; M. de Bellaise asked of his sister. 'Oh!

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well, well, what do I know?' he answered lightly, as if the matter were beneath his consideration; and when I inquired about his child, he actually made a grimace, and indeed he had barely seen her, for she had been sent out to be nursed at a farmhouse, and he did not even recollect her name. I shall never forget how he stared, when at the sound of a little cry my husband opened the door, and appeared with our little Gaspard, now five months old, laughing and springing in his arms, and feeling for the gold on his uniform. The Comte had much the same expression with which I have seen a lady regard me when I took a caterpillar in my hand.

'Ah! ah!" cried our Chevalier, 'with all its legs and arms too! That is what comes of marrying an Englishwoman.' (He did not know I was within hearing, for I had gone in to give Tryphena orders about the room he would occupy.) 'Besides, it is a son.'

'I hope one day to have a daughter whom I shall love the more, the more she resembles her mother,' said my husband, to tease him.

'Bah! You will not have to detest her for keeping you back from glory! Tell me, Philippe, could a *lettre de cachet* reach me here?'

'We are on French soil. What have you been doing, Armand?'

'Only flying from inglorious dulness, my friend. Do not be scandalised, but let me know how soon I can reach the hero of France, and enrol myself as a volunteer.'

'The Duke is at Binche. I must return thither to-morrow. You had better eat and sleep here to-night, and then we can decide what is to be done.'

'I may do that,' the youth said, considering. 'My grandfather could hardly obtain one instantaneously, and I have a fair start.'

So M. de Bellaise lent him some clothes, and he appeared at supper as a handsome, lively-looking youth, hardly come to his full height, for he was only seventeen, with a haughty bearing, and large, almost fierce dark eyes, under eyebrows that nearly met.

At supper he told us his story. He was, as you know, the only scion of the old house of Aubépine, his father having been killed in a duel, and his mother dying at his birth. His grandparents bred him up with the most assiduous care, but (as my husband told me) it was the care of pride rather than of love. When still a mere boy, they married him to poor little Cécile de Bellaise, younger still, and fresh from her convent, promising, on his vehement entreaty, that so soon as the succession should be secured by the birth of a son, he should join the army.

Imagine then his indignation and despair when a little daughter—a miserable little girl, as he said—made her appearance, to prolong his captivity. For some centuries, he said—weeks he meant—he endured, but then came the tidings of Rocroy to drive him wild with impatience, and the report that there were negotiations for peace completed the work. He made his wife give him her jewels, and assist his escape

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from the window of her chamber, bribed a courier—who was being sent from M. de Nidemerle to my husband—to give him his livery and passport, and despatches, and to keep out of sight, and thus passed successfully through Paris, and had, through a course of adventures which he narrated with great spirit, safely reached us. Even if the rogue of a courier, as he justly called his accomplice, had betrayed him, there was no fear but that he would have time to put himself on the roll of the army, whence a promising young noble volunteer was not likely to be rejected.

My husband insisted that he should write to ask the pardon of his grandfather, and on that condition engaged to introduce him to the Duke, and to the Lieutenant-Colonel of his regiment. M. de. Bellaise then inquired anxiously after the health of our uncle, who, on the death of his wife, had retired to his own estate at Nidemerle, close to the Chateau d'Aubépine. Of this the young gentleman could tell little or nothing.

'Bah!' he said, adding what he thought was a brilliant new military affirmation, unaware that it was as old as the days of the League. 'What know I? He is as all old men men are, full of complaints.'

Handsome, graceful, courteous, spirited as was this young chevalier, I could not like him, and I afterwards told my husband that I wondered at his assisting him.

'My love,' he said, 'the Castle d'Aubépine is dull enough to die of. The poor fellow was eating out his own heart. He has followed his instinct, and it is the only thing that can save him from worse corruption.'

'His instinct of selfishness,' I said. 'His talk was all of glory, but it was of his own glory, not his duty, nor the good of his country. He seems to me to have absolutely no heart!'

'Do not be hard on him; remember how he has been brought up.'

'You were brought up in like manner by two old people.'

'Ah! but they loved me. Besides, my governor and his were as different as light and darkness.'

'And your poor little sister,' I said.

'She must have won his gratitude by her assistance. He will have learnt to love her when he returns. Come, *ma mie*, you must forgive him. If you knew what his captivity was, you could not help it. He was the playfellow of my boyhood, and if I can help him to the more noble path, my aid must not be wanting, either for his sake or that of my sister.'

How wise and how noble these two years had made my dear husband; how unlike the raw lad I had met at Whitehall. It was the training in self-discipline that he had given himself, for my sake—yes, and for that of his country and his God.

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THREE YEARS' TEACHING IN AN ELEMENTARY SCHOOL.

THREE years ago, at Christmas, 1876, I had just passed through my examination for certificate as teacher in an elementary school. At that time the thought of teaching my unruly class of infants for eighteen months longer, till two Government inspections of our schools should pass and my 'parchment' be gained, was far from a cheerful prospect. Now I can look back on this time as certainly the happiest part of my life. Go on with your work, is the best rule. Contentment and happiness are sure to come if one perseveres.

Before the certificate examination I had been serving, as is required by Government, six months in our infant school. Some of my early difficulties in teaching I have already written about in the *Monthly Packet*,* and I confess they were very real. When, however, we began school again, after holidays, in January, 1877, one of the little boys met me at the school-room door with a serious face, saying, 'Mrs. Wallace, we have got a new governess;' and I found this alteration made the work more pleasant. In this paper I altogether pass from 'the study and work for the teacher's certificate' to the working and life in which the teacher is engaged.

And let me state at once in what order I will detail the various points I think important for a right understanding of the work and life of an elementary school. Such a place is an unknown land to many; and yet these schools must exist everywhere, and will be a chief model of life and manners to a great part of our population. If I can persuade any to share in the action of this little world, I may do a benefit to the ladies who enter it and the schools which receive them; and at any rate the ways of the place where almost every one of our servants, and very many of those who help in the business of the shops, are trained, ought to be understood by us all.

Our school—S. Luke's, Stepney—is in three departments. I have spent my three years of teaching (two of probation for parchment and one since) first among the infants and then among the boys; and in either case it will be enough to give my experience under the following heads:—I. Where the work was carried on. II. Who formed the teaching staff of the school; and, with this, III. The method and organisation adopted. IV. What subjects were taught; and V. The discipline pursued. It will, it is plain, not be possible to keep all these subjects distinct.

* *Monthly Packet*, September, 1877.

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The Infant School.

I. The infants' room, which is built at right angles to the street, is twenty feet wide and eighty-three feet long, and has an approach, by a covered passage along the right side, to its door. This door stands about twenty feet in from the road, thus leaving room at that end for a gallery, used by the 'fourth class' of forty children. A similar gallery for the 'fifth class,' of fifty children, occupies the other end. Space is left on the floor for three classes, the 'first' and 'second,' of twenty, the 'third,' of thirty scholars. A recess of twenty feet square projects between the farther gallery and the door, and this was generally reserved for reading-lessons, as infants' reading cannot help being sometimes noisy. Although a width of eighteen feet would have satisfied the Education Department, all the rooms at S. Luke's are twenty feet wide, giving additional space, and allowing classes to be drafted out from the seats for special lessons. The 'first class' occupy low desks facing the door and head-teacher's table; and their work is as nearly as possible Standard I., for when any child reaches seven years of age, it must be inspected in that standard. The first class is the least noisy, and, if drafted out at all, stands in the space before its own desks. The 'second' and 'third' classes sit on low forms, four deep from the wall, and, when brought out, go into the recess for reading.

From this I hope the array of our infants can be realised, their position, and the number in their five classes. To this I only need to add that for Scripture and object lessons the arrangement is in two 'divisions'—the upper division, consisting of three classes, on one gallery; the lower, of the fourth and fifth classes, on the other.

II. Our teaching staff for the infants consisted of five persons—governess, myself as assistant, a pupil teacher in the fourth year of her apprenticeship and another in the second year, and a monitor. So there was a teacher for each class, and they were distributed in this way—governess took the first class, the elder pupil teacher the second, I took the third, the other pupil teacher the fourth, and the monitor the lowest, including any 'babies' below the age of three years. I continued teaching this third class till inspection, June, 1877. After inspection a lady, who wished to sit for certificate, had one of the classes, the fourth, assigned to her, thus leaving the governess free to superintend the whole school. It is not easy to do this while taking constantly a class yourself; to 'keep school' well requires many qualifications beyond being a good teacher, and the head teacher's influence ought to extend to every child. For myself, as I hoped to be allowed to take at some future day the lowest class in the boys' school, I was glad that in the re-arrangement which ensues on inspection the highest class of the infants was given to my charge, because thus I was preparing to teach Standard I. With the first class of

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infants I continued till February, 1878, when I undertook teaching in the boys' school. It was in this latter school I passed my second inspection and received my parchment (June, 1878), and there I have since remained.

III. The organisation of the infant school evidently turns on the yearly drafting of the children to the other departments. On the Monday after the inspection of June, 1877, all the boys and girls who would be more than seven before the end of the next school year, which with us was May 31st, 1878, were sent to the boys' and girls' departments respectively. It happened that the class I had up to this time, the third, were nearly all above six years of age, though not advanced in learning in proportion to their years, and so they were sent up. It is very hard to part with the children just when they are getting most intelligent, but it is better for them at that age to be among the older ones. It stimulates them to work, and, besides, those who pass Standard I. at seven years of age on their next birthday are in a fair way to pass Standard IV. before they are eleven, and be entitled to an 'honour certificate,' which means that their school fees will be paid by Government for the remaining three years of their school life. So, though I felt inclined to cry when my favourite little boys (I always fancied them more affectionate than the little girls) were marshalled in a row and conducted by a pupil teacher to the boys' school, I had to submit, and try to like my new class.

IV. The subjects to which most time must be devoted in all elementary schools are Scripture, reading, writing, and arithmetic. Singing is also an essential requirement, and, for the girls, needlework; but both of these are generally regarded by teachers and scholars as half recreation.

Scripture.—Scripture begins the day. We taught the children to say the Creed every morning at prayers, turning to the east with folded hands, and sometimes they repeated the Commandments, singing after each, 'Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.' They learned the Psalms, 'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,' and 'The Lord is my Shepherd,' and sang them to Gregorian chants, so that our opening and closing prayers were like an office of the Church. As grace before and after dinner, the children sang most reverently, 'The eyes of all wait upon Thee, O Lord: and Thou givest them their meat in due season. Thou openest Thine hand: and fillest all things living with plenteousness'; with the Doxology.

At first I used to teach my class, the third, by themselves at the Scripture lesson; but after the inspection I had the first, second, and third classes together on the larger gallery. We have the series of twelve pictures from the Life of our Lord, published by the S.P.C.K. The picture of the Charge to S. Peter was a special favourite, and the children anxiously waited for its turn to come, one of them murmuring,

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'I wants to see my little ba-lambs'; then they liked to repeat, 'Feed My lambs,' and 'Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee.' One day I taught them about the Holy Catholic Church, showing them photographs of our own parish church, and trying to explain that we are the living stones built into the Holy Catholic Church at our baptism, and while part of the Church is on earth, part is in Heaven, and that it will not be finished till our Lord comes again. For three years we have had a special service in church for the infants, at 9 A.M., on Ascension Day. They sing, 'Hail the day that sees Him rise!' and, after saying 'Our Father,' sing Psalms xxiv. and xlvii., 'Lift up your heads, O ye gates!' 'God is gone up with a merry noise,' using the angel's words, 'Ye men of Galilee,' as an antiphon. The Epistle is read for a lesson The Creed, and the Collects, 'O God the King of Glory!' and 'For Grace,' are repeated by all. They listen to a short address, with a few questions, on the Ascension of our Lord, receive the blessing, and return to school in time to begin the secular work of the morning.

After the Scripture lesson the registers have to be marked, and then reading, writing, and arithmetic begin.

Reading.—It is not easy to give a reading lesson to young children; they must find it drudgery, and are sure to show this by weariness and inattention. The only way to interest them is to vary the plan of teaching every few minutes; let each child spell or say a word in turn while the teacher points to the reading-card; then, when they begin to get idle, all might read simultaneously after 'teacher' each word or each sentence. Of course the higher classes read from books, and should point to each word. When the inspector first came, June, 1877, I had a large class of more than thirty boys and girls reading simultaneously out of the S.P.C.K. primers, Samuel Pike (my first boy now, June, 1879, preparing for Standard II.) leading all the rest, and Willie Sheekey, nearly a year older, keeping the place with his finger, but I fear making very little sense of the words (he has with difficulty passed his standard along with Pike). This simultaneous reading interests the children, and gives them confidence, and I think the inspector was pleased with the order of my class; but I do not think it is good as a rule, because lazy and backward children are likely to get neglected. It is useful, and perhaps necessary, for large classes. When young children read singly, the class should not much exceed twelve in number.

Writing.—Writing is the easiest and least trying lesson in the infant school. The children like to use their hands and eyes, and will soon learn to write well if the teacher be careful to make them rub out badly formed letters before they get accustomed to the sight of them, and patiently guide their hands when they need it. I had only one child who sat idle at every writing lesson; at last I tried scolding, and found that he really could not copy the letters, then I let him alone,

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and in time he picked up the way to write; now, though he is rather backward, he has passed his first examination. Children should write between lines, scratched on their slates, about half an inch apart, and learn letters which resemble each other in form at one lesson. The order in teaching the letters varies. Our master gave me a list of ten lessons: (1) *o g d good;* (2) *n m a A A good man;* (3) &c. It certainly gets the children on quickly.

Arithmetic.—I think it is almost more difficult to interest the youngest infants in arithmetic than in reading, unless you can have something for every child to touch and count. We used the ball-frame, and strokes on the black-board, and let the children come out in turn to copy figures in chalk on the board. Here a teacher who can invent stories about adding and subtracting, describing boys finding birds' nests with so many eggs, children with coats of different colours, represented by the balls on the frame, &c., has a wide field for exercising her imagination and that of the children. The elder children learn to work easy addition and subtraction sums on slates, and to add and subtract mentally. I let the dull children begin reckoning their sums by strokes, and have always found that they gave it up as soon as they were able to add mentally without counting. This mental operation is best taught by questioning, and showing easy ways of doing it, such as to add ten to any number, and also nine or eleven. Addition tables are very useful, but when the multiplication table has to be learned at the same time, children are apt to confuse them.

Needlework.—One hour is given each Monday and Wednesday afternoon in the infant school to needlework. While the boys are arranged in two divisions on the galleries, the girls are collected into three classes, sometimes on forms in parallel rows, sometimes in squares. The lowest learn to thread their needles and begin to hem; the second can hem, and learn seaming; the first, who put on print sleeves and aprons, can hem, seam, and fix hems.

Singing.—Singing is the last lesson on these days, so that the boys and girls can continue in their separate divisions. I think 'action songs' are the favourites with children. It is not difficult to make them learn to do the drill, if the tune is lively; and all strangers think it wonderful and pretty to see the little hands and feet move so briskly at the same moment. 'Drummer Boy,' 'See Saw,' and the 'Peasant,' are good examples.

Oral Lessons.—To go on with the ordinary routine of school work is comparatively easy; but it needs some hours of study, a bright lively manner, and a quiet schoolroom to give an oral lesson to eighty children sitting on a gallery with nothing to do except to listen, and it consoled me once to hear a schoolmaster say, 'Of course you cannot always feel in good enough spirits to give these lessons.' There are

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many books of notes of lessons published, and many methods of drawing them up for yourself. It is most interesting to choose a subject which pleases you, read as many books about it as you can, sort your information under different heads, and think how you can illustrate it so as to make it clear to the children's minds. It is very important to begin well, so you must wait till the children are quite still, and then excite their curiosity by a good introduction. I once heard a lesson on 'a cat' begin in this way, 'Who has ever seen a cat?'—a commencement suitable enough for a lesson on a wolf or a bear. All the hands were up directly, each child bent on telling some story about his or her particular cat, but no one wished to hear what the teacher had to say; whereas, if she had said, 'All the children who have a cat at home put their hands up,' they would have put them up quietly, wondering what teacher had to say about their cats; then some remark like this might follow, 'When you go home, you may look at pussy, and see if I have told you what is true about her.' If you can get a picture which the children have not seen before, they are sure to be good when expecting it to be shown to them. Those objects please best for lessons which are most familiar, such as sugar, tea, rice, slate; there is something new to tell about each of these which sounds wonderful to children, and amuses them if well told. In preparing a lesson, you should determine where a question may be introduced, and also consider what will be the probable answer, and how you will follow it up. Perhaps you will get an answer quite different from the one you expected; you should try to use it if possible, and then lead the children by another way to the best answer.

V. *Discipline.*—What I have said cannot be done without *sympathy* with children; some have this naturally, or from the circumstances of home life; others, like myself, have to learn it by mixing with other people's children. Without this sympathy with those placed under your authority, it is impossible that your discipline should be good. If the teacher considers the children merely as machines, by the aid of which she is to get a good report, she may gain perfect order and unhesitating obedience, but she will produce at least no good effect upon the children's character. So it is worth taking any amount of pains to gain an insight into the children's thoughts and feelings, and you will find they always repay love with trust and confidence, and love alone can strengthen us to bear the pain which sympathy involves; for we have to share in bodily suffering, and, harder still, to feel with the children when tempted to sin, and help them to keep their vow to fight against sin, the world, and the devil. Often we would 'fain read the good and ill That nestles in the silent will' of the children we love so much, 'And night and day we wish and pray That only good may there find way.' 'The Moral Power exercised by the teacher on the moral nature of the children' is Mr. Menet's definition of discipline.

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It has been said that obedience to parents is the 'religion' of children, so the formation of a habit of willing obedience is the end at which all discipline should aim. 'It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth.' To give up our wills to the Will of God must be learned by practice, and it is well for us all that we have had fathers, mothers, and teachers, to train us in obedience till we can say to our Father in Heaven, 'Thy will be done.' Blind and immediate obedience should in general be required of little children, and in order to enforce it, I think some bodily punishment is necessary; for older children the displeasure of their teacher *should* be sufficient. Children love most those persons of whom they are a little afraid. Each child needs different management, and the difficulty is, having to control so many, to give this special treatment without apparent injustice. I have now in my class in the boys' school a child who was sent up from the infant school at five years old, because he was altogether unmanageable. Among the boys he behaved well till I too came up from the infants to be his teacher, then he tried how far he could disobey, and gave me no peace till he found out that I was a good deal stronger than he, and my authority supported by the master's cane. I remember reading the advice of Mme. de Montagu to her niece on beginning housekeeping, 'Give as few commands as possible, but when you do give any, see that they are obeyed,' and certainly with obstinate children it is best to command very seldom. Their bad temper is generally the result of bodily weakness, and calls for pity rather than anger. It is impossible to keep good discipline if you let yourself get lazy. A visitor to the schools once told me 'I looked helpless.' I resolved never to have that said again; so I try to put out a double amount of exertion when I feel too idle to keep the children under control.

Since I began to teach, three of my little boys have died, and before leaving this story of our infant school, I should like to tell of one of these. He was neither the best nor the brightest, but I loved him most, and I suppose he knew it, for he was always the first to smile a welcome when I came into the school, and inquire where I could have been when once or twice I stayed away. Tommy had soon to be moved up into the boys' school, and then his mother told me how delicate he was, and that he had 'grown contrary' by being humoured so much. All his class were invited to tea in our garden, and he was the bravest on the swing. When they came again, he had had a fit, and could not come; for more than a fortnight he lingered in convulsions, unconscious, till, at half-past seven on S. Matthew's Day, when the church bells rang for the early Celebration, he turned to listen, and nodded his head when his mother asked if he knew they were 'Mrs. Wallace's bells.' A few hours after he died, and was buried on the day of our harvest festival. The boys of his class and the

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infants came to church, and sang Mrs. Alexander's hymn about the Resurrection. He had learned to speak of the 'churchyard bed,' and we knew he had only fallen asleep 'to wake again in Heaven.' I wish that I could say that his mother always came to church afterwards, but I know that the church bells must have often reminded her of God and Heaven, and next harvest festival she sent a large bunch of flowers which seemed like Tommy's offering.

The Boys' School.

It was in February, 1878, that I was transferred to the boys' school; for the first week on trial. At the end of that time the master said I was better than a monitor; so I have stayed on, and he has helped me much by hints on teaching, by examining my class, and watching over their progress.

I. The boys' school-room is built over the infants' school, and is therefore the same in length and breadth, but it is made larger by a second recess, thirty feet long, built over the passage and the girls class-room which adjoins it. Over the infants' recess is the boys' class-room. The 'first class' sit in the middle of the room in front of the master's desk; the 'second' near the door, which is at the east end, the approach being by wide stairs; and the 'third' and 'fourth' occupy the recess at the west end of the school.

II. The teaching staff is soon enumerated. The master teaches the first class; the pupil teacher the second; myself, aided by two monitors, the third and fourth.

III. Method and organisation. Before I was transferred, the two latter classes were taught by two of the first-class boys, and they continued teaching under me till one became unwell and asked to give it up; the other, who, as his companions said, 'took it easy,' went on 'minding,' till after inspection, the boys who had not been at school long enough to be examined. It is difficult to find a boy able or willing to teach others; some, like the boy of whom I am speaking, like to look important, but will not take the trouble to teach anything; others like the change from their own classes for a few days, but get tired at the end of a week or a fortnight. After the inspection, June, 1878, my class (for they all passed except two who were away) were moved up to the pupil teacher to prepare for Standard II., and I had a new set of boys from the infant school, whom at first I resolved to try to teach without a monitor. The children kept better order, but many were too backward to pass in June, 1879, without very hard work, and, after all, order must be subordinated to teaching; so I had to try another monitor. The master sent me a boy of twelve years old from the first class who had been well prepared for his own examination in Standard VI. Instead of liking to look important, his chief

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difficulty is to stand upright in front of his class. Lest he should get tired, I changed his work sometimes, but generally he kept the same boys, that he might feel he was responsible for their progress. I gave him those who were nearly fit for their examination, and as the whole class averaged fifty, we had always more than twenty each. Nearly all the boys passed, and, besides, the work has had a good influence on the monitor.

Here I must insert a strong conviction which this experience in education has given me. It is said that in Dr. Arnold's presence young men learned to respect themselves, and out of the root of self-respect there grew up the manly virtues. I think there is something incomplete and insufficient in this motive. A teacher tries to prevent copying and deceit by telling the children it is 'thieving,' and that lying is 'mean and cowardly'; but is it not better to teach truthfulness by the recollection of the presence of God, and that liars who do not repent will be punished at His Judgment Day? The lower motive may do for some natures, and produce manliness and respectability, but everything has taught me that it is best to aim at producing saintliness, and for some, Christ is the only hope for this life as well as for the next. The root of true self-reverence is St. Paul's 'I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.'

My 'parchment' was given me in June, 1878, and I was gratified to find it endorsed with the words, 'Mrs. Wallace keeps her class in excellent order and teaches them thoroughly well.' In June, 1879, it has again been endorsed, 'most efficiently teaching.' Since this last inspection the third class consists of all who passed Standard I., while the fourth has been reinforced from the Infants' School, and as I am for the coming year to teach both classes, I have now two monitors to help.

IV. In speaking of the subjects taught in the boys' school, I need not go beyond those about the teaching of which I have some experience.

Scripture.—The syllabus of Scripture history appointed for the lowest divisions in the boys' schools of the London Diocese includes sixteen lessons from the Book of Genesis, and fourteen from the New Testament beginning with the vision of Zacharias and ending with the conversation of our Lord with Nicodemus. The Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and Commandments must be learned by heart, and some portions of them must be explained to the children. The different parts of Public Worship must be known and understood, and suitable texts learned. The inspector told me he seldom found young children who could learn about the Presentation in the Temple, but my boys liked to associate the Blessed Virgin's offering with their mothers' churching; and always remembered that Simeon said, 'He would die in peace.' When I have had older backward boys in my class, I

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have generally found them much interested in the Scripture lesson, and I think these liked having a lady teacher more than the little ones of seven years. We are told to apply the lessons to the daily life of the scholars, and opportunities constantly arise. When we pray for earthly blessings we must, I taught, say, 'If it be Thy Will.' If we want to go out, said they, might we pray that it should not rain. It is more difficult than most people think to explain 'He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.' The children had never heard of a 'judge,' but one great rough boy, when I asked him what the 'magistrate' does to bad people, called out eagerly, 'Gives them six months,' then it was easy to explain that our Judge punishes for ever. 'To reward the good' I had to illustrate by prizes, writing 'reward' outside of some home-lesson books I gave them. The Marriage Feast at Cana was quite a new story for them. One little nervous, pale-faced boy interrupted himself in a quarrel with his neighbour, to answer my question, 'Is God keeping His best for the last now'? 'Oh yes, I know—Heaven.' During a short time I was away the monitors taught the Parable of the Sower with its explanation, and the children I found liked it very much, and understood it too.

Besides this happy teaching of Scripture to my class in school, I have for many years been able to give lessons out of school to the pupil teachers for their examination in each November. These have all been confirmed. Now a new opportunity has arisen, by joining the monitors with some of the elder boys, to form a class at home which will, I believe, lead all of them to Confirmation and Holy Communion. To make teaching a *regular* work is the most hopeful way of securing this result.

Reading.—Reading deserves most attention, as it cannot be learned in a hurry, but requires steady, patient work on the part of the teacher during the whole year. The great difficulty is to make all the children keep the place and attend to each other as they read; difficult words should be spelled together, and the teacher should walk round the class to see that all are pointing right. If the children cannot hear one another, and follow the reading, the lesson is of very little use. Being allowed to correct others' mistakes sometimes keeps them lively, but the child who does not know the word should spell it before being told by his sharper neighbour.

Writing.—As I have said that writing is an easy lesson, I thought I should find a monitor useful in teaching it, but, although the monitor could write well himself, unless I pointed out the faults I wanted altered, and told him to look after not more than three of the most backward boys, he got lazy and did nothing but walk about along the desks. In fact it needs some experience to discover what lessons a monitor can give, and which you must give yourself. I am now, in the holidays, busy considering how to make their work interesting to

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the two young teachers of my class, and how to employ their help to the best advantage.

As soon as the children can write their small and large letters without a copy, they should practise *transcription* out of their reading books. At the first a few lines from the passage should be written on the blackboard, while the children have their books open at the same place; soon they will be able to copy the print upon their slates without this help. As this lesson—transcription—is a favourite with teachers and scholars, I will insert some directions how to carry it on. Let the transcription be from the lesson last read. Accustom the pupils to learn spelling while writing; and for this purpose ask each boy to spell a word while examining his slate. Insist on a faithful copy, stops, capitals, spelling, &c.

Dictation lessons are also connected with writing, but much of the time given to dictation would, I think, be better employed in transcription. Dictation should only be used as a test, and to impress on the memory words already learned; and all mistakes in this exercise should be prevented if possible, for it is bad for the children even to see a wrongly spelt word. I let the little boys spell each word orally before writing it, and then make them correct each word they write before going on to another; older children should learn all the difficult words in the passage before it is dictated to them. The boys in Standard II. have begun to write in double-lined exercise books, as a preparation for copy-books in large hand, which kind of writing ought to begin as soon as possible. These exercise books were given by me as rewards for good conduct while I was away. I write the copies in the books myself, beginning with short and long strokes and hooks, and going through the letters in somewhat the same order as they have written before on slates.

Arithmetic.—Arithmetic, unlike reading, can be worked up a few weeks before the examination. Indeed it is very difficult to make dull children work sums correctly until they are nearly eight years old, and dull children may be let count their addition and subtraction by strokes as long as they need. Most of the boys who have come up from the infant school can take down numbers below 1,000 from dictation, and add up four columns of figures; they can also work subtraction 'without borrowing.' These therefore can be trusted to a monitor, and will, with a fair amount of attention, master 'borrowing and paying back' before next June. This further step I may explain. 'Sums with borrowing' should be taught by mental subtraction, with numbers of which one is below ten, and the other below twenty, as six from eleven; followed by easy sums on the blackboard, so that the children can see that the rule brings the right answer, as twenty wanting eighteen. I think it is best not to attempt to give the exact reasons for any rule in arithmetic to younger children.

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My Standard II. learn multiplication and division. Here my monitors must never advance to a new multiplier till the previous one is thoroughly mastered by nearly every one in the class. The patience required for this is a rare virtue in a young teacher. In multiplying by two significant digits, as twenty-seven, accompany the usual process by multiplying by each separately, by seven and by twenty; and then show that the sum of these products is equal to the product already found.

Singing.—Singing is taught by the master. We have an harmonium, which helps the children's voices and keeps them in tune. In every school year eight new songs must be learned: the younger boys sing treble, the elder ones alto. My share is to teach the words to my class: after this a few good singers soon teach the tune in the class-room by singing to them and then with them.

Grammar and Geography.—All the school *above the first standard* are taught grammar and geography, but as yet I am only preparing to begin these subjects with my upper class, and I have nothing from experience to say.

Drawing.—Not so with drawing. I have for two years assisted in teaching second-grade drawing to the pupil teachers, and first-grade to the children. With us the pencil is put into the hand of every boy and girl, and the time spent upon drawing decidedly improves the writing of the schools. Often a child with little cleverness or love for learning in other subjects shows much aptitude in this one. Our last March examination resulted in 142 boys and girls giving satisfactory proof of being taught drawing, many receiving certificates and prizes. My 'art certificate' * allows us to hold an art class on Thursday just after school, and this advances the whole study of drawing among the teachers and elder scholars.

Specific Subjects.—Some instruction is given in at least one of the specific subjects, as they are called in the code, to all boys *above the third standard.* A special grant is made for passing in these subjects, and without a pass in one at least the honour certificate will not be paid. Every Friday a lesson was given in physical geography, and towards the end the most likely were selected, to whom cards of questions were given in rotation to be answered on paper: the boys seemed by this means to advance rapidly at last.

I find the instruction and care I now have to give to the monitors under me is a pleasant variety; their decimal fractions, analysing sentences, map-drawing, and essay-writing, all interest me, and seem to prove that to confine a teacher to one standard, or to withdraw pupil teachers from the instruction of the head teacher of their own school, would be far from an advantage. When I know teachers speak about the *pleasantness* of having charge of many standards, and

* *Monthly Packet*, July, 1878.

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when I see the real *education* the teacher gives by this personal and progressive instruction, I am sure the extra difficulty for the teacher in organisation, and some loss it may be to the pupil teacher through inferior teaching, are more than compensated.

V. *Discipline.*—This leads me to speak of discipline again, and it will be easily imagined that the management of under teachers renders this more difficult and complicated. I try, when possible, to keep as much watch over the monitors as over each child, but when I have to leave them I wish them to feel they are trusted, and when I believe they are teaching conscientiously I do not fail to punish the child for rudeness or disobedience. Sometimes they put down the names of tiresome children on a slate, and then rub them out if they behave better. This calls out their discretion. The owners of all names left at the end of a lesson are in that case punished. Small children grow restless and fidgety the moment the teacher's eye is off them, and, should this neglect occur, it is difficult to restore order, for one must be careful not to punish for inattention, which is partly the teacher's fault. My second monitor has not yet learned how very constant a teacher's work must be; he thinks he may set eight or nine sums on a blackboard to be worked by his class, and amuse himself for a quarter of an hour while they are doing them; then he brings me the slates of half his class with no sums worked, and says, 'They must have been playing.'

'The primary object of all discipline should be a *good influence on the character*. The object of the teacher is not only to get the thing done, but done in a right spirit. Order and diligence are secondary objects of discipline, and these results must be obtained only by the application of such motives as exercise a beneficial influence over the whole nature.' Such are the true and faithful words of a lesson given to the students in S. Mark's College, Chelsea. I have heard a master tell his pupil teacher to manage his children by love, but I have found that to *appeal* to this motive only, even with elder children, is rather considered as a sign of weakness, and may produce the 'evils of indulgence,' which are, 'A loss of the sense of duty, self-will and ingratitude, and overbearing treatment of others.' Almost worse than these, however, are the 'evils of severity.' It produces 'slavishness and deceit, and makes all the school work to be associated with restraint and unkindness.'

Rewards and punishments must be varied according to the age and disposition of the children. My little boys look forward eagerly to getting their 'never-absent' tickets on Friday, and I like best such prizes as can be won by all who are diligent and attentive. Trying to be above others has ever seemed to me a temptation to envy and covetousness.

I sometimes watch the determined manner in which the younger

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monitor chalks the line for his class, and enforces order and attention chiefly by the power of his will. This strength of will is a gift for which every teacher who possesses it should thank God, only remembering that it will become the obstinate tyranny of Pharaoh and Saul, unless it is subdued to the Will of Him Whom to serve is to reign. He who would rule well must first learn to obey.

An important duty of that sympathy with children which helps you to accomplish the highest end of discipline, is to watch the company they keep. Dr. Arnold used to say that nothing so tells the changes in a boy's character; and often by hindering bad friendships and promoting good ones we may prevent faults instead of having to punish for them. In Sandford and Merton's hut, when the rain came through the flat roof, they made a different arrangement of the same sticks and straw, and all went well.

One word more. Our school has its gala days. The readers of the *Monthly Packet* have had described our happy Christmas-tree.* Equally momentous and joyful is prize-giving on S. Luke's Day. Last year the Lady Mayoress came to distribute the prizes. The whole number on the books for that week was 517, and 500 were present. The tickets of one half-penny value given to each boy and girl, 'never absent—never late, for a week,' amounted in 150 cases to sums sufficient to buy prizes. Besides, fifty-eight infants had attended above 350 times in the year and received prizes. This is the minimum attendance required for honour certificates in after years. The present holders of these certificates came forward first, receiving from her ladyship little velvet bags with their initials worked on them, containing the amount of the school fees paid in the last year. The 'Village Choristers' being sung, the vicar of the adjoining parish of S. Paul's complimented the children on the good time observed, saying he supposed it arose from the two schools being sometimes practised together. The Rural Dean of Stepney in his address said that in the Blue-Book lately published, S. Luke's School was mentioned by Her Majesty's Inspector as one of the 'most successful' in the Tower Hamlets division in 1877; having passed 90 per cent. in the boys' school. Mr. Wallace told us that he had just received the report of the inspection for 1878, and the girls had obtained this 'most successful' percentage, and that whilst 57·8 is the percentage of 'three passes,' in all England, in reading, writing, and arithmetic, S. Luke's had got 86·7.

It is worth while to say that the cost of each child's education was 1*l.* 8*s.* 5*d.* for the year ending May 31st, 1878; and that the school was positively kept up, and an average of 368 children taught in the year ending May 31st, 1879, by the grant and pence (the fee is

* *Monthly Packet*, January, 1879.

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less than 2¾*d.* a week for each child); and that 12*l.* was left over to reduce a debt owing from former years to the treasurer, no voluntary contribution being used for the year except a gift of books from the S.P.C.K. The lessons of economy and independence which S. Luke's Schools exhibit in such a parish as ours are as useful as any results coming from the more lavish expenditure now in favour. Perhaps the school cannot always have such a financial result, but it is certainly some comfort to me to think that my assistance has put one of our Church schools in such a position that we do not fear for the future.

It is now holidays: in less than a fortnight we are hoping to meet again for work. My story, therefore, will not end, though this paper must. I shall be sorry if my readers agree with a boy's remark on a dull morning when nothing seems cheerful, that 'teaching is not lively work,' for I want them to know that I think it gives intense interest to one's life. It has its element of romance, and, what is better, aspiration. It must be one of the highest vocations, for is not our Lord the Teacher of the Church and the Wisdom of God?

MARIA S. WALLACE.

S. LUKE'S, STEPNEY, *August*, 1879.

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A TRIP TO NORFOLK ISLAND,

ON THE OCCASION OF THE OPENING AND CONSECRATION OF THE MEMORIAL CHAPEL OF ST. BARNABAS.

It is about ten years ago that I, then a child, was walking down the road near Bishop's Court, Auckland, N.Z., when some one came up and said, 'Bishop Patteson has been killed,' and with a child's horror of anything dreadful, I persistently hoped that it was but a false report. Alas! it was too true, and soon the melancholy sound of the bell from the tower at Bishop's Court, tolling out its sad confirmation of the news, sent a thrill through us with each stroke. Then I can remember the universal grief, the funeral sermons, the churches draped in black—and as years passed we all began to let our sorrow pass into a deep reverence for the saintly martyr—fit friend for our other great and good Bishop Selwyn; and his death greatly helped to cure the evil that caused it, for the labour traffic (an outrage by some employed in it being revenged by the death of the next white man, who was, alas, Bishop Patteson) has from that time been put under strict supervision, and much less cruelty has been the result.

Ever since the Melanesian Mission was first established we have kept up a friendly intercourse with its members, and so you may imagine our pleasure when the kindest of invitations came from our friends at the St. Barnabas Mission Station, Norfolk Island, for my father and myself to go in the Mission vessel, *Southern Cross*, and be present at the consecration of the 'Memorial Chapel,' in memory of 'John Coleridge Patteson, D.D.' We had heard of its progress from year to year, and had had photographs of it in different stages, but now we were to see it with our own eyes. Our preparations in the way of shady hats and cool dresses—also warm rugs fit for the voyage—were soon made, and we started on the 25th of November, 1880, amid cheers and good wishes from a crowd of kind friends on the Auckland Wharf, who had assembled to see us off. It was a real bright New Zealand day, and the harbour and town looked very lovely as we slowly steamed out. When we began to settle down, we found ourselves forty-one passengers, and twelve crew. Captain Jacobs was in command on this voyage, he having been captain on the old *Southern Cross*, when Bishop Patteson was killed, and the kindest of captains he proved. Among the passengers were the Bishop of Waiapu, his daughter and niece; Mr. Dudley, who was for so long connected with the Mission, and his little daughter; Miss Atkin, Joseph Atkin's sister, who, by her kindness to the sick on the voyage, proved herself worthy of her martyred brother; eight or nine other clergymen, two

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Maories being among them, and a number of young ladies, all friends of the Mission folk. We were all rather tightly packed into the different cabins of the *Southern Cross*, we ladies having the saloon, a most comfortable little place, and the ladies' cabin; and the gentlemen having the 'schoolroom,' a large, roomy place, but rather hot, from the engine being close to it.

We were all remarkably cheerful, till outside Tiri-Tiri, at the entrance to the Auckland harbour; but then! well, the horrors of sea-sickness are known to those who have suffered them, and those who have not, why should I distress them by talking further on that dreadful subject? However, we had evening prayers that first night, and sang 'Sun of my soul,' and it did sound so very sweet on the water. We always had morning and evening prayer every day after that, and to these services the sailors would come, and here I must say that kinder sailors never trod deck. They were so good to all of us poor sea-sick things, and it was delightful to hear the way in which they spoke of the Mission, and what an interest they took in the work, and how much they seemed to love Bishop Selwyn. What more can I say of our passage, than that the sky was of the most exquisite blue, the water so clear and lovely that we could see the myriads of little jelly-fish and other curious sea-creatures floating about, and blue 'men-of-war' sailing along with their long towing-line out, and the beautiful albatross, the sign of good fortune, keeping near; then as if to show that that ultramarine coloured water had concealed in it that which could render it less fair than it looked, we could see the cruel shark's fin for a second or two above the shining waves. But the whole voyage there was like one long halcyon day, and the daily service, and unaccustomed sort of life (for some of us were Colonials, who had never left New Zealand before) made me think of Sir Amyas Leigh and his men holding their service under the tree before starting on their journey, and of the words, 'They went in the strength of that meat forty days.' On the 1st of December, just in the evening, a dear little black and white gull, blown off the land, came and settled on the end of the 'spanker-boom,'—do you know what that is? It seemed like a messenger sent to welcome us, so it was natural to see the next morning a dim shadow gradually grow clearer, and to be told that there was Philip Island; then a long low line revealed itself as Norfolk Island, and intense excitement reigned among us all. Philip and Nepean are two little rocky islets just off Norfolk Island, and, as we saw them, in the early morning, were most interesting objects. Philip Island has most beautiful red soil, and with the magnificent surf dashing high against it claimed our attention. There was such a furious swell on, that a signal was sent up from Norfolk Island to run round to the other side, and run round we did, and you can't think how exciting it was to feel the wind swelling out the sails, and to see the men all standing at the ropes, and hear the captain and

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mate shout their orders,—and then to see the wild surf dash against the rock-bound coast, and break in spray like an enormous fountain, and the water of that exquisite greeny-blue colour, and just as the waves curled over, an opal tint coming over them. It was so glorious, I never could have imagined anything like it; it seemed as if the ocean was trying to tear down the stubborn rocks that hindered its progress. Then at last we cast anchor at the Cascades on the other side of the island, where there was comparatively little surf, and we calmed down sufficiently to be very glad of some breakfast. This landing-place is called 'The Cascades,' because there are two miserable little streams coming over the top of the rocks. After a boat had gone off with a few of the passengers, chiefly those who belonged to the Mission, and who wanted to go and prepare the others for our arrival, we waited till a boat came off, with Bishop Selwyn himself in it, and with *such* a hearty welcome for us all. A boat, a huge whale-boat, belonging to the Norfolkers, and manned by them, came off to take all the ladies ashore. They were such fine swarthy looking men, dressed just in shirts and trousers, and splendid oarsmen; one was steering with a large oar, as a rudder is of no use in the surf. Bishop Selwyn helped us all into the boat with the greatest kindness, and we were rowed about a mile, I suppose, to the landing-place, a huge, flat rock, studded with iron rings; here we watched our opportunity and jumped ashore, after the waves had receded. Such a motley group met our eyes. First the dark Norfolkers in picturesque undress; then the Melanesian boys, of all shades of brown, with their woolly hair standing out round their heads; and then we saw the 'Santa Cruz' boys—lately brought from their island, with their ears stuffed full of rings—all welcoming us as if we had been known to them for years; there, too, were the Missionaries, with their warm greetings,—Mr. Palmer, Mr. Comins, and Mr. Rice; all and each vying with each other to show us kindness.

The wild beauty of the spot where we landed, made the artists of our party set to work with pencil and brush at once, and sketch as if for dear life; till at last the Bishop came ashore again, having seen every one safe and giving orders that all the bunting on the ship was to be brought up to the Mission Station, to help in the decorations on the great gala day, viz., the consecration day. Then began the loveliest drive I am ever likely to take. First up the hill, at the top of which we had a charming glimpse of the blue sea, and then along a road made long ago by the convicts, such a road! all hung over, in places, with white oaks in flower, and giving glimpses of the park-like country, with its clumps of grand pines, and dotted over with red and white cattle, and here and there the broad verandahed cottages of the Norfolkers, with their banana plantations behind them, and bright gardens in front, and pleasant-looking people coming out to see all the strange visitors. Further on we came to lemon-trees, growing

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by the road-side, with their golden-looking-fruit hanging in large clusters partly hidden among the leaves, while the sun shone with a brightness we had never seen before, far brighter than in this sunny land of New Zealand. The air was so soft, and the colouring of grass, trees, sky and sea so intense that we had no doubt about being in a foreign land. And here, I may as well say, that the scenery is totally unlike anything in New Zealand, for we have nothing park-like here, and there, every one said, who knew anything of England, that the whole island was like a gentleman's well-kept grounds.

At last we turned down a long straight avenue of pines, leading to the Mission Station, and there, at the bottom of the road, we caught sight of the chapel we had come all this way to see. On the other side of the road we passed first Mr. Palmer's house, with a hedge of some pretty blue flowering shrub; below that, three or four buildings used by the married Melanesians; then the stable and barn; not far from these is Bishop Selwyn's house, where Mr. and Mrs. Kaye were also living, as there was no house for them just then. Below the Bishop's is Mr. Rice's, and then Mrs. Colenso's. On the other side of the road, beside the chapel, is the large hall, kitchen, and printing-office; also Mr. Comins' and Mr. Codrington's houses, and a little further up, the old chapel and house, where Bishop Patteson lived, and where Mr. Penny and his Melanesian scholars live now. I was at Mrs. Colenso's, and she had eleven other visitors besides! But she was equal to the occasion, and managed as only a Mrs. Colenso could. We had quite luxurious quarters, and Mrs. Colenso was so kind and nice to us all.

The first thing we did was to have a welcome bath, and then we came out very great *swells* for luncheon, after which we went a tour of inspection, first to the new chapel—the effect of which on entering was to make us think, 'This is none other than the House of God.' We Colonials, who had never seen anything worth seeing in the way of a church, were perfectly astonished with its beauty. The pavement of marble, to the memory of 'Stephen Freemantle,' first Oxford Secretary of the Melanesian Mission, 'sent by his school and college friends,' is of black and white, and red and gray marble, and the upper part, raised five steps, is in a very lovely pattern or device, the right name for which is I believe 'Opus Alexandrinus.' The five lights in the apse are filled with the four evangelists, and the centre lights represent Christ, as the King of the world, with His hand raised in blessing the world which He holds in the other hand. The pillars of marble, which surround the windows, support capitals of white stone, carved by Mr. Codrington himself.

The reredos below is wonderfully beautiful, set with gold mosaic work, and has panels carved with palm leaves in groups of five, each knotted, in memory of that palm branch found on Bishop Patteson's breast after his death. The Altar cloth is worked with the palm branch

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with its five leaves, and a cross surmounted by a crown, and above the words, '*Log ronoga, God vavo tuka*' (Glory to God). There are also some beautiful dossal hangings worked by Lady Goodenough, in memory of her husband. The Altar cloth was worked by the Miss Pattesons.

The organ, given from the proceeds of the *Life of Bishop Patteson*, stands on the south side, in an organ-chamber, and the vestry is in a corresponding recess on the north side. The font of Devonshire marble was the loveliest we had many of us ever seen, and the rose window and five lights under it at the west end are full of coloured glass, S. Philip baptizing the Ethiopian seeming to hold a very significant place, especially when we think that it and the other windows at that end are in memory of the other martyrs of the Melanesian Church. A brass against the wall tells the reader whom the church is erected in memory of. The side lights are plain and square-headed, and the eaves outside come down very deep over them. There are wooden pillars let into the stone walls, and the roof has heavy beams running across it—this somehow looks peculiar—but as there is no particular style of architecture they cannot be called out of place. The exterior is very curious, and has a heavy porch near the door—just like a lean-to. Some of the stones used in building the chapel were taken from the old convict buildings, and you can still trace letters on some of them.

We went over some of the other buildings afterwards. All the houses have deep verandas, and large dormitories for the boys or girls—the girls being at the houses of the married clergy. All the houses looked delightfully cool, and with pretty photographs and prints and illuminated texts about and bright flowers gave one a sense of comfort and cheerfulness. The native boys and girls seem on the most filial terms with the Mission folk; their whole behaviour shows that they govern them by the 'love which casteth out fear.'

We saw Bishop Patteson's room, which he describes so cheerily in his letters to his sisters, and there over the mantelshelf is the copy of Leonardo da Vinci's *Last Supper*, just as it hung when he was there, and many of his other things are still about—the boys slipping in and out just as they used to do in his time; and from the broad veranda the beautiful view of Mount Pitt's forest-covered slopes which he used to look at. We also went into the old chapel, now used as a class-room and turned into a barracks for some of the visitors during our stay; there is a door between the Bishop's rooms and the chapel, through which he used to hear the service when ill. Could he but see—and who shall say he does not?—his fulfilled vision of a beautiful church, would he not be glad that that also is one of the fruits of his death?

The hall is a lofty large building, where a long table down the middle was full from end to end each day. The Melanesians generally dine in hall too, but as we were so many, they cooked for themselves,

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and lived picnic fashion for a treat, and we used to hear them shouting round their fires in the evening as merry as possible.

The little girls are dear little things, with such mops of soft wool we were always catching hold of it, the 'feel' of it was so cosy. One used to come softly into our room with tea at five A.M.; she was a charming child, always ready for a bit of fun. Both boys and girls have the run of all the rooms in the different houses, but, unlike white children, they are never in the way, and though five or six may be about, one is never disturbed by them. The girls wear print jackets and skirts, and the boys shirts and trousers, of course no hats or shoes. The girls are taught to sew, and they do a great deal of work for the Mission in the way of mending, &c., and they are also taught house work, besides the three R's, and of course Bible teaching, which is made the chief thing. The Mission ladies teach the girls: they never go to the school at all with the boys; but a great part of the teaching must be from the atmosphere of the place, and example. The girls always left the chapel before the boys, and went out so quietly and reverently. I suppose that as I am a woman, I was more taken up with the girls than the boys, but some of the latter seem exceedingly nice fellows. The older ones who waited at table on us thought it fine fun, and did it in a very handy manner.

They do a great deal of work on the farm, and learn to cook, look after the cows, make butter, and print. The forms for the consecration service were printed by some of them. We saw them at school one morning; the elder boys taught the younger ones, and seemed very earnest over the work. One class of elder boys, taught by one of the white clergy, were having a lesson on the third chapter of St. Matthew, and answered in a very thoughtful manner. They are not a bit like Maories, and have not any of the impertinence of Maori children, and turn shyly away if looked at too much; they are merrier, and much shorter, and I think they are a gentler race altogether. One day we went to see the married folk, who live in a long house under some pines. Each couple have a room to themselves, and there is one large sitting room. There were some sweet little babies there; we gave them sugar plums, and they did like them so. One very young baby was kept so nice by its mother—quite a young girl.

They have a harmonium in their sitting room; some play very well, one boy, Alfred, played at the service in church once. Most of the married folks were teachers from their islands for a holiday. They do a great deal of good at their own islands. Some of the new scholars have been taught to read at their own houses by these old scholars, so when they come to Norfolk Island there is a foundation laid for superior teaching, and it saves much valuable time. All the boys and girls are from numberless different islands, and all speak different languages; but at Norfolk Island they are obliged to learn Mota, the language spoken in an island of that name in the Bankes group. In the

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daily services, the islands from which scholars came were prayed for by name, and it was pleasant to hear the list end with 'Santa Cruz,' and to think that at last boys from that fierce group were at the Mission and being taught better things.

The day after we arrived was spent in riding or driving about. We rode over to the settlement to see Mr. Nobbs, the venerable pastor of the Norfolkers; he lives in one of the old convict houses, with a broad veranda of stone. He is a most courtly old man, and is quite a patriarch with numbers of children and grandchildren. On Sundays a great many of them come to his house between the services for dinner, then one can see the family in perfection. All the Norfolkers are exceedingly hospitable, and welcomed us to their houses with great kindness. When we left Mr. Nobbs's house we went to see his son Francis, who was magistrate. He has a well-cultivated 'Fence,' as they call their farms; from there, we went up Mount Pitt, through the groves of lemon trees. On the slopes of Mount Pitt is a thick bush, where in old days any convicts who managed to escape lived on any wild fruits they could get, and in consequence one of the governors ordered all the orange trees which were there to be destroyed. The view from the summit was simply exquisite; the land lay like a fair garden before one, and the Mission station looked so snug and comfortable in its fields. Just between a break in the cliffs was the flat covered with the old prisons and soldiers' barracks, where now the Norfolkers live. A watchman used to live on this hill, and there are traces of a house and garden still there. Some monarch pines, white with long beards of lichen, reared their broken heads out above the rest of the wood. We found a red salvia, and blue hydrangea at the top of the hill. A fast canter brought us home in time to dress for dinner, at six P.M., after which we went to chapel, and then back to the hall again, which was full with Melanesians and visitors. The boys and girls sang Mota rounds; one was to the tune of 'Oh dear, what can the matter be,' another was 'Come follow, follow me.' One of the visitors, a lady with a beautiful voice, then sang 'The nightingale's trill,' and the boys and girls were delighted, clapping and grinning, with all their white teeth showing. 'However does she breathe?' and 'She sings so nicely, that I should like to embrace her,' this last from a little girl. The girls in two rows sat looking very demure, but the first row hid the second, who were clapping most heartily. We tried in vain to get a genuine native ditty, they were too shy, even when Heriona, the Maori deacon, sang a regular Maori song, ending with a wild shriek. As we all went home to our various quarters in the dark, we heard the wild joyous shouts of the Melanesians as they poured out of hall, but even they could hardly have enjoyed it all more than we did. On Saturday we went to see some Norfolk Island sports, a race, throwing cricket-ball, &c. They were held in the schoolmaster's (Mr. Rossiter's) paddock, and that hospitable man afterwards took us into his banana plantation. Such a

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beautiful sight! the rows and rows of polished stems and arched leaves over head reminded us of a Gothic church; there were aisles, nave, transepts, over and over again—here and there huge banana clusters hung down in various stages of ripeness.

We went through a plantation of maize to some strawberry beds which we almost cleared! and then Mr. Rossiter showed us arrowroot growing. The Norfolk Island arrowroot is particularly good—as different from what one buys under that name in shops as it can well be. After evening chapel, on Saturday, which service was wholly conducted by the Maori clergy and the Melanesians, we went to see the boys dancing some native dances. That of the Opa boys had figures resembling a quadrille, and the latter part of Sir Roger de Coverley. The Solomon Islanders was the best however; they went through all the different motions used in rowing a canoe, making a grunting noise sometimes, diversified by other curious sounds. I was very much amused by seeing how some very small boys would persist in pushing into the row of bigger boys, and trying to do as they did. One of the Mission party told me that on their own islands they get so excited over these dances that they go on all night. Fireworks concluded this day, the boys' yells and shrieks at the rockets, &c., were something to be heard and remembered.

On Sunday I went to the Norfolk Islanders' service in their church, which is one of the old commissariat stores, with the ceiling of one story taken down, making a long and very fairly high room. It has a coloured window to the memory of Edwin Nobbs and Fisher Young, and a desk, in memory of Mrs. Selwyn, who was greatly loved by the Norfolkers. Nearly the whole congregation stayed to the Communion—a most impressive sight, when one is used to the exact reverse in so many English or New Zealand churches. I am glad I did not miss this service, but by going over to the town, as they call the settlement, we missed a nice English service and sermon by Bishop Selwyn at the Mission chapel, which every one said was exceedingly beautiful. However, we were present at the evening service in St. Barnabas, and there were baptisms; six boys and one little girl stood round the font, their godfathers behind them. Bishop Selwyn baptized them in a particularly kind, fatherly manner, putting his arm round the neck of each, as they came up. They were so reverent, each went and knelt in his place, when he or she was baptized, and so continued till the end. The dear little girl was called Anna, and we were surprised when we heard that the strong-looking young man who stood godfather to her was her husband! and that she had been six months married. She really was seventeen, but looked quite a little girl; she was a nice little thing. I am sure their whole behaviour showed how thoroughly they understood what they were about, and one of the visitor clergy, who had examined them, was delighted with their answers and nowledge of the solemn rite they were to take part in.

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On Monday a steamer called, bringing news of the cutting out of a boat's crew, by the Solomon Islanders: such a tale only brought into greater contrast the state of their countrymen in the school, who are being taught in order to go to those very islands, and bring their misguided fellow men to a knowledge of the Gospel of Peace.

This was so rainy a day that the elements seemed in accord with the sad story. The next day, Tuesday the 7th, was to be *the* great day, and a service was held after chapel on Monday night for the Mota communicants. The day rose bright and clear, and with flags flying, and all the boys in new blue trousers and white shirts and the girls in light cottons, and all of us in gala array, the whole place looked festive. We did not go to the *Mota* communion, because there was to be a celebration in English at the service which was to commence at 10 A.M., so after breakfast, where all the boys and girls joined us, we waited till some of the Norfolkers had come up, they being especially invited, because of their part in the service, in memory of Edwin Nobbs and Fisher Young.

Extra benches had to be brought in, and when all were accommodated, all the clergy came in while we sang 'The Church's one Foundation.' It was nice to see Mr. Nobbs there, and the two Maori and one Melanesian (Edward Wogale) clergymen, besides the long double row of Mission and New Zealand priests, followed by the two Bishops. They walked first up and then again down and round the oleander decorated font, while Psalm cxv. was chanted (all in Mota of course). Then followed some beautiful prayers that all who were baptized, confirmed, received the Sacrament, married, or who prayed or listened to God's Word in that chapel might be blessed. Then Bishop Selwyn pronounced the sentence of consecration, and Morning Prayer was proceeded with, the first Lesson being 1st Kings viii. 22—61, the second Heb. xii. 18 to the end. After Morning Prayer the Melanesians went out and the Communion Service began—the following beautiful prayer being used after that for the Church Militant:—

'Most Merciful God, Who dost grant unto Thy chosen servants grace by the innocency of their lives and constancy of their faith even unto death to glorify Thee, we give Thee hearty thanks for the life and death of thy servant John Coleridge Patteson, first Bishop of this Mission, in whose memory we now dedicate this church to Thee; and for the example of those who died with him, Joseph Atkin, priest, and Stephen Taroniara, catechist, of this Mission, with whom through Thine almighty comfort "it was well" at the hour of death. We bless Thee also for the children of this island, Edwin Nobbs and Fisher Young, who, wounded at Santa Cruz, were content "doing their duty" to die in Thy service.

'And we also glorify Thy Name for those who having served thee in this Mission have departed in Thy faith and fear; for George Augustus, Bishop of New Zealand, Bishop of Lichfield, our Founder;

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for William Nihill, priest, who died at Nengone; for Robert Simeon Jackson, priest; for Sarah Palmer and Clara Selwyn, whose memories are dear and precious to us; and for all those who coming from heathenism and being made Thine by baptism have joyfully passed through the grave and gate of death.

'And while we remember these, who, working with us, have left us the brightness of their example, we also praise Thy glorious Name for the example of James Graham Goodenough, Commodore in the Royal Navy, who, seeking to win the friendship of the people of Santa Cruz, was with two of his men wounded unto death, yet suffered not vengeance to be taken, and witnessing a good confession calmly yielded up his soul to Thee. For all these, O Lord, we render unto Thee most hearty thanks, we praise and glorify Thee; humbly beseeching Thee to give us grace so to follow their good examples, that with them we may be received into Thy eternal and glorious kingdom, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.'

The Epistle was Heb. x. 19 to 25. The Gospel St. John iv. 19 to 23.

A hymn written for the occasion by Bishop Selwyn was sung to the tune 'Melita.' These are the words:—

'*Look that thou make them after the pattern which was showed thee in the mount.*'
—EXODUS XXV.

'O God Jehovah, Who didst dwell
Amidst the tents of Israel,
When on Thy mercy-seat was poured
The sudden Glory of the Lord.
Grant us Thy Presence here to-day,
And fill this Temple as we pray.

'Thou, Who upon the Mount didst show
The heavenly type of things below;
Grant us at Thy right hand to scan
The pattern of the Son of Man.
That in the Islands of the Sea
A living Church may rise to thee.

'Descend, O Lord, that we in prayer
With Thee may sweet communion share;
May learn Thy orders for the strife;
And, strengthened with the Bread of Life,
May onward press, till, Jordan past,
We with Thy Saints find rest at last.

'And as Thy people unto Thee,
Each from his heart, gave willingly;
So teach us here like gifts to make,
Ourselves, our dearest, for Thy sake:
Then number us in Thy dear love
As jewels on Thy Throne above.

'Yet not alone,—Each Offering bore
Something of spoiled Egypt's store.
And thus to Thee be ever given
Souls won from sin, from earth to Heaven.
Brought with us from the lands of night,
To shine for ever in Thy sight.'

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There were eight clergy administering the Holy Communion, in a double line, and the heart-stirring sight of *oneness* (all communicating) was again granted us. Strange, that we should have to go so far, to that lonely isle in the Pacific, before we could join in services, the like of which ought to be a usual Christian sight. Though the service was unusually long we were not a bit tired, and I for one was quite sorry when it was over.

At 5 P.M. all the rest of the Norfolkers that could come came to an English service in the new church. They sang well and without any accompaniment, only Driver Christian striking the tuning-fork and running up the scale till he got the right note. Bishop Stuart preached to them. Bishop Selwyn entertained them at tea afterwards in hall, and we all waited on them. The Melanesians had a treat of sardines and biscuit, and picniced about. They had dressed up their heads with flowers, and looked so picturesque—one boy had covered his hair with honeysuckle blossoms in rows, but the favourite style was a row of double scarlet hibiscus or geranium, from the forehead to the nape of the neck. Fireworks and a Mota service at 10 P.M. (very short), concluded the day, one of the most memorable in the annals of the Mission, and in the history of the Norfolk Islanders.

The next day, alas! we had to say adieu. The Bishop told us at breakfast that there would be a Farewell Service at 11 A.M., and a cart would come for our portmanteaus and carpet-bags before that, and that we were on our way to the *Southern Cross*, to go to a flower show, held at a place called 'Longridge.' So we made our rounds, saying farewell and sighing to think that, like all things delightful in this world, our visit was at an end. We all had quantities of curiosities from the different islands, which we had bought or had been presented with. Tortoise-shell eating knives, just like paper cutters, clubs with a rare polish on them, shell rings, marvels of patience in the grinding of them, kits of all sizes and shapes, bracelets and shell-money, ornamented bamboo ear-sticks, and spears. The Farewell Service was very appropriate. The 107th Psalm was followed by the lesson about Christ walking on the water.

We all went from the chapel to Longridge, a beautiful little circular spot under some trees, where on tables were laid out yams and potatoes, sugar-cane, bananas, strawberries, and bags of arrowroot and many other things, and flowers. The carts in which the Norfolkers had brought their produce were tilted up around, and groups of the exhibitors stood with their wives and daughters about, while the little barefooted children ran in and out, looking shyly at us with their particularly large dark eyes. Most of the Melanesian boys were there too, with bamboo spears in their hands, and what with the curious semi-tropical fruits, the bright flowers, the numbers of people, and the band playing (for they have a band, consisting of violins, a harmonium, drum, and some kind of wind instruments), the scene

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was exhilarating and picturesque to the last degree. I don't think I ever saw such a pretty sight. The artists of our party were delighted, and one climbed up one of the oaks to sketch a bird's-eye view. We saw the original John Evans there. Mr. Nobbs did not come, he is getting too old now to exert himself. Our Norfolk friends gave us a very good dinner, the table-cloths being spread round the circle, and we had some old-fashioned Pitcairn dishes, such as yam fritters, &c., among other good things provided.

Then there were some speeches. Bishop Selwyn's short and to the point. Mr. Codrington, making some observations on the exhibition, &c., and Mr. Mills, late M.P. for Exeter, who had come with us in the *Southern Cross* to see the Norfolkers, gave them some exceedingly sensible advice, about trying to make use of the products of the island. From Longridge, we went, loaded with all sorts of presents from these kind people, down to the stone pier built long ago by the convicts. Some way out lay the *Southern Cross* all ready, and we were soon on our way to her, over the blue swell which was rolling in. What a hand-shaking there was, and what regrets, that this charmed time had come to an end, though it will be for ever present in our memories! How sorry all the Melanesians were, making a curious clicking sound with their tongues to show their grief, and then another hand-shaking on board, for all the Mission clergy came off with us. And last of all Bishop Selwyn went over the side with 'God bless you,' and ringing cheers, the last we heard him give being 'three for the last to give in.'

And so it was all over, though we watched till evening the gradually fading outline of that earthly paradise. . . There is little to add of the return voyage, except that most of us were sea-sick before we were out of sight of land, and that we all of us felt we had been present at services which it was a privilege to share in, and had seen enough of the work to make us take even more than our former interest in it, and to be thankful that we had been permitted to see some of the good effects of the Gospel preached amid the 'isles of the sea.'

TE AROHA.

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JAMES HINTON.*

THERE are biographies and biographies. There is the style of book which Mrs. Linnet used to look through to see what disease the hero died of, and whether by turning over the pages she could catch sight of anything that savoured of ordinary life, such as 'small-pox,' 'pony,' or 'boots and shoes'; and there is the biography which seems to give us an additional friend, so clearly we discover by it what its subject thought and believed, and how he translated his belief into action.

The *Life of James Hinton* is such a biography; and it well repays the reader who will take the trouble, not merely to read it, but to study it. It is not light reading. It is not one of the books which can be taken up when you are tired or sleepy, or in the interval between lawn-tennis and dinner. Hinton's letters are by no means easy reading; he presupposes a good deal of philosophical thought and knowledge in those to whom he writes; and even when this is granted his style is often rather obscure. But it is partly the originality of the ideas which he expresses which makes them difficult to grasp; for Hinton was an original thinker in the region of morals, and few can take in a new idea as easily as they can an old one. Perhaps, however, the most satisfactory thing about these same ideas of his is, that once grasped they seem to be old, not new. So he would have said himself: that they are as old as Christianity, and that all Christians who for the last eighteen hundred years have in any high degree realised their own ideal have implicitly acted them out. What he has done has been to formulate them in words as fundamental principles of morality.

The aim of this paper is to speak of Hinton's thoughts rather than of his life; but a slight sketch of the latter is necessary to explain how he came to think as he did.

He was the son of a Baptist minister, and was brought up in a somewhat severe, yet not unkindly, home-training, in which the highest type of Calvinism seems to have pervaded daily life as well as religion. There was a large family, and at fifteen the boy, who had not shown any remarkable promise at school, was sent to earn his own living as cashier in a wholesale woollen-draper's in Whitechapel. There, in contact with the coarsest forms of misery and vice which the back slums of London can supply, the boy's soul woke to life. He became inspired with an intense desire to do something to set these moral and social wrongs right. 'To make Whitechapel a little better' was his most intense desire years and years afterwards, so deeply had this

* *Life and Letters of James Hinton.* Edited by Ellice Hopkins. Kegan Paul and Co.

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boyish impression burnt itself into his heart. 'Nothing but my having lived in Whitechapel (I thank God every day for that) could have saved me,' he says, speaking of the respectable selfishness which most people think not only allowable, but right.

He only stayed in Whitechapel for a year; the next year or two he spent as clerk in an insurance office in the city, where all his spare time was given up to a devouring passion for knowledge, which put him mentally and physically into an unhealthy state, only cured by the wise advice of the family doctor, who said that what he wanted was real mental work, and that he ought to study for some profession. Accordingly, he was entered at S. Bartholomew's Hospital as a student when he was twenty, and thenceforward he gave no more anxiety to his family.

The story of James Hinton's love—how, after many years 'attachment, he was refused because, though the girl he loved returned his affection, she thought it wrong to marry any one who had given up his belief in the doctrines of Christianity, as he at this time had done; how nobly he acquiesced in her decision, as the highest right for both of them; and how, after waiting a while longer, during which he went out to Jamaica and worked as a surgeon there, the mists cleared, and he found himself able to believe again, finding 'a stronger faith his own'; and how he came home, and finally married his Margaret—all this must be read in Miss Hopkins's book. But one word must be said about these same difficulties of his, the clearing away of which brought so intense and vivid a faith to him for the rest of his life.

His difficulties seem to have been based less upon intellectual than upon moral grounds. He had outgrown the Calvinism in which he had been brought up, and had not yet learnt that the Christian faith did not stand or fall with the dogmas of Calvinism, as he had been taught that they did. His moral sense revolted against these, and a terrible struggle followed. Little by little the light came back. It was on moral grounds that he again learnt to accept Christianity, though not Calvinism; the moral proof of experience overbore the intellectual difficulties which for a while still troubled him. 'Being fully assured,' he says, 'that when I am most a Christian I am the best man, I am content to adhere to that as my guide in the absence of better light, and wait till God shall afford me some.'

And so, at last, the better light came.

He began his married life in a modest way, but he soon became sufficiently successful as an aural surgeon to command a good income by professional work. But this did not satisfy him. He wanted to do some work in the world which should effect some larger human good than the care of bodily disease; and the way in which he thought he could best attain this end was by working out the thoughts which to him offered a clue to the chief difficulties which beset modern life and society. So he made up his mind to give up his professional

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practice, and the income it brought him, and to endeavour to earn enough for the necessaries of life for his wife and family by his pen.

Accordingly, he settled down with his wife and three children in 'a tiny house in Tottenham, the dimensions of the sitting-room being such that he used to boast that he could open the door with one hand, poke the fire with the other, and had nature given him a third could have opened the window, all without the trouble of rising from his seat.' Mrs. Hinton seconded his desires in every way, and for a time the experiment seemed to answer; but the facts of life proved in the end too stern for it. The income brought in by his philosophic writings was too precarious even for the modest expenses of the little household, and after a desperate struggle with himself, he made up his mind to give it up, and return to his practice. But by this time he felt that he could not carry on medicine and philosophy together; the latter, which was most congenial to his mind, took up his thoughts so persistently that he could not give his profession the attention and study which it demanded; and finally he made up his mind to resign the hope of giving to mankind the great truths that seemed to be just within his reach. In doing this, he learnt personally what was the meaning of the 'sacrifice' on which he insisted so much in his teaching; but in after years he came to see that these years of uncongenial work had been a needful training for a greater usefulness, and rejoiced in what at the time seemed to be unmitigated and objectless suffering.

For six years he persevered in this course; he kept his philosophic notebooks under lock and key, and gave his whole attention to his profession, in which he rose to the highest eminence as an aural surgeon. After this time an eminent London surgeon told him that there could be no reason for his persevering in this course, since he had attained the highest skill in his profession, and that he would be perfectly justified in taking up philosophy again after his day's work. But the double strain was more than his brain could stand. In another six years it became evident that his health was failing from over-work; he had accumulated piles of MSS. which only wanted arranging, and ever further and further vistas of work opened out before his eyes; but, like the invincible sword in *Sigurd the Volsung*, which snapped in the midst of the battle at the touch of Odin the giver when the time was come, the instrument which could have completed the work broke down. In 1875 he died of inflammation of the brain, at the age of fifty-three.

As this sketch will show, James Hinton's life was a very uneventful one; he had a most happy and congenial home, a circle of warmly-attached friends, and from his marriage to his death the only occurrence that can be called an incident in his life is his attempt to live by his philosophy, and its failure. But out of this uneventful life came forth thoughts which have thrown new light for many minds

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on old facts, whose familiarity had sometimes made them meaningless.

Only one or two of these can be touched on here; but an account of James Hinton would give but little idea of the man without some allusion to his theory of Altruism.

The word may be unfamiliar to some, and therefore a little preliminary explanation may not be out of place. Altruism is a term which originated in the philosophy of Comte. Comte and the Positivists object to Christianity that Christians make their own personal happiness in another world the end of life; and they argue that working for a personal reward, however noble the reward might be, and however useful the work, is only a refined selfishness. It is a higher ideal, they say, to ignore self altogether, and to work with no prospect of future reward to improve the world and to make humanity better and happier, the happiness of others being in itself the only guerdon desired. Working, in any shape, ultimately for self, they call Egoism; working ultimately for others they call Altruism.

If Comte's view of Christianity were correct, he would no doubt be right in claiming for his ideal a loftier morality than could be found in Christianity; and he had much excuse for taking this view, because for centuries it has been common to find Christian preachers and teachers speaking and writing as if the personal happiness of the individual were the ultimate end to be considered, rather than in S. Bernard's spirit: 'My God, I love thee—*not* because I hope for heaven thereby.' But, at the same time, there is something to be said on the other hand. It is urged that the desire of happiness is as strong an instinct in the human soul as the desire of food in the human body; and it is further urged that this desire of happiness does not incur any blame from the lips of our Lord and the writings of the Apostles, except so far as it is the desire of a lower kind of happiness rather than a higher. How are we to reconcile this fact with the moral approval which we cannot help feeling for the Altruistic standard when it is put before us, which gives, literally hoping for nothing again?

This is one of the problems which hardly any reflective person can escape from at some period of their lives. Different minds deal with it in different ways. Some accept the assertion that the Positivist standard is the highest, without giving the Christian one quite a fair consideration, and the necessary result follows. Some make up their minds to leave it an open question. Some persuade themselves that their moral sense is wrong, and that what seems to them a higher standard is in reality exaggerated and Quixotic. While others, who can neither deny the conclusions of their moral sense, nor yet endure to question their faith, carry about with them a burden of suppressed and unrecognised doubt which must do them harm morally, intellectually, and spiritually. For after all, the question resolves itself

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into this, which is not merely speculative, but most painfully practical to Christian men and women: 'Can the ideal set before us by our Lord *not* be the highest ideal possible to man?'

Happily for us this does not seem at all an insoluble difficulty, if we look at our Lord's own words, and not at the construction we ourselves have put upon them. What did He look upon as the object of legitimate desire—happiness, greatness, reward, whatever we may please to call it? His own words seem to tell us plainly enough:—

'There was a strife among them, which of them should be accounted the greatest; and He said unto them, "He that is greatest among you, let him be as the younger; and he that is chief, as he that doth serve. For whether is greater, he that sitteth at meat, or he that serveth? is not he that sitteth at meat? But I am among you as he that serveth. Ye are they that have continued with me in my temptations; *and I appoint unto you a kingdom as my Father hath appointed unto me.*"'

Do not these last words, taken in connection with the context, seem to show that the kingdom, the reward Our Lord promised to His disciples, is not something earned by service, but service itself? Service is the true greatness; it is in itself reward and happiness, not the means of earning reward and happiness, and the higher the reward the fuller and greater the power of service. And if this be so, surely, after all, Altruism, and not selfishness, is the fundamental basis of Christian morality.

This was James Hinton's view. He considered that service in itself was the ultimate aim to which men ought to look; and that the fundamental question in all morality ought to be, not so much 'How shall I be virtuous?' as 'How can I best be of service to others?' True, every one would own that the answer to both questions, as far as action is concerned, is much the same; but the spirit which produces and moulds the action is different. The one question puts self first, the other the needs of other people. Of course, as he observes, a man has to attend to his own moral state in order to be fit for service, just as he has to attend to his own physical state; but if service be the main object of his thoughts he may attain self-forgetfulness; if his own improvement is his aim, he cannot lose self-consciousness.

This theory of service led with him to a consideration of the meaning of pain and sacrifice—the needful accompaniments of all service worthy the name, which make it at times seem a foolish paradox to say that service is happiness.

It has been the way with mankind to consider sacrifice and pain as evils; but under certain circumstances, when men are raised out of themselves by strong feeling, sacrifice and pain are not felt as evils, but as the most exquisite kind of happiness. Such is the case with a mother nursing a sick child, who would not for the world let any one else undergo the privation and fatigue which its care imposes on her, because her love makes her rejoice in doing it. It is the same with

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any intense love, even to the Highest of all, as Browning brings out in his poem of *Saul*:—

'Could I wrestle to raise him from sorrow, grow poor to enrich,
To fill up his life, starve my own out, I would—knowing which,
I know that my service is perfect. Oh, speak through me now!
Would I suffer for him that I love? So would'st Thou—so wilt Thou!
So shall crown thee the topmost, ineffablest, uttermost crown,
And Thy love fill infinitude wholly, nor leave up nor down
One spot for the creature to stand in! It is by no breath,
Turn of eye, wave of hand, that Salvation joins issue with Death!

As a rule, however, there is no doubt that we do not feel this joy in sacrifice; and Hinton's theory is that we only feel sacrifice as painful because we are morally sick. When through intense love which lifts us out of ourselves we attain in some degree to moral health, we delight in sacrifice. We are like rheumatic patients, who feel pain in the same motion of the limbs which is pleasant to healthy persons, and unconsciously performed by them. It is the deficiency of our love for mankind which makes the sacrifice painful, which is the necessary condition of our serving them.

He went further, carrying on this idea from voluntary to involuntary pain—sacrifices and privations entailed upon us against our will by the laws according to which God has ordered the course of the world. His idea seems to have been that if once we could see the real purpose and use of these laws, whose working gives us so much pain, and which we have no choice given us to accept or not to accept, we should be so glad, for the sake of mankind, that we should rejoice in the pain which they entail upon us.

'Mr. Hinton once put it thus: Suppose, instead of Curtius, a slave, hating Rome, and cursing her with his last breath, had been bound hand and foot and thrown into the gulf to save the city. Yet, suppose in some future state of existence, that slave had come to see the part Rome was to play in the civilisation of the world, and was to say in his heart, "I am glad I was sacrificed for Rome," at once the involuntary sacrifice would be made his own, filling him with an infinite joy and satisfaction. So Mr. Hinton held that our most blank-seeming woes, the pains and privations we have the most grudged as barren of all good, may have forward ends—be, in fact, so much stored-up force—and become the very material of the noblest joy when the "more life and fuller" shall have revealed the true uses they serve in the redemption of the world.'

What was the personal effect upon his own soul of such thoughts as these, is best expressed in his own words. The letter is written to his wife:—

'I wish you were less subject to physical depression—that is, I should *like* it very much; but I blush when I find myself saying I wish things were otherwise than they are. I don't mean it. I can't mean it. I could not wish that if I were to try ever so.

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'People would think that strange or difficult, or the result of some ridiculous philosophising. But they don't know the secret. They don't know how simple it is. They've no idea that it wants only Faith (the most natural and easiest thing in the world when we can get rid of a few prepossessions of our own), and 'tis all done. I can't forget for one moment that man is being saved—the wonder and glory and joy of it fill and glorify all things. No one could forget it, or care in his secret heart about anything else, who once believed it. That's all. I do affirm nothing is wanted but faith. We are saved by faith, we are "made right" by faith; that's being justified. Of course, it makes a man right to believe in Christ, in the redemption by His blood. He can't keep wrong. In spite of himself he is taken and turned right round, sees everything just the opposite to what he thought. He had no idea, before, the world was anything like that; all this evil was a mere mystery and perplexity to him, a thing he had to avoid as much as possible, to take as much care of himself and others as he could, and—and—well, he didn't know; he could not understand, there were awful things, and very dark problems, we should not seek to penetrate so far, our duty was clearly to secure our own salvation and a happy eternity; and this world was clearly designed for happiness, man ought to enjoy himself, the creatures of God are good and to be received with thankfulness, it would be a beautiful world if there were not sin. And let us try to get such a position as will give us influence for good, for everlasting interests depend upon our exertions.

'Is it not so?

'But if he believes! Behold old things have passed away and all things have become new. There is not much to be said; indeed, words don't seem wanted. But, Meggie, the quiet bliss and wonder, and absolute surrender, the shame and self-abhorrence with which the heart shrinks back into itself, the new meaning there is put into that word "God," so that whereas before it came but feebly and with hesitation from our tongues, now it never will be absent—the fire that is in us to tell all men of this wonder, this God, whom it is eternal life to know—these things cannot be described. "There is no more *want*." I think that comes nearest to it—we've got all that we *want*, we wanted things before because we *didn't know* what the world was. Now hunger and thirst, and pain and nakedness are welcome: they *are* what we want, for they are the salvation of the world. What we *like* is of no moment any more; to be crucified with Christ, that is our gladness; our one desire, that our willing service should not be wanting in the work of God.' (Pp. 160, 161.)

So again, in a letter written to his boy at school:—

'Then, too, we see that if He sends us sorrows and difficulties, He only sends them because they are the true blessings, the things that are truly good; what He himself took when He was a man among us. He would have us like Himself, with a happiness like His own, and nothing below it; and so, as His own happiness is in taking sorrow and infirmity, and ever assisting, and giving and sacrificing Himself, He gives us sorrows too, and weaknesses, which are not the evils that we think them, but are what we should be most happy in, if we were perfect and had knowledge like Him. So there is a use and a service in all we bear, in all we do, which we do not know, but which He knows, and which in Christ He shows to us. It is a use *for others*, a hidden use, but one which makes all our life rich, and that richest which is most like Christ's.'

It has been objected to the principle of Altruism that it is a weak desire for the happiness of others which would practically degrade them, because it encouraged them in selfishness. And no doubt we often see a kind of love which does seem to put the health, comfort, and ease of the person loved above his growth in goodness and his usefulness in his generation. But that the Altruism which James Hinton believed in was no weak petting, the following extracts will show:—

'Is there not,' he says, 'a real light in the counsel to love God with all our heart, and our neighbour as ourselves? There is a real strangeness in this com-

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mand in respect to our neighbour. It has even been quoted as a reason for not making great sacrifices for him, on the ground that we should not like any one to do so much for us; and were not this right, indeed, if there were not with it that which is the condition of this loving our neighbour as ourself, viz. the absolute, all-absorbing love to God? If we have thought of what loving God is, then is not the place of the neighbour plain? Does it not mean that individuals are not to be to us as man, as the world? that that is to be the first, and all men thought of and served for it?

'For what is loving God? Is it the love one gives one's lap-dog? Is not the only true love sympathy in God's work, devotion to that which the loved One loves, in which He lives. Is any other love worthy of the name, least of all any other love to God? Is not this the only true thought of love to God, devotion to His work, absolute desire and care for that, a passion, ruling and absorbing all, for man's life, for the world and its redemption? and all else that assumes its name, all devotion that is not devotion to some good, some work that is His work, is it not mere superstition? Man, man's life, the growing into life of the world, all passion for serving—that is the love of God, all else is mockery.

'Then see this in the command, Love God with all your soul, be devoted with all your passion, with every power, so that there is nothing in you that is not absolutely absorbed in it, to man's life. And then love your neighbour too, man being men. But then love not so; love them as yourself—as yourself, which you subordinate utterly and devote to man, so love them, so devote them.

'. . . . Is it not a revelation to us of the way to love them? For them, also, how can we love otherwise than in so using them, even as ourselves for God, in man? Thus loving them is loving them most, most honouring them, giving them most. To be loved more than God is to be unloved; to be set above humanity is to be cast below the beasts; the other love is the true love, which must give the best, which must accept, that the beloved may give. This command, how beautiful it is. It is God fulfilling for us the condition of our being able to accept sacrifice from our friend, our child, our nearest and dearest, and so to give them the best; enabling them to love them with a worthy love, and accept from them, because accepting from them, not for ourselves, but for Him. For truly without that great and absolute love to God which leaves no other love besides, but must include all loving in itself or exclude it wholly, there were no possible love to man that were not mockery, and did not mean pampering, which is scorn. To be able to love, we must be able to accept, and that must be for another.' (Pp. 263, 264.)

Is not this the solution of the difficulty which has so often perplexed those who love another human being passionately, and doubt whether this love helps or hinders their highest life? If they keep in mind that the highest good for the person loved, as well as for themselves, is service to the world, and not merely the selfish enjoyment of each other's mutual love, then they cannot love too deeply. The deeper and stronger their love becomes, the higher and nobler they will always grow, and the 'infinite range' rises ever before them as they go on.

Again he writes:—

'The key of my treatment of people, especially of those I love, I know, is that I cannot feel any other way than that every one wishes most, and is perfectly willing, to be utterly sacrificed for the good of the world. It seems as if Christ had so revealed man to me that I cannot see any man except through Him. . . . .

'And, indeed, this is the secret of what some call my tact. I treat men as if no self were in them; and this is true, after all, though not true. Especially it makes women feel I understand them. I take it for granted there is no self in them, and they know it is true. It is the *fact* of them. A woman will always

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love the man who says to her, "Lay down your life," better than the man who says, "Take up your rights." "That's true in the abstract, in theory," one of Mr. Hinton's most intimate friends once answered. "Half my life I feel that I want no consideration, only to be made use of; that I have enough, and care only for being of use. But the other half of one's time one yearns for sympathy and kindness, and to be cared for." He smiled and said, "Don't you see, women were made in that way, in order that real sacrifice might be possible to them? There is no sacrifice in giving what one does not care for. That is just the little 'minus' which was necessary to make the 'plus' possible, and people have thought that little minus, which was meant to be sacrificed, was the whole of women, and have treated them by yielding to that, and 'considering them,' and given them 'nice things,' instead of making them of use, as they long to be.

'"It is in those we love," he says, "sacrificing themselves, and our accepting it; it is in *that* we shall truly learn sacrifice. Do we not here see in light the dark riddle of God's cruelty? What does He do but take? So He gives us sacrifice. How could He keep the best thing for Himself? how not give it to us?"' (P. 293.)

There are several charming little touches in the book which show us how James Hinton reduced his theories to practice: *e.g.* where we find him remonstrating most earnestly with his wife because she did not wish to ask a very poor and rather dirty neighbour to make use of their house while she was absent on a visit. He says pathetically:—'That sensitiveness of your senses to dirt makes you blind. If you could see my heart as well, and what you do for the sake of a clean house, you'd make it a pigsty first!'

Here is a letter about his little girl's education:—

'There is one thing I wanted to say to you; whatever of good or bad there may be in her, I want there not to be this, the shame and deception of our modern life, the feeling that first satisfying our own pleasures, and then putting out our hands to help others, is good. She must not have that which I find everywhere—the grafting of devotion to God and man on first surrounding ourselves with every comfort and pleasure; recognising what we do of our duty to God, and then first surrounding ourselves with houses and lands as nice as we can get them for our own pleasures, and on that grafting the doing something, be it little or much, for our fellows. Let her feel at least that she has to choose between God and Mammon.'

But perhaps the most touching anecdote is of his going into the Alhambra with a friend, who tells the story, and talking to the women who resorted there:—

'We were very soon surrounded by women . . . . He took no notice of them, but held me by the coat with both hands, and looked me in the face and began quietly talking about "unconscious sacrifice." Soon his gentle speech attracted the notice of the women, who grouped themselves around him, with the policemen who attend to keep order (the acting was all the time going on on the stage), and all were spell-bound while he sweetly discoursed on Christ's hatred of sin and pity for the sinner; and finished a most touching address of some ten minutes by saying, "If our Saviour were on earth, where would He be? Why here!" And then we left, and my dear friend wiped tears from his eyes.'

Here this little sketch must end, premising that many of James Hinton's lines of thought have not even been alluded to. The book will repay any one who takes the trouble to study it; but there are

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two classes of readers who will be specially grateful to it. There are those who are spending their lives in hard work for the service of others, but who do it as a task for the satisfaction of their own consciences rather than for love of those to whom they minister. They cannot but feel it is a marvellous lightening of their burden if they learn from James Hinton to shift their aim, so to speak, from their own satisfaction to the needs of the world; to feel that service is the reward, not the task by which the reward is earned. And there are others whose intellectual belief, with all their best efforts, remains hazy and uncertain, and they are doubtful how to go on at all until it clears. Hinton's system of morality supplies a track which will at least lead them in the right direction. For if they can grant that good is so infinitely better than evil as to be worth following at all costs and at any sacrifice, and that the only good worth following or desiring is service to others; and if, having granted this, they can bring themselves patiently and humbly to follow the good they see, while they wait as Hinton once waited for fuller light; surely they have entered on a path by which they are following, however imperfectly, the footsteps of Him whose work was the salvation of the world. And at last this path cannot fail to bring them to Him; for what is the service of the world but that Will, which, if a man desire to do, he shall know of the doctrine?

M. Bramston.

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FRENCH LITERATURE IN THE EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE ATELIER DU LYS,' 'FAIR ELSE,' ETC.

VIII.—ALFRED DE MUSSET.

In a series of studies on modern French poets it is impossible to omit Alfred de Musset, and most difficult to know how to speak of him. There is so strange a double nature revealed in his works that we involuntarily think of Sintram and the Little Master; but it is a Sintram not conquering, but conquered. As is too often the case with a still greater poet, Victor Hugo, we find ecstatic ideality and gross materialism side by side. It is a phenomenon constantly seen in men of that generation; and mingled with it is the deep melancholy which, as De Musset tells us in one of his most eloquent passages, beset those born amid the tumult and excitement and heartbreaks of Napoleon's wars. It is as if death stretched out its hand through a shower of roses. We may take as an example his play, *Les Caprices de Marianne*, which reads like a leaf out of some family chronicle of the Middle Ages. Marianne is the young wife of Claudio, a gloomy and jealous Neapolitan, with no doubt a dash of the Spaniard in him. She is passionately loved by Celio, who employs his gay and unscrupulous friend, Ottavio, to plead his cause to her careless ears. In mere idle caprice she gives a knot of her ribbons to Ottavio, and says, if *he* will serenade her, she will listen. He passes on the knot to Celio, bidding him keep the appointment. The portrait of old Claudio is excellent; we see that his suspicions are aroused; this knot of ribbon is a death-warrant. Harsh, suspicious, absurd, Claudio is yet gloomily formidable. Celio is stabbed under Marianne's window by a hired assassin, and dies, persuaded that his friend has betrayed him; and Ottavio, so far indeed innocent, yet overwhelmed by remorse, bids Naples, hope, and joy, farewell. Marianne, whose idle heart has strayed to him, astonished and mortified, asks why this agony? He answers—'*I* never loved you: it was Celio;' and thus the drama closes. The conclusion, '*On ne badine pas avec l'amour*,' is equally gloomy; and while in *Les Caprices de Marianne* we feel, in spite of the light and brilliant dialogue, Nemesis approaching ever nearer and nearer, in the second play the crash of discord at the end is totally unexpected. Grace and sparkling gaiety, and a cry of pain so acute that it thrills through the reader, are the two characteristics of De Musset's works. He is like his *Cavale dans le Désert*, dying close to the spring of water which would save its life, unconscious of its neighbourhood.

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'Lorsque dans le désert la cavale sauvage
Après trois jours de marche, attend un jour d'orage
Pour boire l'eau du ciel sur ses palmiers poudreux,
Le soleil est de plomb, les palmiers en silence
Sous leur ciel embrasé penchent leurs longs cheveux,
Elle cherche son puit dans le désert immense,
Le soleil l'a séché ; sur le rocher brûlant,
Les lions hérissés dorment en grommelant.
Elle se sent fléchir ; ses narines qui saignent
S'enfoncent dans le sable, et le sable altéré
Vient boire avidement son sang décoloré.
Alors elle se couche, et ses grands yeux s'éteignent,
Et le pale désert roule sur son enfant
Les flots silencieux de son linceul mourant.
Elle ne savait pas, lorsque les caravanes,
Avec leurs chameliers passaient sous les platanes,
Qu'elle n'avait qu'à suivre et qu'à baisser le front
Pour trouver à Bagdad de fraîches écuries,
Des râteliers dorés, des luzernes fleuries,
Et des puits dont le ciel n'a jamais vu le fond !'

To the eye of a Christian the explanation of that melancholy which preyed on the generation to which De Musset belonged is the want of any living faith. Men would fain have been Epicureans, but they could not enjoy the roses of life from the obstinate consciousness of how soon the garlands would fade. Theirs was a more hopeless melancholy than that of the cultivated heathen, because they had nothing of the stern virtue of the Stoics; and, since Christianity had perforce set before them its pure and high ideal, theirs was a worse state than that of Greek or Roman, for they had glimpses of something which would have satisfied them, could they but have grasped it. The times, too, were such as to make life peculiarly difficult. The Church in France appeared at the Restoration to the utmost disadvantage, struggling to regain the privileges and possessions wrested from her by the Revolution, and presenting herself as the opponent to reform and progress; the air was full of petty plots; proscriptions abounded; a White terror had replaced the Red one. The great revival in which Ozanam acted so grand a part had not yet begun, and infidelity was openly taught by almost every professor in Paris. Some robust characters resisted the depressing influences of the time by temperament and hard work, but De Musset had no work in him. Drudgery was abhorrent to him; he would only write when in the mood, and in reply to a remonstrance from one who recognised that perseverance in the face of weariness is a condition of success, he exclaimed that he was not a maid of all work! In this he was a remarkable contrast to Balzac or Victor Hugo. On one occasion, when the latter found himself face to face with an agreement to deliver a MS. of a novel not even begun, he bought a large bottle of ink and a woollen garment, locked up all the clothes fit to go out of doors in, and set to work. The bottle of ink just lasted out, and he threatened to call the book *Une bouteille d'Encre*. Later, Alphonse Karr really did use this title.

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De Musset was but twenty-six years old when he published that painful book, *Les Confessions d'un Enfant du Siècle*, one which could only have been written through personal experiences. His earliest poems belong to the romantic school, and the *Cénacle*, as the group of literary men who gathered round Victor Hugo somewhat profanely called themselves, took as a kind of watchword that ballad to the moon whose merit the author himself would not have maintained in after days, least of all when admiration for Rachel converted him to the classic school.

'C'était dans la nuit brune
Sur le clocher jauni
La lune
Comme un point sur un i.'

De Musset's decline began early. He abused his powers, wasted his genius, led a reckless and defiant life. 'De Musset s'absente trop,' said a friend, regretting his absence from a circle where he had often appeared. 'Il *s'absinthe* trop!' was the retort. The best of his poems are soon counted—the *Nuits* of May and October, much of *Rolla*, the *Lettre à Lamartine*, the beautiful stanzas to Malibran, not unworthily rendered by Fanny Kemble, and some shorter pieces. One of the saddest and sweetest is the following:—

'J'ai perdu ma force et ma vie,
Et mes amis et ma gaîté;
J'ai perdu jusqu'à la fierté
Qui faisait croire à mon génie.
Quand j'ai connu la vérité
J'ai cru que c'était une amie.
Quand je l'ai comprise et sentie,
J'en étais déjà dégoûté.'
Et pourtant elle est éternelle,
Et ceux qui se sont passés d'elle
Ici bas ont tout ignoré.
Dieu parle, il faut qu'on lui réponde.
Le seul bien qui me reste au monde
Est d'avoir quelquefois pleuré.'

Sometimes Alfred de Musset is a gay and tricksy Ariel; sometimes Caliban, sometimes, as here, simple and touching. But unhappily there is scarcely any work of his which can be laid before a young reader. It is the more regrettable that he should have outraged modesty, and amused himself by insulting morality, that in some respects he is unequalled. What true pathos there is in these lines:—

'Nous nous tûmes alors, nous, ses amis d'enfance,
Tandis qu'il cheminait vers le sombre caveau
Nous suivions le cercueil en pensant au berceau.
Nos pleurs, que nous cachions, n'avaient pas d'éloquence,
Et son ombre peut-être entendit le silence
Qui se fit dans nos cœurs autour de son tombeau.'

His *proverbes*, though often stained like his poems, act admirably,

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and have the charm of originality, and *Il faut qu'une porte soit ouverte ou fermée* is a charming little piece.

M. Taine has drawn both a parallel and a contrast between Musset and—not Byron, as we should expect—but Tennyson.* 'The English poet,' he says, 'is the bard of family life; he sings nobly and tenderly of God and the soul. The reader might close his poems and have family prayers without any sense of incongruity. His poetry is the poetry of the rich, cultivated, moral Englishman, with his country house, his out-of-doors life, around which the tastes of a *dilettante* and the principles of a moralist raise a kind of flowery inclosure, preventing him from looking beyond.' And then he goes on to say that in France it is to Paris, not to sleepy provincials, that we must turn if we would know the nation. A vivid picture follows of the busy noisy crowd on the lighted boulevards—a crowd with haggard faces and unquiet eyes, athirst for amusement, ever seeking excitement, and ever gnawed by *ennui*. All things in heaven and earth are a mere spectacle to them; there is no faith, no sense of duty, no earnestness anywhere. This is the world reflected in De Musset, 'so young, yet already so weary! . . . . a poet, yet a sceptic.' Nature, love, divine visions haunt him, but chased away by the spectres of 'debauchery and death, pouring out curses and sarcasms.' The French critic sums up in favour of his countryman as the greater poet; but those who prefer to dwell on 'whatsoever is lovely, pure, and of good report' will hardly endorse his opinion, though there are chords of pain and passion which thrill under De Musset's hand which Mr. Tennyson has never been able to strike. The comparison is fairer than at first sight appears. Both poets began their career about the same time, and while Tennyson represents the reaction against Byron, De Musset is the direct spiritual descendant of that great poet. In fact, the Byronic school took deeper root in France than in England, and has flourished there far more than on its native soil.

Another less obvious but real likeness exists between some moods of De Musset's and those habitual to Briseux, though the one is the poet of Christianity and the other that of doubt and despair. The stanzas to Malibran and the *Espoir en Dieu*, may serve as examples of what we suggest.

* *Les Contemporains.*

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AS YEARS PASS.—SONNET.

ANOTHER, and another, and another!
Alas, my God, Thou takest them away—
At dawn, at noon-tide, and at close of day—
Life-long companion, comrade, sister, brother,
True fellow-worker—love-encircled mother;
The bright-haired damosel who fain would stay,
And the strong patient friend time-worn and grey,
Never to be replaced by any other!
Once, to the child, earth seemed a realm of joy,
Ascents of glory, waiting to be ours!
Oceans—vast sweeps of sun-illumin'd waves,
Harvests no blight nor mildew could destroy!
But now—across our sky the storm-cloud low'rs,
And earth becomes to us a place of graves.

J. RUTTER.

January 1881.

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Spider Subjects.

Many Spiders have liberally interpreted Warrior Women. Queens who raise armies, and ladies besieged in castles, are not warrior women, but only accidentally concerned in warfare. The verses by Bog-Oak must stand first. A Bee and the Muffin-Man have capital conversations, but were too liberal; A. H. R. gives Zenobia and Jeanne Hachette, whose claims may be allowed; Meg and Don Quixote give Marie Adriem, the Maid of Lyons, quite worth remembering; Metelill is very good; Mab has Artemisia, but Fredegonda did not fight, though she did worse; Nancy has Kennana of Haarlem; Beatrice G. gives Tomyris, but we do not allow Dido's claim; Zenobia, Smut, Nightingale, Firefly, are good.

A VISION OF WARRIOR WOMEN.

'And nought alone by gifts beyond all price—
The trusting heart's repose, the Paradise
Of home with all its loves—doth Fate allow
The crown of glory unto woman's brow.'

A NAME to live for ever, a glorious woman's name,
To be forgotten never in the battle roll of fame;
A name to stir the warrior's heart, through ages and for aye—
Such is the gift I ask for—to battle and to die!
To cheer a host to victory; or, in the hour of need,
A little band of heroes to a glorious death to lead;
First on the scaling-ladder, first on the rampart's crown,
To plant our royal standard above the conquered town;
Or for our home and country a city to defend,
With courage high and patience strong, firm to the very end.
Short be my life and famous, mid stirring scenes and high—
Give me a noble warfare, and a name that cannot die!

* * * * *

Then out and spake a Figure veiled, who stood at my right hand,
'Come, see the Warrior Women of every age and land;
See those whose deeds shine brightly in the battle-roll of fame,
Who won, through blood and warfare, a proud undying name.'

* * * * *

A little up the mountain-side within a pleasant cave,
Two lofty Figures sat enthroned, in queenly vesture brave.
Then spake my guide beneath her veil, and cried, 'Lo, these are they
Who strove for lust of conquest, who fought and won the day.'
One in Assyrian raiment clad, with circlet on her brow,
Before whose cold stern glance of pride, the haughtiest hearts might bow,
Said, 'I have fought and conquered, and it seems but yesterday
I raised an Eastern Empire whose fame shall ne'er decay.
A name of glory I have left on history's glowing page,
A name to this, my sister queen, given by a later age.

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I fought, I conquered, and I won (though stained) from high and low,
A warrior's name and fame, well-nigh four thousand years ago.'
Then spake that other, who might seem a battle-maid of old;
With bold blue eyes and flaxen hair, with lance and helm of gold.
Quoth she: 'A triple diadem I set upon my head:
For me, my Danes went forth to fight, and Swedish blood was shed.
The three Norse kingdoms owned my rule, and yet no child of mine
Sat in my place; my empire pass'd, and ended is my line.
What cared I for my mighty power? What for my warrior name—
"Semiramis of Northern lands"—earned by my conquering fame?'
A little higher up the hill we found, beneath a tree,
A stately form, as if asleep, right beautiful to see.
Mild and majestic was her mien, and peaceful seemed she now,
With the crown imperial binding her fair and open brow.
'And was she too a warrior?' 'Yea,' said my guide, 'they tell
How for her royal right she fought, and struggled long and well.
For this is England's Empress-Queen, once haughty, proud, and stern;
Nor knew she peace or happiness, until she bowed to learn
Somewhat of fair humility, somewhat of mother's love—
Turned back from earthly glory—nor for her just right strove;
And so in Bec's fair abbey her body lay at peace,
So passed she to the Kingdom where war and tumult cease.'

* * * * *

Thus came we to an oak-grove, and there, mid rock and fern,
Sat a group of noble ladies, with aspect high and stern.
'These all in arms contended for their husbands' sake and right;
And still in history's pages we read of siege and fight.'
There, in the midst, sat one slight form, as born to rule the land,
With golden hair, and sparkling eye, and gesture of command.
The daisy crown upon her brow her lofty mien belied,
Where sorrow deep and anxious thought could not conceal her pride.
'And I am Margaret,' she cried, 'deep in my heart behold
The fair Red Rose with all its thorns, worn by the true and bold.
Yes, for my sainted Henry and for my gallant son,
I led the host of Lancaster to fields of battle won;
Won, won and lost, fair England's crown—lost, husband, son, and all;
Princes and nobles of our cause shared in our hapless fall,
Till the Red Rose was dragged to earth, till set was Margaret's sun,
And the Pale Rose, for some brief space, a blood-stain'd kingdom won.'
She ceased, and in the silence deep I look'd on the fair Queen,
Who fought and won at Neville's Cross—a gracious form I ween.
And her who for her captive lord held out till succour came,
Cheering the weary garrison, a brave and gallant dame;
Who for the English fleet looked forth from Hennebonne's battled wall,
And welcom'd brave Sir Walter unto her rescued hall.
And Cœur de Lion's sister, who fought where Garonne flows,
And on the plains of proud Toulouse defied her husband's foes.
Still mid these fair high dames there sat a figure strange and dark,
A glorious Eastern beauty, I might not choose but mark—
Noor-Mahel, the Seraglio's Light, named by a monarch's love,
And well was it her lot in woe her courage high to prove.
In his dark hour of trouble she led the armies on.
And bright in war, defeat, and chains, her lofty spirit shone,

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Till her undaunted woman's wit set free her captive lord,
Light of the World, Noor-Jehan to rank and power restored.*
But higher yet, where granite rock to sandstone giveth place,
A fairy fountain gushing forth began its downward race;
Mid myrtle shrubs and lilies tall, and many a mossy stone,
With tiny flowerets, blue and pink, in fragrant masses shown,
We met a band of women, before whose flashing eyes
I felt constrained to bend the knee in homage and surprise.
These were the Patriot women, from many a far-off age,
Who for their king or country strove a sacred war to wage.
The first in place was rob'd in white, a timbrel in her hand,
Singing, 'The Lord went forth to war of old in Israel's land;
He sent me forth, and I arose and led a chosen band—
I, Deborah, arose to be a mother in the land.
They fought from heaven—the planets fought, in all their courses bright,
And Sisera went down that day to everlasting night.
Praise ye the Lord, Who by the hand of woman weak and frail,
Can dash to earth the powers of ill, can fight and can prevail.
So perish all thy foes, O Lord, but let Thy people be
As when the sun goes forth in might, and clouds and darkness flee.'
Upon that face inspired I gazed, so rapt, I scarce had seen
The Maid of Saragossa, and the injured British Queen,
Whose vengeance on the Roman foe, and whose brief warrior fame,
Let Colchester and Verulam to future years proclaim.
And Charlotte de la Tremouille, who braved the Roundhead's might,
The last to hold an English fort for the Royal Martyr's right.

* * * * *

So came we to the mountain's crown, when a Voice passed by and cried,
'The Queen of Warrior Women is standing at thy side.'
And lo! my guide had cast away the deeply shadowing veil,
And stood revealed—a maiden true—arrayed in warrior mail;
A robe of velvet o'er it fell, and a scarf of green and white
Supporting the cross-hilted sword, ne'er drawn in field of fight;
The silver helm and breastplate, and the banner white and gold,
Proclaimed the Maid of Orleans, the holy, true, and bold;
She with whom saints held converse, she with one simple aim,
To rend her country from the foe, her rightful king proclaim.
'Say, thou inspirèd maiden, well-nigh a saint in life,
Well-nigh a martyr in thy death, who nobly bore the strife;
Who fought and conquered, who hast won the noblest victor-wreath,
Say, wert thou happy in thy life and solaced in thy death?'
She said—'My voices led me on to victory and fame,
Should I complain when the rough path led to the rack and flame?
My childhood's vision did not fail, my voices told me sooth;
Would I have failed my mission high, could I have known the truth?

* Noor-Mahel, wife of the Mogul Emperor Jehangir (and heroine of Moore's *Light of the Harem*), was afterwards named Noor-Jehan, 'Light of the World.' When her husband was a prisoner in the hands of the rebel, Mohabut, she fought a desperate battle in his behalf; was taken, and condemned to die. But eventually being set free, she effected her husband's escape by a manœuvre. Jehangir reigned in the early part of the seventeenth century.

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I know not—for the time hath been my spirit high hath quailed,
If they had told me of the end, my courage might have failed.
I did not fail, my work remained, my country loves my name,
And better than false friends were those who gave me to the flame.
I cried—'Yea, none, before or since, thy glory's height could gain;
Pure in thine aim and in thy deeds, and purified by pain;
Because earth had no worthy meed of honour to bestow,
Therefore Heaven set, itself, a crown upon thy maiden brow.
Yet who—unless inspired like thee—would dare thy course to run?
Heaven sent, Heaven-guided as thou wert, thy victory was won.
Thee we admire, but follow not—for not to woman's hand
Is given to wield an earthly sword, or rule a conquered land;
But a warfare harder far to wage, and a sword of deathless might,
And a crown of glory treasured up for her who wins the fight.'

BOG-OAK.

Nobody but Spinning-Jenny has attempted Water.

THE TRANSFORMATIONS OF WATER.

THE two great agents in the transformation of water are heat and cold.

When sunbeams fall upon water the *light* waves of the beams penetrate deeper than the *dark* heat waves, but have little effect upon the temperature. The dark heat waves, travelling only a short distance below the surface, raise the temperature of it, and so affect the liquid molecules that they are transformed into *vapour* and rise into the air. If the air be warm and dry it will hold the transformed water and prevent it becoming visible, but if the agent cold be present, or if the air be saturated, it reveals the vapour to us by throwing over us an uncomfortable mantle of *fog*.

When the evaporation rising from bodies of water and marsh lands has to pass immediately through saturated air, it ascends visibly as *mist*.

The drier and warmer the air, the higher will vapour rise and the longer will it remain unseen; but, on the other hand, the higher it mounts the colder becomes the air it meets, the particles are chilled by the contact, shrink, and are transformed into what Tyndall calls 'water-dust'—that is to say, a *cloud*. In this form they become subject to the power of the winds and are lifted still higher, it may be, along the sides of those great condensers—mountains, until transformed into liquid particles again they descend as *rain*. If, however, the condensed liquid has to descend through air below freezing-point, the particles crystallise and *snow* is the result.

To understand the process of crystallisation, we must bear in mind that water-molecules possess several pairs of poles. When water is in a liquid state each atom has an evenly-spread attractive power over the atom lying next it; but in a solid condition, when the action of the cold has worked a change upon the mutual attractions and repulsions of the molecular-poles, atoms will only cling to atoms when certain points of their surface meet; if heat unlocks their embrace they cease to attract, and begin to repel each other. If the air, through which the congealed atoms proceeding from the discharging cloud have to pass, be calm, they form themselves into stars of six rays, each ray proceeding symmetrically from the centre. The hexagonal form is the

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typical one of a snow-flake, though there are endless varieties of the type. When sudden and violent changes take place in the temperature, the condensed cloud-vapour reaches the earth in the form of *hail*, hail-stones being composed of alternate layers of snow and ice.

Mention of ice reminds us of the fact that although water expands by heat and contracts by cold, yet that after it has reached its maximum point of density, 39° Fahr., it begins to expand, becomes consequently lighter, and floats upon the surface. At 32° the molecules begin to form into crystals of *ice*. The typical ice-crystal, like that of the snow, is hexagonal; but we have not space to give details of the wonderful architecture of the ice. The exceptional expansion of water under the influence of cold explains the fact of the superficial ice-covering of lakes, rivers, &c.—a fact highly important to 'water-babies.'

The action of the dark heat waves of the solar rays causes evaporation of the moisture on the earth's surface, and the vapours which rise unperceived during the day, return at nightfall when the upper currents of air lose their capacity for moisture. The earth, no longer absorbing heat, and having parted with its superficial warmth by the process of radiation, the falling vapour, as it comes in contact with the chilled substances on the surface of the earth, is condensed into the liquid drops which we call *dew*. Should the air, however, overlying the surface, be below freezing-point, the dew-drops are transformed into the crystals of *hoar-frost*.

SPINNING-JENNY.

Stamps received: Mab, Metetill, Zenobia.

SPIDER QUESTIONS FOR APRIL.

The history of Edgar Etheling.
The famous horses of history.

HANDWRITING SOCIETY.

We are going to send round a piece of writing to be copied in turn by the members. Each must send on her own copy *dated*, and return that which she has received to ARACHNE. There is some unfortunate stoppage, for many members complain of not having received the more recent sets.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

The members—not *too* many—who attempted, most of them successfully, the February subject, must have found the comparison of the Natural and Linnæan systems a profitable exercise. It is to be hoped that its fruits may be seen, during the coming season, in an increasing power of discrimination as regards the characteristics of the plants that may come under notice.

The subject for April (due May 15) consists of four genera (Adoxa, Lathræa, Narcissus, Paris) two of which belong to the Monocotyledonous class. The careful student will not fail to observe, that whereas *Adoxa* and *Paris* are, 'naturally,' poles asunder, the former being Dicotyledonous, the latter Monocotyledonous, the Linnæan arrangement places

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them in the same class and order, *Octandria tetragynia*—a good illustration of the artificiality of the latter system.

Any specimens of *Narcissus* sent must be unquestionably wild. Vertumnus hopes that many members will be able to light upon the very curious *Lathræa squamaria* or toothwort. It is not uncommon in hazel copses. Like all the Broomrape tribe, it will turn black in drying.

Vacancies in the list of members have occurred and been filled up. It will be well for candidates for admission to keep the Secretary (Preston Vicarage, Sandwich) informed from time to time of their wish to join the Society.

Notices to Correspondents.

ANSWERS.

The quotation asked for last month (February), commencing—

'Now in thy youth beseech of Him,'

is the last verse from a poem called *The Ivy*, by Bernard Barton.—*M. W.*

The quotation *Theodora* inquires for—

'Paltered with pleasures that please not, and fame where no fame could be,
And how shall I look, do you think, Will, when the angels are looking at me?'

comes from 'Last Words,' a poem in Lord Lytton's (Owen Meredith) *Chronicles and Characters*, 2 vols., Chapman and Hall.—*M. E. Ireland.* Answered also by Perseverando, N. M. F., Beta.

'LEAN HARD.'

'Child of my love, "lean hard,"
And let me feel the pressure of thy care.
I know thy burden, child; I shaped it,
Poised it in mine own hand, made no proportion
In its weight to thine unaided strength.
For even as I laid it on, I said,
"I shall be near, and while she leans on me
This burden shall be mine, *not hers*;
So shall I keep my child within the encircling arms
Of mine own love." Here lay it down, nor fear
To impose it on a shoulder which upholds
The government of worlds. Yet closer come—
Thou art not near enough, I would embrace thy care,
So I might feel my child reposing on my heart.
Thou lovest me? I know it. Doubt not then;
But loving me—"lean hard."'

From *The Life of a Quakeress.*

Dorothea.—I think the English equivalents would be best for the names. The fullest history of Holland I know is in the twenty-seventh volume of the *Universal History*; but if you are a Dutch scholar you might get the names of Dutch histories from Williams and Norgate.

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In answer to *M. E. L.*, may I suggest that perhaps there is some connection between the *Morati* of Fiume and the traditions of Saracen attacks on the Dalmatian coast, which seem to be commemorated in the coat-of-arms of Bosnia—two *Moor's heads* stuck upon poles. For further particulars see Mr. Arthur Evans's work on *Bosnia and the Herzegovina*, published in 1875.—*F. McPherson.*

H. B.—Körner's poems have been translated by G. F. Richardson, 1827; *The Lyre and Sword* by W. B. Chorley, 1834; also several of the poems by Francis, Earl of Ellesmere, in his *Poems and Translations from the German;* and all the best *Lyre and Sword* pieces are translated in C. A. Fanshawe's *Battle Songs of All Nations*, 1858.

Eadgyth.—From *The Washers of the Shroud*, by James Russell Lowell, written at the beginning of the War of Secession.—*Lily.*

The quotation—

'To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die.'

Is from Campbell's *Hallowed Ground*, part of sixth verse.—*K. E. Daly.*

M. R. F.—The poem is Morris's *Earthly Paradise* (to be obtained by that name).

A Constant Reader—The queen was only such for the sake of rhyme: she was Mary of Burgundy. The Duke of Bavaria married her as the proxy of Maximilian, when the scene described took place. Pearce's *History of Holland and Belgium*, in Collins's Historical Series.

Another Constant Reader.—The sentences you mention are vulgar by elision rather than ungrammatical.

A. M.—'The wild boy of Aveyron' was a child found in 1798 in the woods of Cannes, in France, being at that time apparently eleven or twelve years of age. He was placed under proper care, but was impatient of restraint, and several times made his escape to the woods, where he lived on roots and herbs. His voice was imperfect, he could only utter a guttural and monotonous sound, and he seemed to have no sense of smell. In 1799 he was placed in a deaf and dumb institution in Paris, and partially recovered his dormant faculties. An account of him will be found in *Chambers's Miscellany*, vol. v.—*E. C. M.*

What is the meaning of the 'Breeches Bible,' and where can it be seen?—*S. M. W.* [The name is given from the word being used instead of aprons, in Gen. iii. 7. A copy may often be bought at a second-hand book shop for about ten shillings.]—Ed.

'There was an old man, who lived in a wood,
Who said he could do more work in a day
Than his wife could do in three.'

—*M. W.*

In the October number of the *Monthly Packet*, 1869, page 416.

QUERIES.

M. W. would be obliged if any one could tell her where to find a poem commencing—

'We took our work and went, you see,
To take a friendly cup of tea.
We did so now and then, to pay
The social debt, and so did they.'

It is called, she believes, *Scandal*, and she always thought it was by Jane Taylor, but cannot find it in any book of hers.

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S. M. G. wishes to know the author of lines commencing—

'Sooner or later the storms shall beat
Over my slumber from head to feet;
Sooner or later the winds shall rave
In the long grass above my grave.'

Maggie would be much obliged if any of the readers of the *Monthly Packet* could lend her the music of Faber's hymn beginning 'Faith of our fathers! Holy faith.' Postage paid. Great care will be taken of the copy. Address—*Scotch Briars, Richmond Road, Ealing, W.*

Wanted to know the events alluded to in the verses given below. They are Dr. Neale's, from a poem called *The Curse of the Abbey:*—

'Thou thought it no blame, thou felt it no shame, to spoil S. Pancras' shrine;
His Sussex woods, his Lewes fields, were all a prey of thine.
Thou dravest forth the monks at large, and mad'st their wail thy mock—
Ho! Thomas, Baron Cromwell, prepare thee for the block.

'Go up to Reading—ask if that hath wrought its owner's woe;
Go, stand in Valle Crucis' nave, and weep o'er sweet Rievaulx.
From Tavistock to Lindisfarne one cry thine ear shall greet—
Blood hath had blood, and spoil had spoil, till vengeance is complete.'

—*Inquirer.*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Miss M. Horsley begs to thank an unknown friend of the poor who weekly sends a *Graphic* for their use, and to inform her that her address is now 4, *Edgware Road, Hyde Park, W.*

The *Sister-in-Charge of All Hallows' Mission, Southwark,* acknowledges the following donations with many thanks:—S. Geraldine, 1*s.*; E. C. P., 10*s.*; Anon., 1*s.*; Anon., 1*s.*

We wish much that we had space to give in full an appeal on behalf of the schools in Baldwin's Gardens, London, in connection with the Church. For the last seven years they have done admirable work, and the youths who have passed through it have done it great credit, and have in many instances raised themselves in life. 188 boys and 148 girls are the present numbers, besides 241 infants. The Inspector's reports of them are most satisfactory, both as to the religious and secular education; but though the Government grant earned last year amounted to 382*l.*, and the school pence to 158*l.* 18*s.* 2*d.*, the expenses are so great that it is impossible to keep them up without further assistance. An association was formed seven years ago to work for the purpose by collecting small sums. There are ten receivers and one hundred collectors, each of whom undertakes to obtain ten subscribers of a penny a week. More such subscribers and collectors are urgently needed, and whoever is willing to add to their ranks, had better communicate with 'An old subscriber, B. G.,' to the care of the Editor.

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THE

MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

JUNE, 1881.

THE ARGUMENT FROM NATURAL BEAUTY.

V.

Provost. Now we've tea'd like Dr. Johnson and S. T. Coleridge, I vote we all try and talk like them; no, that would make such a noise and we should quarrel. Go on with your paper, 'Cliffe. Where are we now?

Highcliffe. We said we'd set aside Original nature *versus* Corruption of nature for another time; only I noted the Provost's comparison about the shattered Theseus, and Charles's about the first state of a plate or engraving—I daresay they may have been made before, but I do not know where, and they were fairly struck out off the balls at the time. We began with this: that the basis of Ruskin's discourse is that beauty is best attainable, as in fact the greatest painters have always attained it from the high times of Athens and Argos, by truth to nature. He says virtually, that as by examining structure one finds mechanism and design, so by observing the outsides of things one recognises and can reproduce beauty. One can reproduce it by imitating higher or lower grades of things, but always by faithful rendering of natural facts, great or small; granting skill and proper education, in graphic record or drawing; or in some barbaric instances, where extraordinary graphic power, sufficient for faithful imitation, has existed, we do not know how.* But, he goes on, a certain selection

* It is beside the question here to inquire how far the innate graphic power of the Greek, or Italo-Etruscan race, enabled them to produce representations of natural beauty in their archaic periods. *Aratra Pentelici* is perhaps the best popular text-book on this question. See also the new plates to vol. i. of the *Journal of the Hellenic Society*, which also contains a beautitul photograph of an athlete, a late Phidian or Praxitelean work.

Compare *The Two Paths*, p. 30, for the *Temptation of Eve* in S. Ambrogio at Milan, and the appendix on Lombard Sculptures to *Stones of Venice*, vol. i. But the

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of objects is necessary to enable one to produce such a degree of beauty as shall or ought to challenge other people's attention. This selection—the best choice and the best execution of the best men—is the gist and burden of all those five volumes.

Provost. And now our part is with Natural Beauty as resulting from rational design (which is the same as benevolent design virtually, because rational means for a reason, and benevolent from or for a good reason). I hope we are going into that now, and that will be the first part of our inquiries, whether we ever go on to another part or not.

Highcliffe. Yes, the illustrations from clouds and mountains may come first for that.

Provost. Then afterwards, if we've time and life, we'll take his observations on natural beauty as intended for man's contemplative soul to gaze and ponder on for its own sake; and what has followed, and what seems also likely to follow from that. . . that shall be part two; but part one comes naturally first, for it is one side of the naturalist argument on the side of faith.

Highcliffe. Well, you know I've been reading Ruskin, man and boy, as they say, and I think we must begin as he does, with the firmament, before the mountains. Besides, Hugh and Mrs. Heron ought to be here when we begin the latter. They've both been in the Alps and Apennines lately, and they're both so quick, and never stop one. Here's a separate extract I want to read.* It's his conclusion as to poetic selection from nature. One can't pass the words over:—

'First, we shall find that the love of nature has been a faithful and sacred element of human feeling. That is to say, supposing all circumstances to have been the same, with respect to two individuals, the one who loves nature most will always be found to have more faith in God than the other. . . I boldly assert it; the nature-worship will be found to bring with it such a sense of the presence and power of a Great Spirit as no mere reasoning can either induce or controvert.'

Charles. Ah dear! but he's boldly asserted so many things.

Highcliffe. May be; but now we're going into his surface-physics, and observations on external nature as he has seen it; and on that his word is nearly irrefragable—at least, better than most other men's.

Provost. Read on, 'Cliffe. Sky, clouds, firmament, what not; our *morale* is restored.

Highcliffe. I think it seems as well for us to join issue with the *Geist der stets verneint* in this region of the air first, because he is the prince of the power of it. And it is so far taking him by the horns, that we cannot here, as in the human structure, or in mountain

extraordinary example of a reindeer cut on a piece of horn in prehistoric days, in the first volume of *Oxford Lectures*, is beyond all barbaric example, being, in fact, not barbarous at all, but a fine realism. However, the subject of the relations between beauty and graphic power cannot be approached here.

* *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. p. 306.

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structure, say we know much about the mechanism. We cannot weigh the winds by measure, or make a way for the lightning of the thunder. So we cannot display design, as in the structure of the eye, though we are sure it exists. We don't inhabit the clouds as we do the earth (at least nobody's done it since Aristophanes' *Birds*), and so we cannot say by what frame or instruments they are so ordered as to minister to our life. We do understand a great deal about the earth by geology, and it produces really irrefragable examples of design. They accumulate, till they form a cumulative argument; which term is not to be dismissed by calling it 'an argument all of a heap,' as I once heard it handled. But with the sky our argument turns a good deal on beauty, which is universal and visible to everybody. The polar stars and the desert stars, and the arctic stars; the Norway sunset all night long, and the down-rushing blaze and after-glow over the Red Sea and the Wilderness of the Wanderings; they are repeated over quiet fields and crowded cities. Over all places alike the great sun begins his state and ends it, in formless, inaccessible glory. The phenomena of the firmament are out of all men's reach, and within all men's sight. As the high glaciers, and the seracs, and the mightiest peaks, like the Finster Aarhorn or Matterhorn, are withdrawn far from access, to look at, not to touch, so with the great atmospheric pomps. Certain great spectacles of nature, indeed, can be seen by comparatively few, as deserts, volcanoes, and even the higher snows. The continual presence of man with them destroys their effect on him: they either crush him or he becomes insensible to them. But a certain number of more or less competent persons are allowed to see them, and their expressions of praise to a certain extent regulate the feelings of the world about its wonders. But the sky is a continual and omnipresent source of beauty to all who will look at it, and yet they are saved from the carelessness or weariness of familiarity by its continual changes. We know it is related to our welfare on earth; we cannot explain how or in how many ways. 'It is fitted in all its functions for the perpetual comfort and soothing of the heart. Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful, never the same for two minutes together; almost spiritual in its tenderness, almost divine in its infinity; its appeal to what is immortal in us is as distinct as its ministry of chastisement or blessing is essential to what is mortal.'

Provost. A quotation, those last lines, 'Cliffe?

Charles. Yes, *Modern Painters*, vol. i. p. 202.

Provost. Rather a Thucydidean sentence. The ministry of the air is essential to our mortal part, of course; one can't live without it, and it does appeal to everybody. I don't think any one *is* quite senseless about a great sunset? The change is so wonderful before and after—such a pageant of colour set forth in heaven for everybody to see and consider for half an hour or so.

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May. I remember when I've been nursing at Rothercliffe, how one used to look at the evening light from the upper wards—out through a forest of chimneys. That was my hour: and then the sunrises after those long nights—such a cold, pitiless splendour. One can never forget them, though one was too tired and busy to think much at the time.*

Lady Hertha. It's understood you never *do* think, May; but you seem to have an affinity for ideas, somehow, whether it's rough work or smooth.

Charles. Well, I think May's right. I remember sunsets at Sinai, and Hammerfest, and elsewhere; but I don't know that Westminster Bridge isn't the best place to see 'em.

Highcliffe (*resuming*). By the way, Provost, that style isn't formed on Thucydides so much as Hooker. But now to go on. The sky and its phenomena have a certain right to come first in a theistic argument, because it always has as a fact given men the sense of a present power, or powers, of nature, personal and superhuman. I decline using the word supernatural just here. We have all read Max Müller's *Chips*, and we know about Dyaus, Zeus, the god of the firmament, and all that. Men begin by saying He thunders, they learn to say It thunders. The sunset is the pile of Hercules, Iole is the violet clouds that engulf him; or it's the burning of Balder, and Balder will come again. Everybody in Homer, you know, and the Eddas, and the Nibelung, and anyhow worth mentioning, is something in the solar epic of nature. We haven't had anything about the formidable side of the phenomena; we ought to understand the effect produced on generations of wandering, out-door—open Aryans so to speak—[*A long silence: Lady Hertha shakes her needles at him*]—by these tremendous visible agencies, certainly affecting man's condition, perhaps themselves affected by the conditions and ways of man. Mrs. Cawthorne, they say you never were afraid of anything—what do you say to a heavy thunderstorm right over you?

May. Of course I'm always frightened out of my wits; people oughtn't to talk nonsense. Perhaps it's not so bad when the lightning's very bright, and there is that great rage of whirlwind and rain—it seems to rouse one's spirit somehow—and some tones of thunder are so magnificent, masterful, commanding—you know what it means, that the voice of the Lord is a glorious voice. But there's something so awful at first in that distant moan and growl,† and the cloud-forms are so very threatening and imposing. I don't know—but—

* See vignette to the later editions of *Sister Dora*, from an actual sketch under the circumstances by Miss Emily Howard.

† *Stones of Venice*, iii. p. 137. . . . "But the preparation for the judgment, by all that mighty gathering of the clouds; by the murmuring to each other, deep in the distance, of the destroying angels before they draw forth their swords of fire; by the march of the funeral darkness in the midst of the noon-day, and the rattling of

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Lady Hertha. Do go on, May; you've the court quite with you, and your husband seems more interested than they generally are.

May. I mean, there's a vague feeling which seems to come to one quite naturally, and assert the literal sense of all those expressions in the Psalms.* Don't the same ideas occur in the classics as in the Bible, about the wind and storm fulfilling God's word and His arrows going abroad? Women can't get over it—whatever men say.

Provost. I dare say there will soon be a Positivist priesthood to take it out of you. It is curious what a deal of human nature there is for science to get rid of. 'Expellos furcâ, tamen usque recurret.'

Charles. Clouds certainly make all the impressiveness of sunset, and even the splendour, for most of the crimsons and purples depend on it. What a sight it was this evening! but do you know, to my mind it had not the power of one of the Oxford autumn evenings, low in the north-west.

Provost. So I think too: but it's treason in a Yorkshireman.

Charles. Why, the whole thing is beautiful here all day. But after what you call a day there—that's to say a long grey space of darkness visible and night without rest—there comes best part of an hour of strange incongruous glory, and everybody sees it. Life has in fact been penal and hideous: and behold, suddenly it is proclaimed from horizon to zenith that there's something very different in nature allowed even to us. It may be the burning of Hercules, and it may be the pile of Balder; but there it is practically, over Port Meadow.

Provost. Yes, one feels oneself verging towards pessimism on some of those gloomy days, and gets near enough that faith to see some of its difficulties. Having made up one's mind to a world of darkness, one finds light and colour disturbing factors.

Lady Hertha. I suppose if we were pessimists, we should find good as logically unaccountable as we do evil now.

Provost. And deny its existence accordingly, as we try to do of evil now. But after all, hope is more reasonable than despair, and not near so dogmatic.

Hugh. Well then, in sum, we cannot say much about the mechanics, or dynamics, or chemistry, or working powers of the air, but there's no doubt about the salubrity, or the beauty or sublimity of the effects; or that they appeal to what we call our souls or reason; and we say that as these powers of the air are unquestionably not souls or reasons, a higher Reason appeals to us by them. Further, He is admitted to have done so to our forefathers, in earlier periods of the Aryan race: so as to have been Himself thought to be the sky, or to be personally present in it, or all over and through it. We insist on the power and

the dome of heaven beneath the chariot-wheels of death." . . . Compare *Villette*, by Charlotte Brontë, of the terrified boarding-school, and Lucy Snowe's quiet desire to look on at the war of elements.

* *e.g.* Psalm xviii. 7-15, and xxix.

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universality of this appeal. Mrs. Cawthorne, again, points out that it is expressed deeply and vividly in the literature of the Hebrew race, who are Semitic; and of course we shall have to refer, in particular, to the Book of Job as well as the Psalms, as we go on. And as she says, we shall have to say something about Greek Pantheism as we find it in the classics, and Hebrew Omnipresence as we find it in the Bible. The distinction between a Pantheistic doctrine of Nature, and a doctrine of Divine Omnipresence is, I suppose, very difficult. The Provost and I have not had time to go into it yet at all fully: but it seems to me that the difference may be vital, and it may be verbal: and we must return to it, if we live and talk. Only it seems to me that Wordsworth is the great Theo-Naturalist with whom the modern school of poetic observation began, Tennyson and Ruskin succeeding him; and that though for some inscrutable reason the Professor runs him down now, he ought not to do so, having learnt very much of him. What is called his Pantheism will have to be compared with that of Greeks and Hebrews—another time, as Dr. Rochecliffe says. Just let me repeat, that though the structure of the heavens is a mystery, we are no less sure of a system and purpose in it to sustain our life, *inter alia*. Mystery may be inscrutable, without being incredible—and here is the end of the 'Cloud-balancings' chapter in *Modern Painters*—after he has worked up to the present hypothesis of water supported in air in the form of spherical globules enclosing vacuity enough to suspend them.*

'For my part I enjoy this mystery, and perhaps the reader may: I think he ought. He should not be less grateful for summer rain, or see less beauty in the clouds of morning, because they come to prove him with hard questions. If we look close at the heavenly scroll, we may find a syllable or two of answer, illuminated here and there.'

Provost. Or, as Paley puts it in *his* way, 'It may be true, that in this and other instances, we trace mechanical contrivance a certain way'—as in your spherical globules—'and that then we come to something which is not mechanical, or which is inscrutable But this affects not the certainty of our investigation. Up to the limit the reasoning is clear and certain.' †

May. Mr. Highcliffe, who was it who laid down the principle every body seems to take for granted now, that man is the measure of all things? You know if you allow that, you can't logically indulge in mystery.

Highcliffe. I only say he's the measure of things measurable. I know it's begging our question, but they beg theirs on the other side; all hypotheses beg their question. Protagoras was your man, I believe; so says Plato's *Theatetus*. All the earlier Sophists went on it, and so they do now.

* *Modern Painters*, vol. v. p. 105 (part vii. ch. i.), and Job xxxvii. 16.

† *Nat. Theol.* p. 31, ed. S.P.C.K. 1875.

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Caroline. I suppose a baby isn't the measure of all things; when does a man begin to be a measure, and when does a woman, please?

Highcliffe. You mean what age Why, I suppose a man—as soon as he's out of being fagged—somewhere about the remove at school. By the time he's in the Sixth he thinks he ought to be the arbiter of most things. As for you—men measure all things, and you take the measure of men, you know, er—er—er—my dear Miss Creyke (he went on rather hastily). Then as to certain things, we are told, about the firmament, or sky, or heavens as they are seen with eyes. I can't call what is coming strict argument, but it may convey determining ideas to the mind; especially to anybody's who looks much at the sky.

Provost (*fatigued*). I'm afraid I don't look at it enough. Old fellows must not risk apoplexy for the sake of reverie, or run against posts in 'gazing on the gibbous moon.' I hope a small angle of observation don't matter.

Hugh. Not at all; what we're coming to is generally observable towards the horizon. Now we have gone to Max Müller for Aryan theo-meteorology—nothing like a long word when one is at it—let us try the Hebrew-Semitic account of the heavens, in Gen. i. 6–8. Take the marginal reading, expansion, *rakia* in the Hebrew—'Let there be an expansion, a vast open space in the midst of (or between) the waters. Let it divide the waters below, in their collected or tangible fluid state, from the waters above in their dispersed or aërial state. And God called that firmament, or expansion, Heaven.' So far Ruskin on Gen. i.*

May. Well, but those three words, heaven, firmament, and expansion, with *rakia*, make four. Do they all mean the same, as words?

Hugh. Rakia is *stereoma* in the Septuagint, and *firmamentum* in the Vulgate. Those three words all mean a strong immeasurable hollow vault. Expansion means the same, with this difference which follows. The earliest Hebrew conception of that expansion, vault, or hollow (and not Hebrew alone) was of an unspeakably strong, and even solid thing; at least the idea of strength was always combined with that of tenacity, and we ourselves have not lost it. *Raka*, the verb, means to beat metal out flat; and in Job xxxvii. 18, we read—'Hast thou spread (hammered) out the sky, which is strong, and as a molten looking-glass? (as a polished metal [mirror, you know, not a thin, transparent plate).

Caroline (*musingly*). Then all these words convey the idea of unspeakable extent of air and tenuity, upheld and bounded by strength?

Provost. And so do all expressions of idea about this heaven, or celestial and terrestrial frame—solar system if you like.

(Caroline retires within herself temporarily.)

* *Modern Painters*, iv. p. 83.

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May. Why, what does the word heaven mean?

Provost. The up-heaven or uplifted. Expansion and strength again.

Charles. Cœlum is κοῖλον or hollow, I know: a cave in mid-space—but what's Οὐρανός?*

Provost. Height, in the same sense.

May. And Himmel?

Provost. The vault which covers the Heim or abode of men. *Heimeln* is to cover in. All Greek, Gothic, and Roman ideas of heaven and earth involve those two ideas of strength and tenuity: of an under-heaven of moisture, cloud, storm, and all variations going on within the immeasurable frame, or space, or hollow. The mist that watered the earth-paradise with dew was conceived of as formed under the Rakia: soft and gentle; with nothing penal about it, like battering hail and 'ruinous rain.'

Highcliffe. Yes, and even the clearness of intense light is spoken of in Exodus xxiv. 10 as a solid floor, as paved work of a sapphire stone.

Provost. You see it's metaphor striving to realise itself: the effort of imagination to express what is without words. You painters seem always short of words to express intensity or purity of colour, Charles; at least, I give you credit for really feeling a good deal that you can't explain or agree about. The subject is ineffable; and the Hebrew way of describing things by sight, as they seem to be seen, is inaccurate enough I dare say in the eye of science. But still it does seem that things are held together by incalculable strength, if it's only to make the atmosphere accompany the earth in her orbit. Surely attraction is power, force that makes strong? I don't see why we should not take it as metaphorical effort at conjecture, all the Hebrew figures about the stars fixed in the firmament like lights in a roof, and liable to fall out. And the Greeks reached at the same expressions—there's their brazen heaven and iron heaven in Homer.† I suppose we make our ideas of attraction, and centrifugal and centripetal forces, do the work of density and solid strength. It's all atoms and forces ultimately, as far as we know what matter is.

Caroline (pouncing on a new notion). But wasn't there a great nebulous revolving sphere in the first instance, as big as the whole system, that threw off the planets in rings, and concentrated in the sun? And must not that be governed and bounded and made strong by attraction and forces and all that?‡

* Smith's *Dictionary of the Bible* ('Firmament'), *Pott. Etymol. Forsch.* i. 123.

† *Il.* xvii. 425, 504; *Od.* xv. 328; xvii. 565; cf. Levit. xxvi. 19.

‡ Stated in *Aids to Faith*, Essay v. p. 210. Illustrated by M. Plateau's experiment of a globe of oil (it immediately took that form) suspended in a mixture of alcohol and water of equal specific gravity to it, contained in a hollow sphere, and rapidly rotated. It first flattened at its poles and spread out at its equator; then, on increased speed, disengaged revolving rings. These broke, became spheres, *rotated* on their axis, and *revolved* round the parent globe. Pfaff. p. 318. Also, *Vestiges of Natural History of Creation*, fifth edition, reprinted, pp. 11-14.

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Provost. A very good shot, my dear. Laplace and Sir W. Herschel: that would do very well as to words and notions. It would make stereoma and firmament mean system, law of forces which shall not be broken. We are like Hebrews and Greeks, though we know more; we still have to express much which we seem to see and do not really understand.

Caroline. What we seem to see?

Provost. Yes, the great 'hollow-vaulted dark'—standing 'adamantine'; and yet palpitating through air and ether and tenuity. Expansion as cloud and mist, strength as ice or crystal, as vapour or as diamond. They saw and said all that, and so do we; but now hear the Professor. He says nothing about the external bounding stereoma, certainly, but we have all seen what is described here.*

(*Highcliffe reads.*) 'An unscientific reader knows little about the manner in which the volume of the atmosphere surrounds the earth, but I imagine that he could hardly glance at the sky when rain was falling in the distance, and see the level line of the bases of the clouds from which the shower descended, without being able to attach an instant and easy meaning to the words, "Expansion in the midst of the waters?" And if, having once seized this idea, he proceeded to examine it more accurately, he would perceive at once, if he had ever noticed anything of the nature of clouds, that the level line of their bases did indeed most severely and stringently divide "waters from waters"—that is to say, divide water in its collective state from water in its aërial state; or the waters which fall and flow from those which rise and float.'

Provost. Seeing certainly is believing, or understanding, in this case. The rain-cloud sometimes makes one feel such extraordinary graphic truth in such an expression as 'He bowed the heavens and came down.' It's both Aryan and Semitic; and we have all watched the strife of the storm often enough in the last ten days or so.

Charles. Then you make the Scriptural account of things only a grand description? I don't see why one should mind—but——

Provost. I really cannot see what more one is to expect of it. Do you want it more symbolic or more scientific? Greek cosmogony may be the first—but as to the last, no doubt the latter half of the nineteenth century is great, but it can hardly expect the very beginnings of the world's history to have been written strictly and exclusively with a view to the theories which happen to be current just now. Moses couldn't please all the choir of professors together; and if he'd pleased the nineteenth century, the twentieth would pick him to pieces for that reason. His description has only succeeded in meeting men's unlectured conceptions all over the world ever since, and it does meet them in our own days. To challenge it as a scientific

* *Modern Painters*, iv. p. 85, part v. ch. vi.

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cosmogony is to reject it, and those who will do so may do so on that ground as well as another.

Charles. But we *do* want an inner and outer Rakia, Provost—the containing firmament, strength in space, I don't see why we shouldn't call it attraction or gravitation, and the inner atmosphere of clouds and water in tenuity that accompanies this world.

Provost. I don't see that that's impossible or contrary to sense or science. And when we say He bowed the heavens, we mean the veil of clouds about the earth—not the solar system. Read, my dear May, 'The expression is neither hyperbolical nor obscure—it is plain truth; and it describes God, not as revealing Himself in any peculiar way to David, but doing what He is still doing before our own eyes, day by day. By taking the words as they are, we are led to apprehend the immediate presence of the Deity. By vague inaccurate acceptance of the words, we remove His presence far from us . . . . and gradually refine and explain ourselves into dim and distant suspicion of an inactive God, fading into the multitudinous formalisms of the laws of nature.'

May. But isn't that precisely what they all want to do? I was thinking, that unless they do it, superhuman things like miracles seem rather easy to understand.

Provost. Yes—that necessity to get rid of a Maker of the world for fear of His turning out a Judge of mankind. At all events, May, they are in His hands, with us; and perhaps what we feel as difficulties are excuses for them with Him. But their axiom that man is the measure of all things seems a hopeless one; for if that be so, then that which man cannot measure is nothing, or nothing to him. That is Agnosticism; and if Atheism can exist, that is it, for it is denial *plus* defiance. But at all events, I'm rather tired, and we've said our say about the firmament and its waters. Don't you own to a little fatigue, too, Lady Hertha?

Lady Hertha. Yes, I've had as much as I can manage. I'm sure such severe mental exercise was never taken before at Bewerly Banks, or on this side of Craven. Come, Caroline. [*Exeunt.*]

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CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CLXXVI.

BABINGTON'S PLOT.

1586.

A NEW plot began to arise before Elizabeth's eyes, the chief foreign element in it being Alessandro Farnese, Prince of Parma, in the Netherlands, and the Duke of Guise in France, with Philip II. of course pulling the wires. It was intended that Parma should become Mary's husband, and that, Queen Elizabeth being assassinated, they should reign over England, as tributaries to Spain. There were English Roman Catholics who had been goaded to desperation by the severities that their fellows had undergone, and who were quite willing to be the means of destroying the Queen, whom they considered as an illegitimate heretic, usurper, and persecutor, whom it was lawful by any means to destroy.

Paulet's vigilance put an absolute stop to communication with Mary, who for a time could receive none of the despatches from her friends; but Walsingham and Burghley, seeing what these designs were, and despairing altogether of Elizabeth marrying and giving them a direct heir, thought it advisable to let the plot proceed, before stifling it like its predecessors, till Mary should have made herself guilty of high treason, and Elizabeth should be thoroughly convinced that her captive's death was the only means of securing her own life, her country, or the Church of England. It was the policy of a policeman who waits till the thief has committed his burglary that the punishment may be more severe, nay, who even puts a promising theft in his way. It was not a generous scheme, and when we think of it as employed towards the captive princess who had fled to seek protection in England, it has an inconceivably base aspect; and yet when we remember the absolute certainty these men had of her designs and those of her friends, and of the fearful horrors to their country and Church that must have ensued had she survived Elizabeth, we see how they were justified in their own eyes, and those of their contemporaries. Little did Edmund Spenser in his dream of chivalry, writing the *Faërie Queen* in Ireland, guess that the sympathies of posterity would hang round her whom he held as the false Duessa, the Florimel of Snow, and turn from his great Gloriana with dislike and contempt. But misfortune will always be more endearing than success, and those who have not had fair play obtain sympathy beyond their actual deserts.

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Whether the beginning of the plot were a genuine contrivance of fanatical Romanists, or whether it were from the very beginning a snare laid for them by a traitorous spy of their own profession, is not absolutely certain; but there is reason to think the latter was the case.

At the Christmas of 1585, Mary was removed from her uncomfortable quarters at Tutbury to Chartley Manor, in Staffordshire, a house belonging to the young Earl of Essex, in an open plain, accessible in all directions. Near this house was that one of Mr. Gifford, a Roman Catholic, whose son Gilbert had been bred up in the Jesuit seminary at Rheims, and thence had gone to Paris, where he naturally obtained the confidence of the Archbishop of Glasgow, and of Mary's other friends, who recommended him to the French ambassador in London, M. de Chateauneuf, who had just succeeded Castlenau. He said that he had come to England for the purpose of re-opening communication with the Queen of Scots, and that his knowledge of the neighbourhood—being himself a Staffordshire man—would afford him every facility.

Chateauneuf had, however, some instinct against him, and would not commit to his charge a large number of letters that were waiting to be transmitted to Mary; but, after some delay and inquiry, gave him one as a test.

Now Burton ale was as famous then as now, and a brewer there sent a supply once a week to Chartley Manor. Into the bottom of this barrel was fastened a box, into which letters for Mary were put. The box was found by the butler when he drew off the beer, handed over to one of Mary's secretaries, Curle and Nau, who took out the letters, put in fresh ones, gave the box to the butler, who placed it in the empty barrel, and made it over to the charge of the 'honest man,' as the brewer was always termed in the correspondence, and he handed them over to Gifford.

Little did the writers guess that the 'honest man' had only consented to act as messenger on the absolute certainty that Sir Amias Paulet was a consenting party, and that he should be well rewarded for his service to the state. Each letter was forwarded by Gifford to Walsingham, who had it deciphered and copied by a man named Thomas Philips, and then either detained it or let it proceed to its destination in some unsuspicious manner, after it had been re-sealed by one Arthur Gregory, who was an adept in counterfeiting seals, so that no one should suspect that they had been tampered with.

There was a young man of good fortune, named Antony Babington, a Roman Catholic, who had been for some time page to Lord Shrewsbury, and had thus conceived a great enthusiasm for Queen Mary. To him Gilbert Gifford suggested a scheme for liberating Mary by the help of a force sent by Parma from the Netherlands, but as on the first news of an invasion the keepers would immediately put Mary

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to death to prevent her being set free, it would be necessary to begin by making her their Queen by means of assassinating Elizabeth. Babington was shocked at the notion of murder, but Gifford fetched from Paris an English priest named John Ballard, who taught him the fatal doctrine 'killing no murder' in such a case. Another man named John Savage, who had served under Parma in the Netherlands, and rejoiced in the assassination of Orange, offered to do the deed with his own hand, and so worked upon Babington that he became fired with the same murderous zeal, and insisted that six persons, among them himself, should be told off to ensure the slaughter of the Queen. They were young men of his own age and condition, Chidiock Tichbourne, of an old Hampshire family, Charles Tilney, one of the Queen's own gentlemen pensioners, John Charnock, Edward Abington, and an Irishman named Barnwell. Babington was actually so foolish as to have a picture taken of himself and the other six conspirators with the Latin motto—

'Hi mihi sunt comites quos ipsa pericula jurigunt.'

(These are my comrades whom the same perils join.)

This picture was, by Gifford's means, actually shown to Elizabeth, and a few days later, while walking in Richmond Park, her quick eye recognised the Irishman Barnwell. She showed no alarm, but kept her eyes sternly bent on him, and 'her lion port and awe-commanding face' absolutely hindered him from making any attempt upon her, though (as he afterwards deposed) he distinctly heard her say to Sir Christopher Hatton 'Am I not well guarded to-day, not having one man wearing a sword by his side near me?'

Though she had looked this man down, Elizabeth could not rejoice in the situation, nor be happy in the knowledge that he and half a dozen more were at large, watching to take her life; and she was urgent to have at least Ballard and Babington apprehended; but this did not suit Walsingham's policy, he had not yet obtained any positive evidence of the Queen of Scots' participation in the plot to such an extent as would make her guilty beyond forgiveness in his mistress's eyes. So he entreated Elizabeth to wait a little longer. She said 'it was her duty to put an end to the evil designs of her enemies while it was in her power to do so, lest by not doing it, she should seem to tempt God's mercy rather than manifest her trust in His protection.' However she was overruled by her council, ignorant as she was with what ulterior object they bade her wait.

Meantime, Mary's best friends knew that it would be wisest for her to be kept in ignorance of this worst part of the plot. Thomas Morgan, who had been her agent for years and was now at Paris, wrote to her that her friends were busy for her, but that they held it best that she should know nothing before the issue; and he particularly forbade

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Ballard to hold any communication with her, being aware that the priest would speak too plainly.

However, another letter was sent to Mary, in which Morgan advised her to write a few lines to Babington expressing her confidence in him, and thanking him for the services he intended. There is much reason to think that this last, so inconsistent with the former ones, was a forgery of Walsingham or some of his agents. At any rate, it produced the following letter from Mary to Babington, which was conveyed to him by 'an unknown boy.'

'MY VERY GOOD FRIEND,—Albeit, it be long since you heard from me, not more than I have done from you, it is against my will; yet would I not you should think I have in the meanwhile, or will ever be, unmindful of the effectual affection you have showed here towards all that concerneth me. I have understood that, upon the renewing of your intelligence, there were addressed unto you, both from France and Scotland, some packets for me; I pray you, if any be come to your hands, and be yet in place, to deliver them to the bearer hereof, who will safely convey them unto me, and I will pray to God for your preservation. Your assured good friend.

'CHARTLEY, *June 25th.*'

Meantime a packet had been sent by Philips, to be delivered through the brewer, with which Paulet declined to have anything to do, stopping it on its course, and returning it; but a long letter was then written in reply, with full detail of the intended invasion, and mention of the 'six noble gentlemen,' who were to undertake the tragical execution 'of the despatch of the usurper,' also that in the meantime Babington himself with ten gentlemen of quality, and a hundred men, were to come to Chartley, and set Mary at liberty. That Babington wrote is certain; but was his letter, either as written by himself or read by Mary, exactly as it stood in the copy made by Philips, the decipherer, and laid before Elizabeth? Ballard it seems was anxious, in good faith, to obtain Mary's hand and seal in sanction of his plans; and Gifford equally anxious that she should commit herself, the double-dyed traitor thus urging on the single-dyed.

Mary was at this time well, and able to take rides, but she had just been sorely disappointed by a letter from her son, written under the influence of the Master of Gray, and showing himself determined not to endanger his succession to the English crown for her sake. She wrote strongly and gratefully to Babington, and gave her full assent to all his plans—invasion, rebellion, assassination and all. That is to say, the deciphered letter did so, and by her own admission she had no scruple as to consenting to the rising of her friends, or the Spanish invasion; but those who plead for her have great doubts whether the letter of Babington laid his murderous plan before her, or whether the sentences in which her distinct knowledge and approval of it are shown, are not interpolations. It is a very long letter, and goes into details of how the barns at Chartley may be set on fire, and she may be carried off in the confusion.

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Considering what the Spanish invasion would have been to England —and there are four or five other most undoubted letters from Mary to the ambassador and others, showing her entire approval of, and eagerness for it—there is no wonder that English statesmen shuddered as if they had a tigress in their hands; but the charge stands against them, never disproved, of having added the clauses respecting the personal assassination, to make her cause hopeless with their own Queen, who had hitherto protected the prisoner. Mary's letter to Babington was dated on the 17th of July, and thereupon Walsingham caused Ballard to be arrested. He went by the name of Captain Fortescue, and was arrayed in a gray cloak, with gold lace, satin doublet, and velvet hose, and was thus found in Babington's lodgings, and carried off to the Tower.

That day, Babington met Savage in the cloisters of St. Paul's Cathedral, and said, 'Ballard is taken, all will be betrayed. What remedy now?'

'None but kill her presently,' said Savage.

'Then go you to Court to-morrow, and execute the part.'

'Nay, I cannot go to-morrow,' said Savage, 'my apparel is not ready; and in this apparel I shall never come near the Queen.'

Babington then went to Walsingham, fancying that he was hoodwinking the statesman by offering his own valuable services as a spy upon Queen Mary's friends at Paris! Walsingham kept him in play, but caused a spy to follow him, and one day in a tavern this man's occupation was suddenly disclosed to the dupe by an accident. Babington slipped out of the tavern, stained his face with walnut leaves, cut his hair, and repaired to St. John's Wood, then really a forest, and the haunt of thieves and outlaws. Four of the other gentlemen joined him there, and all secrecy was now at an end. All London rang with news of the plot, the Spaniards were expected hourly to be landing everywhere, and the people were ready to slaughter every Papist or foreigner, and it was hardly safe for the ambassadors themselves to stir out of their houses. Strangers even hid themselves, fearing an English St. Bartholomew.

However, the party lurking in St. John's Wood were compelled by hunger to take rfuge in the house of a friend named Bellamy, who hid them in the outhouses of his farm; but, betrayed as they were, nothing was easier than for Walsingham to pounce upon them at the moment he wanted them; and they were carried to the Tower, the people following, and shouting, and singing Psalms, while the bells were rung for joy at what the world supposed was the providential detection of a plot that would have reduced London to the state of Haarlem or Antwerp. Chidiock Tichbourne and the rest were arrested a few days later, and only one escaped. The double traitor, Mr. Gifford, for appearance sake fled likewise, but was captured at Paris as a suspicious person, and died there, after an imprisonment of three years. Another such

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spy, Parley, was thrown into the Tower, till the excitement should be over.

The confession was complete; Savage emulated the openness of his model, Gerard, and his confession, copied by Philips, is still preserved. It was made public, but all the sentences that criminated Gilbert Gifford, or showed him as the instigator of the plot, were suppressed.

Of the absolute intention of this man to murder the Queen with his own hand there can be no doubt. He intended to lurk in her gallery at church and stab her, or to shoot her in the garden with his dagg (a pistol). Babington was, by his own showing, equally bent on her assassination, though he had only been brought thereto by Ballard's persuasion. Ballard was unmercifully racked, but disclosed nothing new. Tichbourne declared that he had never consented either to the murder or the invasion, but had kept the secret for Babington's sake.

Of all this Queen Mary knew nothing; but as it was thought time to seize her papers, one day, when she was out riding, Sir Amias Paulet proposed to her to go to Tixall, a house of Sir Walter Aston, to see a buck hunt. Her two secretaries were likewise of the party. A troop of horse met them at the gate, and a warrant was shown for her detention there. She spoke hotly to Paulet as her secretaries were carried off for examination, and she was taken to Tixall in her riding-dress, without a change, and there shut up in two rooms, without pen, ink, or paper, for seventeen days, during which time all her rooms at Chartley were ransacked, and every letter or paper sent off to the Council.

She was then brought back to Chartley, and as she left the park, a crowd of beggars came around her, imploring her bounty.

'I have nothing for you,' she said. 'I am a beggar as much as you are.'

When she reached Chartley, and saw her cabinets and caskets broken open and emptied, she turned to Paulet, and said, 'There still remain two things, sir, which you cannot take from me, the royal blood which gives me a right to the succession, and the attachment which binds me to the faith of my fathers.'

Mrs. Curle, suffering from the shock and alarm, had given birth to a daughter, and Mary begged Sir Amias Paulet to let his chaplain christen it; but he refused, some suppose because the child was to be called after the Queen, others that it was a mere act of unkindness, but it is more probable that his Calvinistic opinions made him object to a baptism in the absence of the father, in his eyes a traitor; but to his greater horror, the Queen herself at once baptized the little one by the name of Mary, with her own hand and lips. Paulet wrote to Walsingham, that as she had been guilty of every other crime, he did not wonder at this on reflection. Lay baptisms of dying babes had been permitted, and even enjoined, up to the appearance of Edward VI.'s

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Second Book, but the Puritans held them to be superstitions, and set their faces strongly against them.

Mary became ill, and kept her bed, so prostrated by rheumatism that she could not even move her hand. In this state she was visited by Paulet, together with a magistrate, who was commissioned to make her deliver up her keys and money. She answered bitterly, and refused; but when threatened that her locks should be broken she yielded the keys, and 5,000 French crowns, and 114*l.* sterling were found. The French money was taken, the English left to pay the servants' wages. Money was also taken from the secretaries' cabinets which seems to have been their private property. There were 2,000 crowns of Curle's, which he said were the marriage gift given to him and his wife by their Queen.

The two secretaries were imprisoned in Walsingham's house, and though they refused to answer at first, it was at last admitted that the long letter to Babington was Mary's own. Nau said a copy in her own hand would be found among the papers at Chartley; but this could never be discovered, and it was said that Curle had destroyed it. Nau also declared that Babington's letter was his mistress's first intimation of the plot on her behalf, but that she had thought it safer to take no notice of the plan for Elizabeth's death, though she had not deemed herself obliged to make it known.

Burghley and Walsingham had attained their purpose of thoroughly alarming and exasperating their Queen. She declared afterwards that she wrote a private letter to Mary, entreating her to make a full confession on the promise of pardon, and that she had no answer, so that probably Walsingham never let it reach the prisoner.

Elizabeth had looked Barnwell down when she met him undefended, but no doubt her nerves reacted upon her, and to hear that she might be met by a dagger in her seat at church or a pistol in her garden, was enough to make the stoutest heart quail; nor did she for a moment guess that Walsingham was pulling the wires all the time, and meant quite as much to frighten her as to involve her rival. She insisted that on the trial of the prisoners nothing should be brought forward as to the complicity of the Queen of Scots, being persuaded that if Mary's approval were made known, it might arm other assassins against her own life; and they were obliged to give way. She was even alarmed into ferocity for the only time in her life, and asked if any more terrible mode of death could not be devised; but Burghley told her that the ordinary death of traitors could be made quite horrible enough for the deterring of any one.

So on the 13th of September the trial of the first seven took place. Ballard had been so much tortured that he could not walk, and had to be brought to the bar in a chair. They all pleaded guilty to having planned to deliver the Queen of Scots, and change the religion of the country; but Savage and Babington alone acknowledged the intention

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of killing the Queen, and Babington declared that Ballard had led him to his destruction.

'Yes, Mr. Babington,' said Ballard, 'lay all the blame on me, but I wish the shedding of my blood might be the saving of your life. Howbeit, say what you will; I will say no more.'

Tichbourne declared that he had only been guilty of not choosing to betray his friend; and another of the seven, named Salisbury, likewise declared that he would not have consented to the killing of the Queen for a kingdom; but all alike were sentenced, and so were seven others, tried a few days later.

Babington signed a declaration the morning of his death, declaring the correctness of the key of the cipher he had used in correspondence with the Queen of Scots, and this has been manipulated into meaning that he acknowledged the two fatal letters, with all their murderous suggestions.

Tichbourne had spent the night in writing a poem and a letter to his young wife. Here is one verse:—

'My spring is past, and yet it is not spring;
The fruit is dead, and yet the leaves are green;
My youth is past, and yet I am but young;
I saw the world, and yet I was not seen;
My thread is cut, and yet it is not spun;
And now I live, and now my life is done.'

He was a youth of great grace and high accomplishment, and, in a moment of less excitement, would no doubt have been spared, but unhappily he was among the first seven arrested, and was thus one of the earliest victims of rage and fear.

All suffered at St. Giles in the Fields, Ballard first. He and Savage were guilty to the full. One was the priestly plotter, whose fanaticism forgot the prime law of man towards man; the other the ferocious tool, who had been allowed to believe that the cause of his religion sanctified murder. The other five were misled, and probably a pardon would have made them good and grateful subjects. As it was, the executioners so fully justified Burghley's assurance to Elizabeth, that the mob itself was sickened at the atrocity of the protracted horrors, and orders came out the next day that the ensuing seven should be dead before the mutilation began. The wife of one of them had been accused and imprisoned, but she was allowed to escape because her Christian name had been set down as Elizabeth instead of Katharine in the indictment.

A friend of Babington, Sir William Stanley, had been made governor of the fort of Deventer. He had done most excellent service before Zutphen, being a man of the most daring bravery, who loved fighting for its own sake; but he was a Roman Catholic, who had once actually served under Alva. Half the population of Deventer were Romanists, and Leicester had probably chosen Stanley to conciliate

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them; but his garrison was of Irish kernes, who were not only Papists, but almost savages, half naked, undisciplined, and terrible plunderers alike of friend and foe. Moreover, the great fort which had been won by Sir Edward Stanley was placed under the government of Roland York, an adventurer whom every one distrusted. The States disapproved of both appointments, but Leicester answered for the fidelity of both, being led to promote them because they, like himself, hated Sir John Norreys, commander of the forces.

York was an absolute traitor, dealing all the time with Farnese, and he seems to have persuaded Stanley that no Roman Catholic could be safe, and that he had better make terms with Parma.

Edward Stanley was sent out of the way with despatches to England, and early on a January morning in 1587 Stanley admitted the Spanish Count Tassis into Deventer, and entered the service of Philip with all his Irish. Not a single English officer would, however, share in his treason, and all were suffered to depart unhurt. York also gave up his fort to the enemy. Stanley seems to have been worked upon partly by the thought of his friends' fate in England, partly by religious fanaticism, for Parma wrote to the King calling him singularly disinterested; and he accepted a command in the forces intended to invade England, but was said afterwards to have died insane.

The States could not but be most indignant. They began to mistrust every Englishman. The unhappy English soldiers were unpaid and robbed for their very sustenance; Maurice of Nassau was advanced to the highest dignity that Holland could confer, and only the common danger from Spain held England and the United Provinces together. Maurice of Nassau, cool and wary beyond his years, would not break with England, and Leicester, though still absent, continued governor-general. The priest, Dr. William Allen, was strongly suspected of having overcome Stanley's scruples, and he certainly published, immediately after, a defence of his conduct.

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TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GREEK TRAGEDIANS.

ÆSCHYLUS (*continued*).—THE SEVEN CHIEFS AGAINST THEBES.

*When Œdipus, the King of Thebes, had been thrust in prison by his two sons, Eteocles and Polynices, in order that the dread memories connected with his name might be forgotten, he cursed them in his anger, and besought the gods that they might part the kingdom between them by the sword.**

With these words we have passed once more from contemporary history to the fairy-land of Greek legend. The experiment which had been made in the *Persians* was not repeated, and we can imagine Æschylus himself returning with renewed delight to those old rhyming chronicles which he, in common with his countrymen, loosely associated with the name of Homer.†

Of these none were more famous than that which told of the horrors brooding over the house of Thebes; the curse which—once set going—could never rest. Œdipus himself, [unconscious victim of the infatuation of the gods, had committed horrible crimes, having unwittingly murdered his father, and afterwards married his own mother. Only with death could his punishment cease, after his sin had been found out; yet even so the consequences of his ill-doing died not with him, but the gods inclined his heart to curse his sons, that the sins of the father might be visited even upon his children. It is here that the play begins. Eteocles, who has agreed to share the kingdom in turn with his brother, unjustly refuses to yield possession of it when the time comes, and Polynices having sought aid from Adrastus, King of Argos, has now returned with six other chiefs, to vindicate his claim by arms. What follows is but the fulfilment of the curse. The city indeed is saved, the invading foe driven back; but both the brothers perish, death-slain each by the other's hand.

The celebrated scene which forms the following extract, in which Eteocles provides for the defence of the seven gates of the city, each beset by a formidable champion, has been blamed as long-drawn and obstructive to the action of the piece; as being, in fact, epic rather

* The tragic story of Œdipus will have to be noticed more particularly when we come to the dramas of Sophocles.

† The Greeks held a single Homer to be the author of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, which formed as it were a Greek Bible, but they also applied generally the name *Homeric* to a vast cycle of similar poems, and it was from these, either as presenting a more varied field, or perhaps because they were regarded with a less strict reverence than the two greater poems, that the dramatists preferred to select their fables.

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than dramatic. The charge is best refuted by admitting it. Æschylus, in contrast to Sophocles, often permitted himself to deviate from strict artistic proportion when strongly moved by his fiery enthusiasms, his lofty imaginings, his moral and religious questionings. He loved Homer much; a part of the Homeric spirit was in him, and sometimes, as we have already seen in the *Persians*, he allowed this epic vein to have its way. He has done so here, and made his chieftains pass before us, warlike, chivalrous, against a background dark with coming doom. But thus much admitted, it should be noted how grandly Æschylus has made this epic material dramatic in effect if not in form. The character of Eteocles—the central personage of the play—in its relation both to the cause he upholds and the curse which is laid upon him, is ever more clearly revealed by successive touches. Unjust as his conduct is, he at least represents moderation and patriotism as opposed to the boastful fury of his brother, and his unnatural hate against his native city; yet we feel that both are in fact being inevitably urged on by their father's curse. As, with a symmetrically ordered precision, the messenger describes each hostile chief, and Eteocles selects a champion to meet him, while the chorus comments on the choice in strains of mingling fear and hope, the dark issue is seen to draw nearer and nearer, till the climax of tragic intensity is reached in Eteocles' obstinate resolve himself to meet his brother in arms.

But the fatal combat of the brothers is only the germ of new sorrows. It being decreed that the corpse of Polynices shall be cast forth unburied * as a traitor to his country, his loving sister Antigonê declares that though all else should be afraid, yet will she bury him with her own hands. The lines in which she announces her heroic resolve shadow forth a fresh tragedy, which we shall find later embodied in the *Antigonê* of Sophocles.

ETEOCLES ARRANGES FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE CITY.

The scene is in front of the citadel of Thebes. ETEOCLES *enters, surrounded by his principal chieftains. The chorus is of Theban maidens.*

MESSENGER. ETEOCLES. CHORUS.

MESSENGER (*entering*).

Myself, that saw, can tell you of the foe,
And how his 'lotted gate each chief besets.
Tydeus already, hard by Prœtus' gate,
Fumes; though the seer,† since ill the victims bode,
Wills he not yet shall cross Ismenus' ford.
But Tydeus mad, for battle all athirst,

* The greatest importance was attached by the Greeks to burial. In the case of a dead body left, for whatever reason, exposed, a few handfuls of earth sprinkled over it were sufficient for the purpose. Until this barest rite of sepulture was performed the soul was compelled to wander homeless and wretched, shut out from the Elysian fields.

† Amphiaraus.

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Shrills, as a serpent hisses, fierce at noon,
And with this taunt he smites the seer, wise son
Of Œcleus, that he fawns on fate and shirks
In abjectness the fray ; as thus he speaks,
Three shadowy crests he nods, his helmet's plume ;
While 'neath his shield three brazen bells clang fear—
That shield whose front doth wear this proud device :
A sky wrought on it glistering all with stars.
But midmost on the targe, a bright full moon,
Queen of the stars, the eye of night, beams forth.
Thus in his boastful harness, quite distraught,
By the river-banks he shrieks, passioned for fight,
Like a war-horse hard panting 'gainst the bit.
Whom wilt thou match with him—what champion's he,—
The bars unloosed—'fore Prœtus' gate shall stand ?

ETEOCLES.

This brave apparel daunts not me—no whit ;
Nor fine devices make no gory wounds ;
A crest, a bell dints not without the spear.
And for this night thou pictur'st on his shield,
This sky with stars alit, it well may prove
A night that's prophesied with implication.
For if but night do veil his eyes in death,
Then shall this haught device, to him who bears it,
With truth and right be of its nature named,
And he this boast on his own head pull down.
Now Tydeus to confront, and hold the gates,
I choose me this good son of Astacus,
Of birth right noble, and a reverencer
Of honour's throne, but boastful words he hates ;
And, loathing falsehood, shuns no noble deed ;
Melaníppus ; of that dragon brede the strain,
By Ares spared,* a very son o' the soil.
And now this hazard rests on Ares' throw,
But him hath kindred Justice missionëd,
To keep his parent earth from hostile spear.

CHORUS.

The gods lend my warrior their favour all,
Since he goes forth to fight at his country's call,
In the cause that is just ; but in thought floats my sighing
O'er the field where the brave for their dear ones who fall,
With their red wounds are lying !

MESSENGER.

The gods be with him even as thou dost pray.
But now fronts Cápaneus the Electran gates,
A giant, far in bulk o'ertowering him
I erst described ; more soaring is his boast
Than doth become a man, and dire revenge
He threats against our towers ; which heaven forefend !
For whether the god will or no, he swears
He'll sack the town, nor e'en Zeus' wrathful bolt
Hurled at his feet shall stay him, but he saith
His flashings and his dartings be no more
Than the warm beams the sun at noon may throw.
His badge a man close-stripped that bears a torch,

* An allusion to the armed men who sprang up from the dragon's teeth sown by Cadmus, the founder of Thebes. They fought with one another until only five survived, and from this remnant the Thebans were supposed to be descended.

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With, ready in his hands, a flaming brand ;
Gold letters make him say : THE TOWN I'LL BURN.
'Gainst him—but who's to join with such a foe,
Who, without shudder, bide this man of vaunts ?

ETEOCLES.

Why, still there's gain accrues from this boast too ;
Thus is it ever with men's vain conceits,
That in the tongue beget their true accuser.
This Cápaneus doth threat, and minds to act,
To the gods' shame ; and with such whirling joy
As frenzy apes, being mortal, mounts to heaven
High swelling words at Zeus, quite audible.
Yet on him, as I trust, so Justice aid,
This fiery bolt shall fall, not wholly like
The genial fervour of the midday sun.
Against this wordy warrior I oppose
That fiery soul of courage, Polyphontes,
A tower of trust, strong in the saviour aid
Of Artemis and all her kindred gods.
Of other tell, set at some other gate.

CHORUS.

Perish he, who proud things 'gainst our city doth say ;
His feet the swift bolt of the thunder stay,
Ere he burst on my home, ere he lead me, the dower
Of his insolent spear, a sad captive, away
From my fair maiden bower !

MESSENGER.

The next whom chance his post assigned, thus then
I name ; to Eteoclus third, third leapt
The lot from out the brazen helm upturned,
And bade to Neïs gates his troop advance.
His steeds in furious circlings round he whirls,
That snort against the bit, as they did ask
To breathe their fiery life out at the gates,
And with barbaric sound whistle the pipes,*
Filled with their panting nostrils' clashing breath.
Not slight his shield's device ; a warrior shown
In panoply, who mounts a ladder's step,
To scale and spoil a hostile citadel.
He too, as letters syllable, cries out :
Not Ares self shall hurl me from the towers.
Then front him with an arm of might to keep
The yoke of slavery from our city's neck.

ETEOCLES.

Such one I'll send ; good fortune go with him ;
Send—nay, he's sent, our Mégareus, Creon's son,
O' the dragon lineage,† with, for boasts, his hands—
Not one, for the loud breath of whinnying steeds,
To budge from his firm stand ; but or he'll render
That life his country gave, or take those twain,
Device and effigy, with him that bears them,
For spoils to deck his father's house withal.
More braggarts, come ; say on, and grudge not breath.

* This was a kind of nozzle inserted in the nostril. It sounded with the horse's breath.

† See last note but one.

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CHORUS.

I pray that good hap with thy champion be,
Oh thou stay of our homes, but with them an ill plight;
And the boasts that they utter so furiously,
On their heads Zeus requite,
At the frown of his wrath as they perish and flee!

MESSENGER.

A fourth one still, the gates invests thus called
Of Onca Pallas; * there he stands and shouts;
The massy bulk of huge Hippomedon.
As round that disk immense, his orbëd shield
He swung, I shuddered; I deny it not—
And sooth, it was no paltry artist, he
That shaped so brave device upon his shield.
Typho, from fiery mouth thick vomiting
Swart smoke that wreathes about its sister flame;
And snakes that coil and twist the rim around,
Frame all the convex of his hollow shield.
Loud cried he Havoc, and, intoxicate
Of Ares, like a Bacchant, thirsts the fray,
With terrible glance; his oncoming heed well;
For rout already lords it at the gates.†

ETEOCLES.

Why, first shall she, whose presence guards our walls,
Athenê Onca, hating his rude threats,
Fend him, as 'twere a fierce snake from the nest?
Next add, we've chosen to meet him, man to man,
Hypérbius, Œnops' trusty son, who's set
To put fate to the touch at fortune's call;
Neither in form, courage, or martial 'haviour
To flout at; well the pair hath Hermes ‡ matched.
For each being foe to other, their shields as well
Shall flash with angry gods inimical.
On one side Typho, spouting fiery breath;
But on Hypérbius' shield Zeus father sits
Stedfast in might, grasping his flaming bolt;
And what eye yet saw Zeus discomfited?
Such heavenly aid on either champion waits;
And with the conquerors we, the losers they.
For such conditions in the strife foreshow
Like issues, if our Zeus bears Typho down,
And this same Zeus, as he does emblem, prove
True shield and saviour to Hypérbius.

CHORUS.

May he,—whose shield beareth the monster would mate
With Zeus in an impious rivalry;
That demon accursëd, that image men hate,
And immortals on high,—
May he bow down his head at the pass of the gate!

MESSENGER.

Amen to that; now to the fifth I pass,
Who at the fifth, the northern gate takes post.
Hard opposite Zeus-born Amphion's tomb.

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* Either from a statue or temple of the goddess that stood near.

† *i.e.*, the enemy is already boasting of victory.

‡ *i.e.*, as presiding over the drawing of lots.

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And by his lance he swears, which hardily
He doth protest more than the god to honour,
Yea, rate above the apple of his eye,
He swears that Cadmus' city he'll lay waste,
At its good point; so saith of his mountain dam
The fair-faced whelp, this boyish-manly chief.
Just 'gins the down to spread o'er his smooth cheek—
The darkening growth that speaks his budding prime.
But he, big with such fury as belies
His maidish name, rolling his eyes, stands there.
Nor yet unblazoned he the gate besets,
For on his brazen shield fast riveted,
(Whose orbëd bulwark is his body's fence,)
Our city's shame, the raw devouring sphinx,
A bright embossëd shape, lightly he waved.
She bears a man—a Theban—in her clutch;
A mark, belike, not fewest darts shall draw.
Being here, methinks no stinted trade he'll drive
Of war, nor his long faring close with shame,
This boy of Arcady, Parthenopœus.
Being such, a stranger, yet as who'd requite
To Argos his fair nurture, such revenge
He threats against our walls, as heaven avert.

ETEOCLES.

If but the gods on their own heads repay
What they to us intend, how shall they fall
Ruining, with all their impious boasts upon them.
Him too, this strip you call of Arcady,
A champion waits; no boaster, but his hand
Hath eyes for what's to do, our Actor here,
Brother to him whom just before I named.
He'll not permit this impuïssant tongue,
Flooding within, confusion to confound,
Nor grunt that foe, whose hostile shield reflects
Imaged that noxious pest, the wall to win.
Nay, but thrust out, it shall have cause to blame
Him who within would bear it, as it reels
'Fore many a buffet 'neath the city's wall.
All which, with the gods' grace, shall fall out truth.

CHORUS.

Thy words thrill my bosom through with fear,
And the locks of my tresses uplifted stand,
For the boasts of the wicked, the sound in my ear
Of high words they haughtily utter—e'en here
The gods slay them, or ere they depart the land!

MESSENGER.

To the sixth chief I pass, wisest at once
And bravest, Amphiáraus the seer.
He, by the Homoloian gates at ward,
With keen reproach the heady Tydeus girds,
Calling him 'murderer, troubler of the state,
Argos' great master-mind in villany;
Herald of the Erinys, slaughter's henchman,
Who to Adrastus prompted all these woes.'
And then again lifting his eyes as 'twere
In horror for thy father's death, he calls
By name upon thy brother—Pólynices!—
Each chiding syllable twice lengthened out
At close, as thus he speaks: 'Oh deed

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Well pleasing to the gods, fair to live on
In lip and ear of late posterity :
That thou did'st let the strange invader in
To waste thy country and lay low her gods !
What Justice can assuage a mother's tears ? *
Shall then thy land stormed by those spears thy zeal
Hath pointed, be thy stay again at need ?
Now know I that I needs must rich this land,
Laid, as a seer, to rest in hostile soil,†
On them to fight ; a glorious fate is mine !'
Thus spake the seer, and waved his targe the while,
Brazen, fair-orbed ; whereon device was none,
For he would ever *be* not *seem* the best,
And from deep-delvëd furrows of his mind
He reaps the store whence those wise counsels spring.
'Gainst him wise foeman and approved withal
I rede thee send ; fear hath who fears the gods.‡

ETEOCLES.

Alas for that sick fortune among men,
That doth the just with the unjust confound.
There's nothing ever in this life more hurts
Than evil fellowship ; a crop ill garnered
From folly's glebe who ever reaped but death ?
For let a man that's righteous sail aboard
With desperate sailors set on villany,
Down goes he with the heaven-abhorred crew.
Or say, being just, he herds with citizens,
Contemners of the gods, inhospitable ;
Then justly in the same snare ta'en, he falls,
Death-stricken by the god's unswerving stroke.
This seer then, mark me, Œcleus' son I mean,
Brave, prudent, proved of worth and piety,
And thereto a great prophet—banding thus
With these unhallowed and contentious men
Who, brainless, wend this pageant—he, I say,
Zeus willing, shall deep down be dragged with them
To gain that far-off city §; whence, meseems,
The gates he'll not assiege ; nor this as base,
Or lacking valorous temper, but he knows
Death in the fray's not for him, if fruit come
Of Loxias' oracles, and he, we know,
Speaketh to purpose if he speak at all.
Howbeit we'll match with him brave Lasthenes,
A warder scant of courtesy for guests,
Greybeard in wit, but youth through each warm vein
Pulses ; quick eye he hath and hand not slow
To snatch the spear flashed bare from forth his shield.
But for success, 'tis the gods' gift to men.

CHORUS.

Ye gods ! hear the prayers that we justly pray,
Let the lot which is fairest our state befall ;
But the point of the ravening spear turn away
'Gainst the foe coming on ; yea, Zeus far from the wall
Smite them down ; and with bolt of his thunder slay !

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* This probably refers to his mother Iocasta, and the grief she was destined to feel at her son's fate.

† An oracle was afterwards established over his tomb.

‡ *i.e.*, he who has the gods with him is a formidable foe.

§ He means, to *Hades*, the abode of death.

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MESSENGER.

Last, of the chief at yonder seventh gate
Set seventh—he's thine own brother—hear what hap
With curse on curse he heaps upon the city;
In thought upon our towers proclaimed the king,
The pæan shrilled that tells a city's won,
Thee, thee he fain would meet; 'Let me (he cries)
But slay him, though I fall dead by his side,
Or let me live to send—oh rare revenge
That quits a wrong so sweetly—him that wronged me
Forth in despair to living banishment!'
Thus cursing, on his country's guardian gods
He calls for benediction of his prayers.
Also he hath a shield, new made withal,
Deft, and thereon a twofold emblem fixed:
To wit, a man in complete armour wrought
In gold, and leading him a stately dame:
Justice my name (her motto saith), *and I*
Will lead this exile home, and he shall tread
His city and his father's halls once more.
Such are their shields' devices; but do thou
Send whom thou wilt; thou shalt ne'er have to chide
For aught he brings, thy honest messenger;
Choose then, for all the state is in thy hand.

ETEOCLES.

Oh heaven-incensëd and the gods' deep hate,
All-lamentable house of Œdipus!
Alas, now 'gins my father's curse to work.
But time is not to weep and cry aloud,
Lest wailing yet more grievous thence ensue.
Oh, *Polynices* too, too truly named,*
Whither that symbol tend we soon shall know;
If that those golden letters, dark of sense,
That babble on his shield, will lead him home.
Which might so hap, were Justice, virgin child
Of Zeus, his bosom-friend in thought and deed;
But not, when from his mother's womb he leapt,
Nor from his nurture up to lusty man,
Nor when the virile growth shaded his cheek,
Spake Justice word with him or knew him hers.
Nor deem I that she stands beside him now,
In act dispiteous to his fatherland.
Justly were Justice deemed mere idle breath
Linked with a monster apt to every crime.
Trusting in which, myself alone will go
To meet him; who prefers a nearer claim?
Chief unto chief opposed, brother to brother,
And foe to foe, I'll stand;—quick, ho! my greaves,
My fence against the spears and hurtling stones.

CHORUS.

Thou son of Œdipus, our most dear lord,
Match not thy spirit with his whose very name
Breathes forth a sound of evil; be't enough
Theban with Argive close; that blood's to cleanse.
But death of brethren by fraternal hands,
'Tis a pollution but grows old with time.

* *Polynices* means man of strife.

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ETEOCLES.

If that a man must suffer, let it be
With honour; a pale ray to gild his tomb;
But mate the ill with shame, bright honour dies.

CHORUS.

What ails thee, my son? be not rapt by the stress of an ire
That mads thee with hunger of strife, but uproot from thy mind
The burgeon of ill-desire.

ETEOCLES.

Since thus the god will have it, waft it winds,
Take it, Cocytus' sullen wave, abhorred
Of Phœbus, the whole house of Laius!

CHORUS.

By the lust too cruel of a gnawing passion bested,
Thou art thrust on a slaughter whose fruit is bitter of kind
—The blood it is sin to shed.

ETEOCLES.

Oh, 'tis the loveless curse of my loved father
Sits darkly on my dry unweeping eyes,
And speaks of gain forerunning doom to be.

CHORUS.

Yet heed it not, thou, for no baseness thy name shall brand;
Too fair was thy life for that; and the sable-stoled
Erinys shall pass from thy halls when free gifts of thy hand
The gods' altars hold.

ETEOCLES.

The gods, yea very great their care of us;
They have a dainty love for murdered men;
Then shall we stoop to bandy prayers with death?

CHORUS.

Now, now, ere its step be upon thee! for fortune, though late,
May come with the breath of a gentler air to meet
Thee chastened hereafter of mood, should thy passion abate,
That now seethes with fierce heat.

ETEOCLES.

Yes, for the curse of Œdipus it seethes.
Too true those visions darkly shadowing forth
Sad distribution of our heritage.

CHORUS.

We are but women—scorn us then, but hear.

ETEOCLES.

If aught's to do, say on; 'twere best you're quick.

CHORUS.

This path pursue not to the seventh gate.

ETEOCLES.

Too keen is my resolve that words should blunt it

CHORUS.

Yet there's defeat the god holds glorious.

ETEOCLES.

Who beareth arms *that* word may never bear.

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CHORUS.

Would'st reap that bloody math, a brother's life?

ETEOCLES.

With the gods' grace, he shall not go unscathed.

[*He goes out.*

THE DEFIANCE OF ANTIGONÈ.

(*After proclamation made that none should bury Polynices.*)

ANTIGONÈ.

And I to the State's rulers have to say:
Though not one else should aid me, I myself
Will lay in earth my brother; brave the hazard
To bury him—mine own—ay, glory in it,
By such a breach to disobey the State.
One common womb!—strange pity's in that sound,—
That bore us twain, though of a sire unblest
And most unhappy mother; then, my soul,
With joy, though it had grieved him,* share these woes,
The living with the dead, right sisterly.
But on his flesh shall the lank, famished wolf,
Banquet?—let no one think this thing shall be;
Grant I'm a woman, yet shall my poor wit
Provide him tomb and mound, though 'twere to carry
In my robe's fold; this hand shall strow him o'er.
Let no one think but that this thing shall be.
Courage! I yet shall find a way to do.

* *i.e.*, it would grieve him if he knew of the danger incurred by his sister for his sake.

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STRAY PEARLS

FROM THE

MEMOIRS OF MARGARET DE RIBAUMONT, VICOMTESSE DE BELLAISE.

CHAPTER VI.

VICTORY DEARLY BOUGHT.

No difficulty was made about enrolling the Chevalier dAubépine as a volunteer in the regiment of Condé, and as to the *lettre de cachet*, as my brother de Solivet said, the Cardinal understood his game too well to send one to bring back a youth who had rushed to place himself beneath the banners of his country in the hands of a prince of the blood.

Indeed we soon learnt that there was no one to pursue him. His grandfather had a stroke of apoplexy in his rage on hearing of the arrest, and did not survive it a week, so that he had become Comte d'Aubépine. The same courier brought to my husband a letter from his sister which I thought very stiff and formal, all except the conclusion, 'O my brother, I implore you on my knees to watch over him and bring him back to me!'

Yet as far as we knew and believed, the young man had never written at all to his poor little wife. My husband had insisted on his producing a letter to his grandfather, but as to his wife, he shrugged his shoulders, said that she could see that he was safe, and that was enough for her.

He was in fact like one intoxicated with the delights of liberty and companionship. He enjoyed a certain *éclat* from the manner of his coming, and was soon a universal favourite among the officers. Unfortunately the influence and example there were not such as to lead him to think more of his wife. The Duke of Enghien had been married against his will to a poor little childish creature, niece to Cardinal de Richelieu, and he made it the fashion to parade, not only neglect, but contempt, of one's wife. He was the especial hero of our young Count's adoration, and therefore it was the less wonder that when in the course of the winter the chaplain wrote that the young Madame la Comtesse was in the most imminent danger after having given birth to the long desired son and heir, he treated the news with supreme carelessness. We should never have known whether she lived or died had not the courier, by whom M. de Bellaise wrote to her as well as to his uncle, brought back one of her formal little

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letters, ill-spelt and unmeaning, thanking *Monsieur son frère* and *Madame sa femme* for their goodness, and saying she was nearly recovered.

'It cuts me to the heart to receive such letters,' said my husband, 'and to feel how little I can be to her. Some day I hope I may know her better, and make her feel what a brother means.'

All this happened while we were in garrison for the winter at Nancy. Again we offered M. d'Aubépine a room in our house, but though he was, in his way, fond of my husband, and was polite to me, he thought a residence with us would interfere with his liberty, and alas, his liberty consisted in plunging deeper and deeper into dissipation, gambling, and all those other sports which those about him made him think the privileges of manhood. We could do nothing, he laughed at M. de Bellaise, and so indeed did these chosen friends of his. I believe plenty of wit was expended on us, and our happy domestic life; but what was that to us? The courage of M. de Bellaise was well known, and he had so much good temper and kindness that no one durst insult him.

He was doubly tender to me that winter and spring because the accounts from England were so sad. My dear brother Berenger had been killed at the battle of Alresford, and affairs looked very ill for the royal cause. I wept for my brother, but ah! those tears were as nothing compared with what I was yet to shed.

The Duke of Enghien arrived. He was not to take the command of the army of the Low Countries, but of that of Germany. He came on the very day we had heard of the loss of Friburg in Brisgau, and all was at once activity. I saw the inspection of the army just outside the city, and a glorious sight it was; bodies of infantry moving like one great machine, squadrons of cavalry looking invincible, all glittering with gold, and their plumes waving, the blue and gold banners above their heads; and the dear regiment of Condé, whence salutes from eye and hand came to me and my little Gaspard as they rode past.

I did not tremble as in the last campaign. Ah! perhaps I did not pray so much. I heard of the crossing of the Rhine at Brisach, and then came rumours of a tremendous battle at Friburg. The bells had only just begun to ring, when Pierre, our groom, galloped into the town, and sent up at once his packet. His master he said was wounded, but not badly, and had covered himself with glory. I tore open the packet. There were a few lines by his own dear hand—

'My Heart—I shall be with thee soon to rest in thy care.—D. G. Kiss our son. Thy B.'

The rest of the packet was from my half-brother de Solivet, and told how, in the frightful attack on the vineyard at Friburg, seven times renewed, my dear, dear Philippe had received a shot in the knee, just as he was grasping a Bavarian standard, which he carried off with him. He would have returned to the charge, but faintness overpowered

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him, and he was supported on horseback from the field to the tent. The wound had been dressed, and the surgeon saw no occasion for alarm. M. de Solivet, who had a slight wound himself, and M. d'Aubépine, who was quite uninjured, though he had done prodigies of valour, would tend him with all their hearts. I had better send the carriage and horses at once to bring him back, as the number of wounded was frightful, and means of transport were wanting. Then followed a message of express command from my husband that I was not to think of coming with the carriage. He would not have me at Friburg on any account.

I submitted; indeed I saw no cause for fear, and even rejoiced that for a long time I should have my husband to myself. I made all ready for him, and taught my little Gaspard now he would say, '*Soyez le bienvenu, mon papa.*'

So passed a week. Then one day there was a clanking of spurs on the stairs; I flew to the door and there stood M. d'Aubépine.

'Is he near?' I cried, and then I saw he was white and trembling.

'Ah! no,' he cried, 'he is at Brisach! We could bring him no further. Can you come with me, madame? He asks incessantly for you, and it might—it might be that your coming may revive him.'

And there this wild, headstrong youth, actually sank into a chair, hid his face on the table, and sobbed as if his heart would break.

I had no time for weeping then. I sent for the first physician in Nancy, and offered him any sum in the world to accompany me; I had to make almost wild efforts to procure a horse, and at last had to force one from the governor by my importunities. I collected wine, and cordials, and whatever could be of service, and after his first outburst, my young brother-in-law helped me in a way I can never forget. No doubt the pestiferous air caused by the horrible carnage of Friburg had poisoned the wound. As soon as possible my husband was removed; but the mischief had been already done; the wound was in a bad state, fever had set in, and though he struggled on stage after stage, declaring that he should be well when he saw me, the agony had been such on the last day that they barely got him to Brisach, and he there became delirious, so that M. de Solivet decided on remaining with him, while the Count came on to fetch me. He had ridden ever since four o'clock in the morning, and yet was ready to set out again as soon as my preparations were complete. Oh, I can never overlook what he was to me on that journey!

Hope kept us up through that dismal country—the path of war, where instead of harvest on that August day, we saw down-trodden, half-burnt wheatfields, where a few wretched creatures were trying to glean a few ears of wheat. Each village we passed showed only blackened walls, save where at intervals a farm-house had been

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repaired to serve as an *estafette* for couriers from the French army. The desolation of the scene seemed to impress itself on my soul, and destroy the hopes with which I had set forth; but on and on we went, till the walls of Brisach rose before us.

He was in the governor's quarters, and only at the door I perceived that M. d'Aubépine had much doubted whether we should find him alive. However, that one consolation was mine. He knew me; he smiled again on me; he called me by all his fondest names for me; he said that now he could rest. For twenty-four hours we really thought that joy was working a cure. Alas! then he grew worse again, and when the pain left him, mortification had set in, and we could only send for a priest to administer the last Sacraments.

I am an old woman now, and what was then the cruellest anguish touches me with pleasure, when I think how he called me his guardian angel, and thanked me for having been his shield from temptation, placing his son in my sole charge, and commending his sister and his old uncle to me—his poor little sister whose lot seemed to grieve him so much. He talked to the Count, who wept, tore his hair, and made promises, which he really intended then to execute, and which at least comforted my Philippe.

The good priest who attended him said he had never seen anything more edifying or beautiful, and that he had never heard the confession of a military man showing a purer heart, more full of holy love, trust, and penitence. There was a great peace upon us all as his life ebbed away, and even the Count stood silent and awestruck. They took me away at last. I remember nothing but the priest telling me that my husband was in Paradise.

I felt as if it were all a dream, and when presently my brother came and took my hand, I cried out, 'O wake me! wake me!' And when he burst into tears, I asked what he meant.

Looking back now I can see how very kind he was to me, though I made little return, being altogether bewildered by the sudden strangeness of my first grief. Poor M. de Solivet! he must have had a heavy charge, for Armand d'Aubépine was altogether frantic with grief, and did nothing to help him, while I could not weep, and sat like a statue, hardly knowing what they said to me. Nay, when the tidings came that my father had been killed in the battle of Marston Moor three weeks before, I was too dull and dead to grieve. Eustace had written to my husband in order that he might prepare me; I opened the letter, and all that I can remember feeling was that I had no one to shield me.

I had but one wish and sense of duty at that moment, namely, to carry home those dear remains to the resting-place of his fathers in Anjou, where I hope myself to rest. It was of no use to tell me that all places would be alike to my Philippe when we should awake on the Resurrection-day. I was past reason, and was possessed with a

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feeling that it would be sacrilege to leave him among the countless unnamed graves of the wounded who, like him, had struggled as far as Brisach to die. I fancied I should not be able to find him, and besides, it was an enemy's country! I believe opposition made me talk wildly and terrify my brother; at any rate, he swore to me that the thing should be done, if only I would return to Nancy and to my child. I fancied, most unjustly, that this was meant to deceive me, and get me out of the way while they buried him I loved so much, and I refused to stir without the coffin.

How my brother contrived it I do not know, but the thing was done, and though it was but a cart that carried the coffin to Nancy, I was pacified.

At Nancy, he arranged matters more suitably. Here M. d'Aubépine, in floods of tears, took leave of me to return to the army, and M. de Solivet, whose wounds disabled him from active service, undertook to escort me and my precious convoy to Anjou.

It was a long, tedious journey, and my heart beats with gratitude to him when I think what he undertook for me, and how dreary it must have been for him, while I was too dead and dull to thank him, though I hope my love and confidence evinced my gratitude in after life.

My dearest went first in a hearse, drawn by mules, as was also my large carriage, that which we had so joyously bought together, saying it would be like a kind of tent on our travels. I travelled in it with my child and my women, and M. de Solivet rode with our men-servants. Our pace was too slow for the fatigue to be too much for him, and he always preceded me to every place where we halted to eat, or where we lodged for the night, and had everything ready without a thought or a word being needful from me. He always stood ready to give me his arm to take me to hear Mass before we set out each day. The perfect calm, and the quiet moving on, began to do me good. I felt as if the journey had always been going on, and only wished it were endless, for when it was over I should feel my desolation, and have no more to do for my Philippe. But I began to respond to my poor boy's caresses and playfulness a little more; I was not so short and *maussade* with my women or with my good brother, and I tried to pray at Mass. My brother has since told me that he never felt more relieved in his life than once when he had made little Gaspard bring me some blue corn-flowers and wheat, which reminded me of my English home so that I began to weep so profusely, that he carried away the poor frightened child, and left me to Tryphena.

One afternoon at a little village there was a look of festival; the bells were ringing, everybody was hurrying to the Church, and when we stopped at the door of the inn, my brother came to the carriage window and said he was afraid that we should not find it easy to proceed at once, for a mission priest was holding a station, and no one seemed able to attend to anything else.

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'He is a true saint! he is just about to preach,' said the landlady, who had come out with her gayest apron, her whitest cap, and all her gold chains. 'Ah! the poor lady, it would do her heart good to hear him preach; and by that time the roast would be ready—an admirable piece of venison, sent for the occasion. There he is, the blessed man!'

And as I had just alighted from the carriage, for our mules had made a double stage and could not go further, I saw coming from the *presbytère* three or four priests, with the sexton and the serving boys. One of them, a spare thin man, with a little bronze Crucifix in his hand, paused as he saw the hearse drawn up, clasped his hands in prayer, and then lifted them in benediction of him who lay within. I saw his face, and there was in it an indescribable heavenly sweetness and pity which made me say to my brother, 'I must go and hear him.'

My brother was so glad to hear me express any wish, that I believe if I had asked to go and dance on the village green he would almost have permitted it; and leaving my little one to play in the garden under Tryphena's care, he gave me his arm, and we went into the Church, crowded—crowded so that we could hardly find room; but my deep mourning made the good people respectfully make place for us and give us chairs.

Ah! that sermon! I cannot tell you it in detail; I only know that it gave the strongest sense of healing balm to my sore heart, and seemed in a wonderful way to lift me up into the atmosphere where my Philippe was gone, making me feel that what kept me so far—far from him was not death, nor his coffin, but my own thick husk of sin and worldliness. Much more there was, which seems now to have grown into my very mind; and by the time it was over I was weeping tears no longer bitter, and feeling nothing so much as the need to speak to that priest.

M. de Solivet promised that I should, but we had long to wait, for the saintly Abbé de Paul would not postpone the poor to the rich; nor could my grief claim the precedence, for I was not the only broken-hearted young widow in France, nor even in that little village.

I cannot be grateful enough to my brother that he put up with all the inconveniences of sleeping at this little village that I might carry out what he thought a mere woman's enthusiastic fancy; but in truth it was everything to me. After Vespers, the holy man was able to give me an hour in the Church, and verily it was the opening of new life to me. Since my light had been taken from me all had been utter desolate darkness before me. He put a fresh light before me, which now, after fifty years, I know to have been the dawn of better sunshine than even that which had brightened my youth—and I thank my good God, Who has never let me entirely lose sight of it.

Very faint, almost disappointing, it seemed to me then. I came

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away from my interview feeling as if it had been vain to think there could be any balm for a crushed heart, and yet when I awoke the next morning, and dressed myself to hear Mass before resuming my journey, it was with the sense that there I should meet a Friend and Comforter. And when I looked at my little son, it was not only with dreary, passionate pity for the unconscious orphan, but with a growing purpose to bring him up as his father's special charge; nay, as that from even a greater and nearer than my Philippe.

While, as we journeyed on, I gradually dwelt less on how piteous my arrival would be for myself, and thought more and more of its sadness for the poor old Marquis who had loved his nephew so much, till, instead of merely fearing to reach Nidemerle, I began to look forward to it, and consider how to comfort the poor old man; for had not my husband begged me to be the staff of his old age, and to take a daughter's place to him?

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KEEPING THE VOW.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'JOINED TO AN IDOL,' &c., &c.

PART I.

HOW THE VOW WAS MADE.

CHAPTER XII.

LADY MARJORIE HEPBURN was one of that distinguished class of high-born Scottish women which, with all its generic characteristics and striking qualities, has been so well and charmingly described by Sir Walter Scott and other writers of note, that it seems presumptuous to follow in their wake, and even to endeavour to set before the reader a picture of only one particular individual of that well-known class; and yet it is impossible to omit speaking of one who helped to influence the fortunes of our hero in whom we are greatly interested. She was born in the year 1715, and was the only child of the second marriage of her father, the Earl of Rowanbank, who in his youth had accompanied Monk on his celebrated march into England which ended in the restoration of the Stuart family to the throne; and had fought side by side with 'Bonnie Dundee' at Killiecrankie, and who, at the time of her birth, was a hale, magnificent man of seventy-five years of age. His second countess, almost a girl—being scarcely twenty—had received her education abroad, and was something of an heiress, owning a house (which even then was deemed a curious remnant of antiquity) in Ennerleddie, and an estate in the immediate neighbourhood of that city. Both the aged father and the youthful mother were very proud of their first-born darling, and great were the rejoicings in the old castle which stood in the very heart of the Ross-shire Highlands. The sons and daughters of the first countess, grown up men and women, also rejoiced with their father and stepmother, who had been the bosom friend of the only unmarried sister amongst them. There was the more of mirth and gaiety because all knew that a terribly troublous time was close at hand. Amongst the merriest of the feast-keepers was Lord Hepburn, who had come of age only a few months before, and whose long-orphaned minority had been spent at Rowanbank Castle, the earl having been his guardian. This young man was present when the little Marjorie was baptized, and indeed stood at the font as proxy for her godfather, no less a personage than the Chevalier S. George, or, as he was called in that house, King James VIII. After the ceremony, the baron gave back the little maiden saying, laughingly, as he threw a string of costly pearls round her neck—

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'Take gude care o' her for my sake, nurse, for may-be, she'll be a wife to me some day!'

'And why not?' cried the countess, somewhat irritated by the amused laughter of all present which followed the young man's speech. Certainly she—who had married for love a man fifty-four years her senior—could not think that a difference of twenty-one years between a husband and wife was anything to speak of.

Lord Hepburn remembered this, and feared that she might really feel hurt; being a true gentleman in nature, as well as in name, he went to her side, bending over her chair, and lifting her hand to his lips, he said, in low tones—

'I thank you, indeed, dear madam, for what is almost a promise that if I should venture to pay my addresses to the daughter of one of the most perfect of her sex, and therefore certain herself to be perfect, I shall have your gracious consent and favour.'

But little more of laughter, or of courtly compliment, passed in that castle for many a long month. Almost immediately after the baptism of the little Lady Marjorie, came the great rising of '15, led by the Earl of Mar, and which Lord Rowanbank, spite of the great age that might well have excused him from such efforts, thought it his duty to join; his loving young wife not attempting to hold him back, for, though she loved him right well, 'yet loved she honour more.' Poor girl! she lived to be thankful that her dear and honoured lord perished at Sheriffmuir, rather than by the axe of the executioner; the brave old soldier died a soldier's death; and after some time his young widow retired with her baby girl, and her favourite stepdaughter, to her own house of Gowanbraes, attended and escorted thither by the Lord Hepburn, who, though he also had fought at Sheriffmuir with his faithful retainer David Hepburn, had contrived, through the interest of friends, and on account of his youth, to escape the vengeance of the Government. He frequently visited the three ladies in their retirement, and the little Marjorie found that all the pleasures of the outer world which came to her, came through him. He it was who brought her quaint Dutch toys, and 'wooden babies' as dolls were then called. He trained and gave her her first pony, he taught her archery, he presented her with the newest-fashioned harpsichord, and with many of the little gauds and vanities dear to all girls hearts.

A sweet and lovable maiden was the Lady Marjorie at fifteen; simple in heart and innocent in mind as one brought up in almost cloistered seclusion, which yet was rendered wholesome and natural by occasional intercourse with the outer world, ought to have been. She was healthy in mind and body, with a heart brave enough for any fate, and yet purely feminine in word and manner. Simply, innocently, and heartily, as such a girl would do, did she fall in love with Lord Hepburn; and did not guess that her love could clearly be seen

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by all around her; in good truth did not herself know that her feeling for him was love in its technical and generally understood sense, until a rumour reached Gowanbraes that Lord Hepburn had met with a fearful accident, likely to prove fatal, that a tree had fallen upon him, crushing his back to such an extent that it was impossible that he could live.

'Madam, we must go to him at once!' cried Marjorie to her mother. 'I implore you let there be no delay.'

Not quite in an hour's time, but very early the following morning, the heavy family coach was plodding along the deeply-rutted roads on the Inverness-shire side of Ennerleddie, whilst three or four armed servants, mounted on horseback, followed close behind. Presently the coachman came to a stop, and a gentleman, who had been riding rapidly towards the cavalcade, dismounted, and, coming up to the coach windows, showed himself to be Lord Hepburn. Marjorie fainted from excess of joy, and for a few minutes all was confusion. Water from a burn flowing conveniently near soon revived her, and then, the horses' heads having been turned back towards Gowanbraes, Lord Hepburn made the fourth in the coach, and told the whole and true story of the accident. He had been in a wood watching the felling of timber, and had been in imminent danger of being thrown down and crushed by a falling tree, but had been promptly pushed aside by his faithful follower, David Hepburn, who unfortunately had not managed altogether to save himself, for he had received a severe injury to the thigh and leg, and was now, Lord Hepburn said, in bed, suffering much, and therefore he must soon return to him—as soon in fact as he had seen the ladies safely home.

'That is the second time that that good man has probably saved your life,' said the countess.

'When was the other time?' inquired Lady Marjorie.

'When you were an infant, dear lady,' replied her betrothed. 'At Sheriffmuir he threw himself in front of me, and received the wound intended for me; and he was only eighteen then, a mere boy, who might well have been excused had he thought only of his own safety. Your honoured husband, Lady Rowanbank, did wisely in letting him always be my companion and share my childish pursuits and pleasures.'

'Yes, my lord thought highly of him, only he regretted that he was not a Highlander.'

'Ay, and that regret extended to myself. Alas! that my estates should only be on the borders of Inverness-shire, and that my family should not be genuinely Celtic.'

Lady Rowanbank smiled. 'There are good people who are not Highlanders; but your excellent friend David is your distant kinsman, is he not? I think I have heard my lord say so.'

'Yes, his father and my father were first cousins. My grandfather had an immense family; the daughters he contrived to marry well,

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but the younger ones among eight sons came off rather badly; so David's father went abroad and served in French wars, coming home wounded and penniless, to be just barely provided for in a small outlying farm belonging to his father's estate. He married, as might have been expected, beneath his birth-station, and this son and one daughter were the result of the union. On his death-bed he begged my father to take care of his son. I, then a sickly, spoilt laddie of ten, took a strong fancy to the boy, who was somewhat younger, and he was brought to the castle. My father and mother died the following year, and my Lord Rowanbank continued their kindness to my favourite playmate. Of late years our different positions and interests have separated us somewhat; but still we are, as I hope we ever shall be, firmly attached friends.'

There were now no fears in Lord Hepburn's mind about the measure of his 'ladye love's' affection for him, and in less than a year from that time the wedding took place; and shortly after the pair had the satisfaction of settling David Hepburn into the employment he had chosen, for the lameness that the accident had left behind had prevented his entering upon farming life. Lady Marjorie was especially glad in being able to put him into her own house in Ennerleddie, allowing him the lifelong use of it and its furniture.

Lord Hepburn and his wife had great joy in the birth of a son; but the rejoicings over his baptism were scarcely ended when the mourning for his death began. Then came the great rising of '45, in which Lord Hepburn took so active and conspicuous a part that he could not possibly hope for pardon from the Government; and after various hair-breadth escapes he contrived to reach France, where in about a year's time his devoted wife, who had frequently defied his enemies or cleverly outwitted them, joined him. There two sons and two daughters were born to them; and there, after twelve years of exile and comparative poverty, the outlawed baron died, not an aged man, but worn out with grief and disappointment, not so much for the loss of home and lands and title (though on his children's account that also weighed on him), as at the conduct of his king and his king's son. Lady Marjorie remained in France until the early marriages of her daughters with French noblemen and the departure of her eldest son for India, when she returned to Scotland with her youngest child, and, settling in Edinburgh, maintained herself and him, and educated the latter upon her own slender means, until he also left her for India, where he found his brother in a good position, but in the first fresh grief of his early widowhood. One year's leave of absence had been spent by him in France to woo and wed an old love of his boyhood, who gladly accepted him, and brightened for three years his somewhat lonely Indian life. Shortly after his wife's death Major Hepburn (as he was then) sent home his little daughter to Lady Marjorie's care, sure that that care would be both judicious and tender; but it was not only for the welfare

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of the child (dear though that was to him) that he sent her home; it was also with the view of her being an interest and comfort to his mother, for whose sake he saved money, and came home to expend it in the purchase of a country house wherein she might comfortably and pleasantly pass her old age. A son so loving and dutiful need not have feared that a mother worthy of such love and devotion would refuse him any reasonable request; but the colonel, with all his soldier-hearted bravery and physical courage, was like many, nay, most high-born men, almost a coward, with righteous cowardice, when the wishes and feelings of women were concerned; he could not bear to run the risk of offending or hurting them, or even of opposing what he believed to be their wise and sensible judgment upon social and domestic matters.

A pretty picture to look upon was the Lady Marjorie Hepburn as her son entered her sitting-room and made his way quickly to her side; she was short of stature, and somewhat plump in figure, but neither the shortness nor the stoutness diminished aught of the gracious dignity which sat so well upon her. She had still a fresh colour upon cheeks as smooth as a girl's, and a keen, full eye with many changing expressions. Being in-doors, and in full dress in honour of her son's visit, her black brocaded train was not drawn up, but in all its great length swept the ground, whilst in front, the richly-quilted black satin petticoat was short enough to display the diamond-buckled and rosetted high-heeled shoes. Her bodice, cut open to the waist, was filled in to the very throat with folds of delicately fine cambric, edged with ruffles of Flanders lace, and fastened under the chin by a miniature of her late husband set in pearls. Unlike many of the ladies of her time, she wore her own hair, which was carefully powdered (a matter of duty in her eyes), although sorrows and hardships had long ago turned its raven blackness into whiteness, touching in its suggestive beauty, and contrasting well with the strongly-marked eyebrows and peach-like skin; but not a great deal of the hair was visible under the high mob-cap, edged with lace and tied with a lavender-coloured ribbon, forming a large bow at the side of the head above the left ear; and nothing could be more beautiful than that tiny-curved and pink-lined ear, unadorned, or perhaps I ought rather to say, unspoilt by any jewelled pendant; indeed, she wore no ornaments, save the miniature before mentioned, and several antique and handsome rings on her beautiful hands, which, though they had in their time been busied in homely domestic toils, yet retained the plumpness of youth, and that velvety, substantial softness of touch which, even more than whiteness and shapeliness, is the marked characteristic of those hands which we are accustomed to call aristocratic. The owner of these particular hands was 'aristocratic' in every thought, feeling, and action of her life; but being genuinely and not artificially so, her high breeding was intensely charming—a something that pervaded her

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like a sweet odour, that all who approached her could inhale. At seventy, Lady Marjorie was as pure-hearted, though not as simple-minded, as she had been at sixteen, and with the acquisition of worldly wisdom, incisive judgment, and power of management, she had also acquired not a little self-opinionativeness and belief in her own large experience, with a slight dictatorialness of speech and manner, softened and veiled only by her inbred courtesy and refinement.

When the ordinary talk of persons meeting after absence had passed between the mother and son, Lady Marjorie said—

'I hope, my son, you were in time to be of use and comfort to our aged friend, David Hepburn?'

'Alas, no, madam! he died two or three hours before I reached Ennerleddie. I assure you that was a great distress to me; but every fitting respect was paid to him in his funeral, the expenses of which I of course defrayed.'

'Of course you did. Poor old David—puir auld body! I'm sorry he should have died with never a word of comfort or kindness from his master's family; but his well-doing grandson, yon laddie, of whom our dear cousin Mr. Lindsay wrote so highly, and of whom auld Hamish is aye speaking to the bairn Marjorie; what of him? Have you been able to assist him?'

'Yes, my dear mother; I ventured to take some property of yours wherewith to help him. Do you remember the old carved furniture in the Red House?'

'Certainly, I mind of it well; but surely there's none of it to the fore now?'

'Ay, madam, those good people kept it sacredly, considering it yours, and only a loan to them. I ventured to sell the greater part of it to Lord Kinloss, who had happened to tell me that he was in search of such articles. I retained some small pieces—a cabinet, with nests within nests of drawers, a curiously-beautiful hand mirror, which I wonder should ever have been left there, and a writing-box, all of which I have brought down here for your ladyship, as I felt sure you would be glad to have them; but all the beds, chairs, and bureaus, in fact, all the household furniture and heavy cumbersome things which I could not have brought down here, Lord Kinloss bought. We had them valued by a proper person, who considered them worth nearly three hundred pounds; and that sum I ventured to tell Stuart should be his own.'

'Ay, that's the laddie's name, Hamish says, and I like it; there's leal heartedness in that; there has'na been ony o' the name o' Hepburn that was na leal and true, and the most part of them faithful unto death—unto death, my son!'

'Truly, madam; and it is a pleasant consideration for us, the thought of that.'

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'Pleasant! it's something mair than that; but I'm wandering frae my text. Ay, my son, I'm weel pleased that you should have done what you have done about the furniture. It was vera richt and proper, only it will no be enough; the young laddie should be looked after by us. What is he going to do?'

'Dear madam,' replied Colonel Hepburn, speaking with a little quick catch of the breath which was and is a characteristic of the Hepburn family (as it is of many Scotch families), being reproduced in every generation, 'I have brought him with me; I hope, indeed, that you will not consider that I have been unwise, or over hasty, but I have promised to endeavour to get him a cadetship in the Bengal establishment; I was so touched with the nobility of his conduct, and his youth, and hardships; and he is of our own kin.'

'Ay, Kenneth, just that,' interposed the old lady; 'he is of our ain kin, and I for one am no blamin' you; his grandfather twice saved my lord's, your honoured father's, life, and it ill becomes you, my lord's son and mine, to think that *I* should be blamin' you for doing only what is your duty.'

'Pardon me, dear madam, I but feared that you might think that it was taking the lad out of his natural, proper position; but, indeed, he has all the thoughts and feelings of a gentleman; and that disreputable father of his has not been heard of for so many years that no doubt he is dead, and will be no trouble to him.'

'Of course the laddie is a gentleman; is na it in the blood o' him? That his grandfather should have been poor and obliged to work for his livin' didna alter the name and race that he came o'; and if it hadna been for our ain sair troubles, we would never have lost sight of him—honest man! and, indeed, as it is, I think shame that I didna take mair heed till him. I should like fine to see this laddie you've been sae wise as to bring wi' you. Can ye no bid him come his ways up here?'

Colonel Hepburn immediately brought Stuart up, and then looking on critically and anxiously at the introduction, saw nothing to fear. The sight of the beautiful, little, old lady, called forth all the chivalry of Stuart's nature; he was at once as much her slave as he was that of the younger Marjorie, and for the next three or four weeks he followed them both about with faithful devotedness, always on the watch to render them kindly little services, so unobtrusively done that sometimes they were scarcely aware they were being served.

CHAPTER XIII.

'GRANDMOTHER, it's such a bonnie afternoon, will ye no come out, and take your tea in the Fog House? Stuart has pulled twa three berries in the garden, and we could sit and eat them and watch all along the road for father coming back from Edinburgh.'

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So spoke the little Marjorie to her grandmother on the afternoon of a beautiful day in June, and her grandmother seemed not at all to dislike the proposition, though she half-playfully made one or two objections.

'Bairn, it's a stay-brae for my old back; yon where the fog-house stands.'

'Stuart's arm is vera strong, grannie, ever so strong, and he will help you up.'

'But I couldna sit upon those hard benches; I'd be needing my cushion, and my bit hassock.'

'Stuart will carry them up for you, madam, and have them a' ready for you before you get there; please do come. I have coaxed Tibbie, and she'll make the tea fine; and I've coaxed Hamish, and he'll make a bit fire under the big rock behind the fog-house; and I've coaxed Mistress Glass, and she's gien me plum bun and short-bread.'

'And now you're coaxing *me*. Well, wee wifie, I suppose I maun come, just to see that you dinna get into mischief."

'It's no for that, grannie. I never get into mischief; besides how could I wi' Stuart and Hamish aye wi' me.

'Just so. I'm wondering how it is that Mrs. Angus can spare Hamish to be aye rinning after you, and as for Stuart, it's a constant puzzle to me how that laddie contrives to be at your beck and nod frae morning till night, and yet make such grand progress wi' those Eastern tongues as your father tells me does.'

'Oh! he gets up fine an early i' the mornings to study them, long before I'd be stirring,' Marjorie replied so complacently and with such perfect unconsciousness of her own early-developed tyranny that her grandmother laughed a little amused laugh, and had not the heart to tell her that she was a self-pleasing bairn; and moved the more strongly to this reticence by the fact of Stuart's appearance at that moment, carrying sundry plaids, a cushion, a hassock, and a small basket of strawberries peeping out in scarlet brightness from their protecting cabbage leaves. This basket Stuart confided to Marjorie with many injunctions to carefulness, and then, turning to the elder lady, he courteously offered his disengaged arm, which she accepted, glancing meaningly the while at his burdens; he, answering the look, said,

'Oh, they are no weight, madam. I can manage them quite well; pray lean more heavily upon me, for the brae, though it's no high, is steep.'

Before the little party had gone half-way up the stay brae they were met by Hamish, who relieved Stuart of some of the many things with which his right arm was encumbered, and then, going on before the others to the summer-house, he placed a comfortable resting-place for Lady Marjorie.

Mrs. Angus's house was close to the Den, in fact, the two properties

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'marched' together, and Hamish, who was not in any sense considered as a servant or treated as such, although he was constantly rendering acts of service, was fond of using his liberty to go whither he would, by frequent, indeed almost daily visits to his favourite Stuart, and his nearly equally-loved and far-more-petted Marjorie.

Very thoroughly did the little company enjoy that afternoon's rustic feast; Lady Marjorie, like many persons who have been called on to pass through great and real trials, had a capacity for the enjoyment of simple pleasures, and the well-spring of youthful lightheartedness kept ever bubbling up, and coming to the surface in bright sparkles of talk, and happy-sounding laughter. She had been at splendid entertainments in the French court, where her beauty, her rank, and her misfortunes had rendered her an idol of an hour; but never had she so thoroughly enjoyed her natural feminine sovereignty over great statesmen and brave soldiers as she now enjoyed queening it over an old Highlander, a young boy, and a little girl, each of whom vied with the other in obeying her lightest word, and anticipating her every want. There were such pure simple hearts in that little group that happiness was almost the necessary attendant upon the hour: when all were determined to find happiness in the simple means provided, happiness came; and what might perhaps seem to us the elaborate ceremoniousness of their intercourse, the laboured politeness of every word and gesture, was really to them one of the strongest ingredients in their pleasure.

When the remains of the feast had been cleared away and Lady Marjorie had resumed her knotting work, the little girl coiling herself up on the bench in some wonderful attitude peculiar to childhood, and hugging her wooden baby in her arms said,

'And now, please grandmother, will you be so kind as to tell us a story?'

'A story, bairn! you have heard all that I have to tell, over and over again; and you must be tired of them by this time.'

'But I'm not, grannie; besides, Stuart has not heard them.'

'Stuart would'na be caring for my auld world clavers.'

'He just would; he has told me many a story that he used to be hearing from Mr. Lindsay, and ane was sic a bonny tale, about how the fisher wives brought their wee bairns to the windows of the Rockhaven prison to be baptized by him when the naughty people shut him up there.'

'Eh, me! I'd like fine to hear that; will ye tell it to us, Stuart?'

Stuart complied with the old lady's request, and told the beautiful story as nearly as possible in Mr. Lindsay's words; but Hamish noiselessly withdrew himself out of hearing, and sat down outside the fog-house; he could not even yet hear his dear master spoken of and preserve his own calmness. When Stuart had finished, and Lady Marjorie had shown her warm interest in the recital, May said,

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'Now, grannie, do tell us the story of the hidden chamber, and how your mother came to be married to my Lord Rowanbank?'

'Well, it is rather a strange story; and as Stuart's ane o' the family, and Hamish no to be called a stranger, I dinna object to telling it, though ill-natured folk might be seeing some blame to her ladyship, my mother, in it. Ye maun ken Stuart, that the countess, my mother, before her marriage was Mistress Beatrix Muirison. She was educated in Paris, and was often at S. Germains with our late honoured queen, after whom she was named, and with the Princess Louisa, for her parents had gone to France shortly after the royal exiles; and they died there, within a few months of each other, when my mother was still quite a girl, not seventeen years of age; she had some siller and her property of Gowanbraes, but she had no brothers or sisters, nor any near relatives; she had one favourite and dear schoolfellow, the Lady Mary Farquhar, and to the care of her father, the Earl of Rowanbank, who came over to fetch her from school a week before Sir James Muirison's death, she was entrusted. Lord Rowanbank, though then over seventy years of age, was as youthful in heart and manner, in everything but looks, as a man of twenty; and even in looks he was wonderfully youthful, having always enjoyed perfect health. How he had managed to escape the persecution of the Government for the part he took at Killiecrankie, I know not, I suppose he owed his safety greatly to the lonely and well-defended position of his castle, far away up in the fastnesses of western Ross-shire, and to the knowledge that he had numbers of clansmen whom he could call to his defence at any moment. This old gentleman, who had by this time married all his sons and daughters except Lady Mary, was delighted at the prospect of having two young women in his castle, and therefore an excuse for plenty of merry making. My mother told me that they had many curious adventures on their way to Scotland, and to that far away castle that stood, and stands now, only alas in ruins, on a high rocky island in the middle of a rapid mountain river, navigable only in parts; but, it would be ower lang to tell you of all those; it's enough to say that they all got safe to Rowanbank castle, and that a very happy life for the young people began; what rides and walks and boatings and shooting expeditions they had! What torchlight dances, and gatherings in the great hall, and many another ploy besides! Many a young chieftain came to that ever-open house, and many a one admired my mother; but she cared for none of them all so well as for Lord Rowanbank, who was as gallant a partner in the dance and as light of foot as the youngest amongst them. It was grand, my mother said, to see him in the full evening dress of a Highland Chieftain standing at the head of a long line of dancers, ready to begin the reel o' 'Tulloch.'

After my mother had been at the castle rather more than a year, she happened, one day in early autumn, to be sitting in one of the deep

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window-recesses of the room called the Library, when Lord Rowanbank came in, and, after carefully closing the door behind him, looked round the apartment with a furtive and yet searching look; she was sure that he did this, and equally sure, until subsequent events proved her to have been mistaken, that he saw her. Being sure that he saw her, she did not consider that there could be any objection to her remaining in the room, although the next things that he did were to take up part of a square Turkey rug that covered a portion of the oak floor, push aside a small writing table, and going down upon his knees, put what appeared to her to be a key into a hole in one of the boards, and then after lifting up a trap-door, he disappeared from her sight, the door closing behind him as noiselessly as it had been opened. My mother was greatly surprised at all these proceedings, never having had a suspicion of the existence of this trap-door and hidden chamber, although the secret of another place of concealment in quite another part of the castle had been revealed to her. She fully intended to ask Lord Rowanbank all about it as soon as he should ascend to the library, for he was not at all a formidable person, and she was also under the impression that he was fully aware of her presence, and had not spoken only to avoid loss of time; but no sooner had he ascended, and the trap-door had closed, than some one knocked loudly for admittance at the outer door of the room. Lord Rowanbank thrust the little key which he had held in his hand into his waistcoat pocket (evidently not venturing to spend time in locking the hidden door), hastily drew the Turkey rug over the boards, and then bending down to the writing-table whilst using some of its materials, called out, 'Come in.'

A note which was brought to him seemed to be important. He asked the man if any one waited for an answer, and, being told yes, immediately left the room, and, after a few minutes of waiting for him to return, my mother heard him ride out of the court-yard. Now, as I think, and as she afterwards thought, began her wrong-doing; but we maun mind that she had been made entirely one of the family, that she had never heard of any mysteries, or secrets, and had seemed to have received the full confidences of the earl and his daughter; at any rate, she went and lifted up the Turkey rug and tried the trap-door. As it was not locked she easily raised it, and saw a short flight of rather steep stairs, at the bottom of which was a square room dimly lighted by a lamp suspended from the ceiling. At first she hesitated about going down those stairs, but she was only a lassie, and the temptation seemed irresistible, and the door was so light and easy to lift that there was no apparent danger; so she went down, and the door closed above her as it had closed above the earl, not noiselessly this time, however, but with a little, sharp click which she was too engrossed by her curiosity to notice at the time, and did not take any heed to until later. After all, as is usual, doubtless, in

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such cases of unlawful curiosity, there was nothing in the little room to reward her search; a few old-fashioned weapons, two or three bright swords, and a couple of heavy cabinets into which of course she neither could nor would have looked, were all that she found; and as she stood still in the middle of the floor so thickly carpeted as to deaden every foot-fall, and heard the plash and ripple of the waters of the river flowing close beneath the walls of the castle, she felt that she had had quite enough of the eerie place, and prepared to ascend the stairs, and push up the trap-door. I daresay, laddie, you can guess what is to come, and May there kens weel eneuch all about it; the door would not open, push and push as she might, it was motionless under her little hands; but it was long before she realized the full danger and horror of her position; all at once it flashed upon her memory that at breakfast that morning (which already seemed to her to have been such a weary, long while ago), she had heard the earl say that he was going that afternoon to ride to 'The Haugh,' the seat of a friend of his, to spend a few days there. Perhaps no one in the house but the earl knew of this secret chamber, and if he should not return for days, what might not be her horrible fate? She knocked with all her force against the door; but the sturdy oaken boards seemed to give back but a faint sound; and she remembered all too well that the library was a room seldom used by any of the family except herself and the earl, the only two members of the household who cared for reading and writing. It did not open into any other apartment, nor had it any communication with the general living rooms of the castle, being in fact the ground floor of a separate wing, the second storey of which consisted of unoccupied, and partially-furnished sleeping chambers. Almost wild with terror, my poor mother paced up and down the floor of her cell, as if it were only in motion that she could find any comfort; and her misery would have been terribly increased had she known that her friend, Lady Mary Farquhar, had just at that moment entered the library in search of her, and that her eye having been attracted by the disorderly state of the rug she had stooped to try the trap-door, and on finding it firmly shut had replaced and smoothed the rug; and that she had then left the room, closing the ponderous door behind her.

Lord Rowanbank went, as he had intended, to 'The Haugh,' reaching it late in the afternoon; he spent a particularly merry evening with a number of gentlemen friends, and was not to say early in getting to his bed; and now, bairns, comes the really wonderful part of the story; and it shows us that we should never be too quick to settle the ways in which it may please Almighty God to work, for He has many and divers fashions of getting His will done, and whiles He chooses fashions that we puir creatures may make little count of, and set small store by. Lord Rowanbank went to his bed, and he

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dreamed a dream; a very remarkable dream indeed; he found himself in the secret chamber underneath the library in his own castle, and crouching at the foot of the trap-door stairs he saw Mistress Beatrice Muirison with her bit hands clutching at the hair hanging loose about her white, troubled face: he woke in a fright, and he blamed the whisky for the ill dream, turned his pillow, and fell asleep, only to dream the self-same dream again; a third time this happened, and Lord Rowanbank was too true a Highlander to lie still in his bed after the thrice repeating of such a dream; he rose, dressed, went to the stables, knocked up one of the men, and as soon as his horse could be saddled, hastened off on the six-mile ride, arriving at his castle in the early dawning, to find the whole large household in confusion, and to be met in the hall by his daughter drowned in tears, and scarcely able to speak.

'Oh! my lord,' she sobbed out, 'Beatrix is lost, we cannot find her anywhere, and I'm feared that she must be drowned.'

His lordship, although he had ridden home in such hot haste, had not until that moment exactly believed in his dream; now he was sure of its truth, and dismissing the attendants, took his daughter aside and leading her to the library, told her his dream. Her first answering words perplexed him sorely.

'Oh! my lord, your dream was but an idle one, for yesterday forenoon I came in here to look for Beatrix, she being ever one to hide amongst the books. I knew you had meant to put away papers in the secret cellar, and thus, perhaps, my attention was attracted to the disordered appearance of the rug; I stooped down, and by touching the door, found that the spring had gone to, which of course you had done before going away on your ride.'

'But I did not, lassie; I had time only to shut the door before David Hepburn brought me a message from his young lord; and I can swear to it that the spring was not down when I left it, for as you know it aye shuts with a click. No, no, Mary, the poor young lady went down, and not knowing the secret pressed her hands against the place where the spring starts from, and so sent it up.'

'But, father,' cried Lady Mary, 'it is quite impossible that Beatrix should have gone down there, for she did not even guess at the existence of that cellar. I have told her all my own secrets; but, I did not think it fair or lawful to tell her yours, my lord.'

'Quite right, my lady; but nevertheless, spite of your discreet silence, I believe that she discovered the secret, and is in this cellar. Poor lassie! caught in a trap indeed; I only trust that her reason has not deserted her, for the fright must have been sore.'

The calmness of my mother's manner, when first found, and released from her gloomy prison, excited Lord Rowanbank's admiration; but before nightfall she was dangerously ill with some fever on the brain, and often in the days that followed Lady Mary had to call in the

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earl's help in holding down and quieting the poor raving girl; from some of these ravings Lord Rowanbank learnt how dear he was to Mistress Beatrix, and discovered that her great fear and sorrow were lest she should have forfeited his good opinion by her indulgence in idle curiosity; and even when reason returned, she was so melancholy on that head that it was quite necessary he should try and comfort her, and the comforting ended in his asking her to be his wife, to the great joy of Lady Mary and all his sons and daughters. On her eighteenth birthday, Mistress Beatrix was married to one of whom, to her dying day, she always spoke as the noblest nobleman and the kindliest gentleman she had ever seen or heard of. And what a wedding it was!

'Yes, please, grannie,' interrupted little May, 'tell us about it, about the torch-light dance, and the row on the river, and the bringing home the royal stag, and all; do, my lady, for Stuart never heard such a bonny tale.'

The old Lady Marjorie, nothing loth, complied, and so the pleasant afternoon wore away, and there were but few more of such remaining for Stuart; for that very evening Colonel Hepburn brought out the news that they two, he and Stuart, must set sail for India early in September, and they would need be two or three weeks in London before that; so almost every hour of the following six weeks was counted as a precious thing, and was laid away in Stuart's memory as one lays some fragrant leaf or herb, that all one's surroundings may catch and emit the sweet pleasantness of its perfume.

(*End of Part I.*)

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LITTLE QUEEN MARY.

A FAIRY TALE.

BY THE LATE REV. DR. W. SEWELL. EDITED BY ELIZABETH M. SEWELL.

CHAPTER XII.

When the little queen recovered she found herself lying in the royal tent, upon the crimson satin sofa, and the grand duchess standing by her side with a bottle of salts and eau-de-Cologne. With some difficulty she was enabled to sit up, when the grand duchess informed her, to her great relief, that the commander-in-chief had led out a body of cavalry, who had attacked the battery from which the shell had been fired, and that she hoped no more would be fired from it for at least the next hour. She then entreated that her majesty would allow herself to be put into her bed, and would endeavour to obtain some refreshing sleep, that she might have strength sufficient to be present at the battle the next day. The grand duchess was so kind, and seemed so entirely to have forgotten that the queen had behaved badly to her in the morning, that Mary would have felt very much ashamed of her past conduct, if she could have thought of anything but the dreadful sight which she had witnessed, and the danger she was in. As it was, she could only permit herself to be undressed without speaking or moving; and the grand duchess, by the order of the state physicians, having administered to her a composing draught, she soon fell fast asleep. She was indeed now very unwell, and really suffering under feverish indisposition, brought on by nervous excitement, as she had so wrongly pretended to be the day before, when she wanted to escape from the council chamber.

How long she slept she did not know; but it was about two o'clock in the morning, when she was awakened suddenly by a great noise about the tent, and before she could sit up and rub her eyes, the grand duchess, in her dressing-gown, with a night-candle in her hand, and without any slippers, rushed in in the greatest alarm, and screamed out that the enemy were come; and down she fell upon the bed crying out for help, and declaring that they should all be killed. Little Mary felt as if she must die on the spot, and the more so as the noise became louder and nearer. There was a horrible clashing of swords, and firing of guns, and cries, and shouts, and screams; and scarcely had five minutes passed when the door of the tent was burst open, and who should appear but the dreadful emperor of Muckakoykey himself, all covered with blood, and bearing in his hand by the hair

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the head of the commander-in-chief, which he had just cut off with one stroke of his sword. Poor Mary shut her eyes at this shocking sight, and hid her head under the bed-clothes; but if she had looked up she would have seen by her side the prime minister himself, who had most treacherously and wickedly gone over to the emperor, and having explained to him how much reason he had to be dissatisfied with the young queen, had offered to conduct him by a secret passage into the camp, and thus enable him to carry her off, and so put an end to the war. Little did Mary think when first she saw this clever man with the red hair and green eyes, that he was so wicked; nor indeed was he at first,—only, when persons are made angry and laughed at, they are not always able to control their revengeful feelings, and are thus tempted to do most wicked actions; and thus the prime minister was led on to be guilty of one of the most dreadful crimes which a man can commit, and to become a traitor to his sovereign. There is no great pleasure in speaking or hearing about bad men, so I will only add, that instead of obtaining any advantage by his treachery, except the gratification of his revenge, he met with the fate which sooner or later happens to all traitors. That very night the emperor himself ordered his guards to seize him, and hang him upon a tree by the neck till he was dead; for though the emperor had no objection to take advantage of his treachery, he hated and despised him as a traitor, and desired to get rid of him as soon as possible.

Little Mary, however, knew nothing of this. And now, though nearly dead with fright, she heard a most dreadful and hoarse voice, the voice of the emperor, order the poor duchess immediately to dress the queen without a moment's delay, while he himself with his guards waited at the door of the tent; and although the duchess was ready to drop, she knew it was useless to say anything. Accordingly she huddled on Mary's things as fast as possible, in her hurry and confusion putting the right shoe on the left foot, and slipping her frock on the wrong way, while several times the emperor, from the outside of the tent, called out to her to make haste, for that he could not wait any longer. Indeed, even before Mary had her bonnet on, the emperor rushed in, and taking her up in his arms, he carried her off through the private entrance into the camp, put her into a carriage and ten which was waiting at the corner of the lane, slammed the door upon her, and bidding the postilions drive on full gallop up to his castle in the Black Mountains, he himself mounted his elephant, and rode at full speed by their side.

I will not attempt to describe the agony and terror which Mary felt all this time. Instead of sitting up in the carriage she lay along the bottom of it, her head resting against the cushion of the seat, and her heart beating as if it would break through her chest. It was quite dark, and the carriage jolted and jumbled as if it would break down or overturn every minute, for the road up into the Black Mountain

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was extremely bad; and though the commissioners of highways had given orders for it to be repaired, it was still full of deep ruts and immense stones. Once or twice the emperor rode up to the side of the carriage, and putting his frightful head in at the window, asked her 'how she did?' To which she could only faintly answer, 'that she was very ill.' But to this he made no answer, except gruffly to say 'Pooh, pooh!' which Mary thought meant, in the language of Muckakoykey, 'I will cut your head off!' and indeed she expected nothing less.

After driving for about three hours and a half without stopping, the carriage drew up at the entrance of a cave in the forest, and while the horses were changing, the emperor opened the door, and taking up little Mary, who was all but fainting, he put her into the arms of a negro woman who was standing by a fire of wood lighted in the bottom of the cave, and ordered that something should be given her to eat. But indeed she could not touch anything, and so the horses being ready, the emperor again lifted her up, put her into the carriage, slammed the door, and once more they galloped off up into the Black Mountains.

It was daylight before they reached the castle, which was an enormous building built of black marble, and perched upon an immense rock, with a precipice all round it. On the tops of all the towers, and all round the walls there were rows of cannon, and a number of soldiers; and for miles round nothing was to be seen but immense tracts of forest, in which, even now, Mary could hear the howlings of wolves, and tigers, and lions, which the emperor kept in preserves for the pleasure of shooting and hunting them; for though they very often ran away with some of his soldiers, or descended into the neighbouring villages and carried off whole flocks, and even women and children, and thus utterly ruined the farmers, the emperor was very fond of having something to do when he was in the country, and liked also to encourage manly sports, so that he increased the breed of these dreadful animals as much as he could, and even made it a capital crime for any one but himself to put them to death, even in self-defence. The consequence of which was that nearly every year ten or twelve persons were hanged in consequence of the emperor's game-laws.

The carriage drove rapidly over the drawbridge, and under an enormous tower and gateway, and when it stopped the emperor opened the door; and once more taking up little Mary in his arms, he carried her down a deep dark flight of steps, till he reached an iron gate, which he opened with some difficulty, for the padlock was very rusty, and he had some trouble in finding the key in a large bunch which he took out of his left-hand pocket. At last he managed to unlock it, and little Mary, looking up, found that she was in a small dungeon, apparently many feet under ground, and with only a little light streaming down from a small

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opening very high in the wall. The emperor set her down, and then taking a great chain which was fastened to a ring in the wall, he put it round her, and when this was done he told her that now she was entirely in his power, that it was impossible for any one to release her, and that he insisted upon her immediately promising to marry him, or else he would assuredly cut off her head. He added that her marrying him was the only way in which he could gain possession of the throne of Brakara-kakara, which he was resolved to have; and that as for the difference of age, that mattered nothing; for that kings and queens were almost always obliged to marry from some such reason, without being able to choose whom they liked. In fact, he said, it was no use for her to say anything, for he would give her six hours to consider; and when he came back, if she did not consent, her head should be off in five minutes.

With these dreadful words he looked at little Mary very fiercely, and stalked out of the dungeon, slamming the iron-grated door hard after him, and locking it with twelve padlocks.

CHAPTER XIII.

Little Mary, now left to herself, began crying and sobbing as if her heart would break. She called out for some one to come and let her out, but no one of course came. Then she screamed for her mamma, but that also was of very little use, for Brakara-kakara itself was several thousand miles distant from Mrs. Bertha's cottage; nor, indeed, even if Mrs. Bertha had known where little Mary was, would it have been of any use to endeavour to get up into the emperor's castle in the Black Forest. I cannot tell how long it was before Mary ceased screaming, and shrieking, and even kicking at the door, endeavouring to get out. At last she became tired, and sat down in a corner upon a little heap of straw, when she was very much surprised by hearing a soft, gentle voice, calling to her, apparently out of the wall. She quite jumped with amazement — then she listened—and again the voice addressed her by her name, and asked, respectfully, if her majesty did not remember the Lady Carlotta, her maid of honour? Little Mary instantly recollected the voice, and she was so overjoyed that she could not tell how to express it. She entreated the lady to tell her how she came there, and how they could both get out of that dreadful place. The Lady Carlotta informed her that her father's castle lay very near the spot where the emperor of Muckakoykey had invaded her majesty's dominions, and that the emperor had attacked and burnt it, and carried off all the family prisoners, and that she was expecting every day that they would all be put to death. But she added that there was one hope left, for that she had made friends with the gaoler, who brought their bread and water every day; and that for half-a-crown he had promised to take

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any letters for her and put them into the twopenny post; and that she had written to her uncle, who was a police magistrate, and would endeavour to obtain her release now he knew where she was. Mary found very little comfort in this; but, at last, she could not help asking whether it would be any use if she were to write a letter to her mamma, and whether her mamma could not make the emperor release her; for that as to marrying such a hideous and cruel monster, it was out of the question—she would sooner die.

To this the Lady Carlotta, speaking softly through a chink in the wall, that she might not be overheard, replied that she should be extremely happy to do anything in her power for her majesty, but that the gaoler was a very particular man, and, though kind-hearted, he had made a resolution never to do any service for persons who had behaved ill, unless, indeed, they were extremely sorry, and promised faithfully never to do so any more. And though, as the Lady Carlotta observed with great respect, it did not become her to find any fault with her royal mistress, yet she hoped her majesty would pardon her if she remarked that it was better for young persons not to trust to fairies, who, as her majesty had found, were very deceitful, treacherous persons; and that it was wise to be contented with the station in which we are placed; and that good little girls never go anywhere without their mamma's leave. She added, also, that the gaoler would inquire whether her majesty attended to her lessons; whether she was in the habit of getting out of temper, or being conceited; whether she was fond of fine clothes and rich dishes, or could be satisfied with a plain gingham frock, and roast mutton and potatoes for dinner. In particular she remarked that the gaoler had a great dislike to little girls who were troublesome, and did not consult the feelings of the persons who waited on them, or who laughed at persons who were plain and awkward, or who mimicked and made faces at them. To all which he would require a plain and true answer; and that it would be useless to attempt to deceive him. When little Mary heard this, she burst out into a fit of crying; for, indeed, she saw that she had been guilty of all these things, and she felt that there was no chance that the gaoler would do anything for her. She sobbed out that she had been a very naughty girl, and that nobody could love her. And then she cried for her mamma so piteously that the poor Lady Carlotta could not help shedding tears herself, and asked her if she would like to be a queen any longer. To which little Mary, crying as if her heart would break, could only answer, 'No! no! not for the world.' All she wanted was to go home; and that if she could be taken out of the dungeon, without having her head cut off, or being obliged to marry that dreadful giant, she would never be a naughty girl any more, or have anything to say to fairies, or neglect anything her mamma wished her to do. In short, she showed so much sorrow and so much shame for her bad conduct, that at last the Lady Carlotta

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thought she might speak to the gaoler, and endeavour to persuade him to assist in obtaining her release from the dungeon. But as this was just the time when he was accustomed to come round, and bring the prisoners their bread and water, she thought it better not to talk any longer with little Mary; and withdrawing from the crevice or chink in the wall, she requested her majesty to be silent, and not to take any notice of what had passed for the next hour.

During that hour, Mary, tired out with crying, and with sorrow, and with fright, laid her head down upon the straw and went to sleep, and even dreamed that she was in her little cot with the dimity curtains. But what was her dismay when she awoke and found herself in the dark, dismal dungeon, with no one to speak to, and scarcely any light, for it was now nearly evening. She also felt very hungry, and looking round, she found that the gaoler had been there and had left a pitcher of water and some black bread, which she ate very thankfully, though it was by no means nice. And then she once more began to think how naughty she had been, and how foolish, and how ungrateful, and how all her calamities and evils had been brought upon her by her own fault. She heard also the great clock of the castle strike, and she knew that it could not be long before the dreadful giant, the emperor, would come back, and either cut off her head or insist on marrying her; and indeed she confessed that, bad as this was, she deserved it all for behaving so sillily and wickedly, so that she began sobbing and crying even more than before, until she heard the same soft gentle voice respectfully addressing her out of the wall from the next dungeon. It was the Lady Carlotta; and what was little Mary's surprise to hear from her that the Lady Carlotta had just received an answer from her uncle, and that he had written to the emperor, who had given orders for her immediate release on payment of a large ransom; and that in half an hour the gaoler would come to take her out.

I cannot say but that the thought of being left alone destroyed at first all the pleasure which Mary would otherwise have had in learning that the good and beautiful maid of honour, who had been so kind to her, was about to escape from this dreadful prison. But she soon reproached herself for being so selfish, and only said that she longed to kiss her, and put her arms round her neck, and tell her how much she loved her for all her kindness. She also said, sobbing, that if the Lady Carlotta saw the grand duchess of Griffgrimmini, she begged her to ask that lady's pardon for having behaved so ill to her, and also to say that she was very sorry for having laughed at the prime minister. Little did she think what had become of him, nor, indeed, how, without meaning it, she had tempted him to do wrong, and so had brought him into his crime and his punishment, by putting him out of temper. In fact, she showed so much sorrow, and so much desire to do better for the future, that the Lady Carlotta could not help telling her, that if she could dictate a letter to her mamma, it should be written down

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with some pen and ink which Lady Carlotta had by her, and she would endeavour to induce the gaoler to put it into the post, which was the only chance whatever of little Mary being able to escape.

Mary's heart quite leaped at this, though after all there seemed to be very little chance; however, as the good lady had no time to lose, and begged her immediately to say what she should write down, she thus began:—

'My dear Mamma,—I have been a very naughty little girl. I met a fairy under the thorn-bush, who brought me to an island, and made me queen,—what I had always wished to be. But I do not like being queen at all. I have been obliged to ride twice upon a rhinoceros, which bit a man's arm off; and it shook me very much, and I was exceedingly frightened. The people of the island have gone to war with the emperor, who is a giant, and has no hair. And he wants to marry me. He has put me into prison. He is a black man, like Sambo, Mr. Brown's servant, only much taller and very ugly. There is a kind lady, who has been very good to me, and is writing this letter for me. I hope you will forgive me, dear mamma, for going away, and also for all my naughty behaviour. And I shall be much obliged if you would come and take me out of prison. And I hope I shall never be naughty any more.

'Believe me, my dear Mamma,

'Your very affectionate daughter,

'Mary Bertha.'

She had scarcely finished this letter, and told the Lady Carlotta how to direct it, when she heard the door of the next dungeon open, and, without even being able to say 'good bye,' the gaoler commanded the Lady Carlotta to come away immediately, for that there was no time to lose. Little Mary quite shuddered when she heard the door close again, and now she was left quite alone. And once more she cried and sobbed as she thought of her mamma, and how naughty she had been, and how happy she would be if she could only once more escape, and live all her life in the little cottage. But at last she fell asleep again, and, with her head lying on the heap of straw, she dreamed a most frightful dream. She thought that she was on the back of the dreadful rhinoceros, which was galloping away through a forest, followed by a whole troop of wolves and lions; then the rhinoceros turned suddenly into Hubbub-bubaboo, who came, with the fairy's compliments, to know at what hour her head was to be cut off; but before she could answer, instead of Hubbub-bubaboo, it was the dreadful emperor himself standing before her, with the grand duchess of Griffgrimmini riding on his back, and having the prime minister's head in a silver dish, which she presented to the queen upon her knees. Then she suddenly found herself in the prison, and, looking out of the window, she saw a frightful person in a red robe, with a hatchet in his hand, and close by him the emperor with a wedding ring, which he insisted upon putting through her nose. And then, when she screamed out and refused, he ordered two of his guards, who were giants, to seize her and tie her hands; and in a moment they rushed up to her, caught her by the shoulders, and shook her so

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violently that she started up with a loud scream, and, opening her eyes, she saw,—what?—shall I tell you?

Uncle Peter waited for two minutes, while all the little children, with mouths and eyes wide open, entreated him to tell them. 'It was the giant come to cut off her head.' 'It was the gaoler come to let her out.' 'It was her mamma who had come after her.' 'It was the fairy.'

'No,' answered Uncle Peter, slowly, 'it was neither the giant nor the gaoler, nor her mamma, nor the fairy, but—Martha, her nurse, who was shaking her by the shoulders, and endeavouring to wake her up, as she was lying fast asleep under the thorn-bush by the fairy's ring. Little Mary looked up, and instead of the dark dungeon there was the blue sky and the bright sun. And Martha was laughing quite cheerfully, and wondering why she did not wake up, and telling her that dinner was ready, and her mamma waiting. Little Mary was entirely bewildered. She did not know how quickly persons who have anything to do with fairies are carried about from one place to another, and how many things happen to them in a very short space of time. And she did not like to tell Martha where she had been, or what had happened to her. Indeed, her joy was so great that she could scarcely speak; so she followed Martha into the cottage, and as soon as she saw her mamma she ran up to her, put her arms round her neck, and hugged and kissed her again and again. Then she told her mamma all that had happened from first to last, and begged to be forgiven, for that she would never go looking for fairies any more, or wishing for any thing but what her mamma could give her.

To all which Mrs. Bertha replied by kissing her very kindly, and telling her that she hoped she would never forget the lesson; and whenever she became discontented with her gingham frock and roast mutton, would remember that, more or less, at some time or other, kings and queens had been exposed to the same sort of troubles, and vexations, and dangers as those which she had met with; and that those were happiest who were in humbler stations, and those most obliged to labour and to suffer who were placed to rule over others.

'And now, my dear,' said Mrs. Bertha, 'you shall eat your dinner, and afterwards, I am sure, you will sit down and study hard at your lessons, and find out also, in your English History, whether Queen Elizabeth was mother or grandmother to King Henry the Eighth; and also whereabouts in the map lies the island of Brakara-kakara, in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, close by the Isthmus of Suez.'

CHAPTER XIV.

'Is that all?' exclaimed the little party, sorrowfully, as Uncle Peter came to the last words of the story—'is that all, Uncle Peter?'

'Yes, my dears,' said Uncle Peter, 'that is all; and for my part I think it quite enough. How many evenings has it taken us?'

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'Oh, do tell us another—only one more; if you would but tell us one more!' cried little Eleanor.

'About the giant—Willy's story about the giant, which you were to have told first,' said Mary.

'My dears,' said Uncle Peter, 'you will forget all about the first, if I begin another so soon.'

'No, indeed, we sha'n't,' said Eleanor; 'I am sure I sha'n't; I shall never forget it as long as I live. I would not be a queen for the world, to do what poor little Mary did!'

'Only,' interrupted Mary, 'a queen like our Queen Victoria would not have to ride upon a rhinoceros or to marry a great black giant.'

'But,' said Uncle Peter, 'Queen Victoria, in the first place, was born to be a queen; and she was not made a queen by a fairy, because she wished to be something different from what she was by birth, but was placed upon the throne by Providence, just as you are placed by the same Providence in your more humble station: and, in the second place, as I have understood (for I do not pretend to know much about it), Queen Victoria, even when she was a little girl, used to behave extremely well, and to do all that her mamma told her, and, in particular, to pay great attention to her lessons, that she might be fit to be a queen. I have heard a very learned gentleman, who once had the honour of conversing with her when quite a little girl, say that he was surprised to find how much she knew of geography and history.'

'But is not she very unhappy?' asked little Eleanor. 'I am sure I should not like at all to be a queen.'

'I hope she is not unhappy!' said Uncle Peter, 'for she endeavours to do all the good she can, and is very kind to the persons who wait on her, and gives up her time to transact business and to do all that a queen should do. And when we do our duty, whether we live in a cottage or a palace, we cannot be very unhappy.'

'But she never rode upon a rhinoceros,' said Mary.

'Why should you not like to ride upon a rhinoceros?' asked Uncle Peter.

'Because I should expect it to kick and bite, and throw me off, and trample on me, and perhaps eat me up,' was the answer.

'And if the people,' asked Uncle Peter, 'whom Queen Victoria has to govern, were to disobey her, and threaten to rebel, and kick against her laws—if they were to say they should like to get rid of her, and should not mind if her head was cut off, and shoot at her, do you think it would be at all pleasant to be their queen?'

'I know what you mean,' said Willy; 'you mean, uncle, about the fable of the beast with many heads.'

Uncle Peter smiled, and nodded.

'And all this part of the story was true, then, was it not?' said

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Willy—'true, like Richard the First being a lion, and King Stephen a fox?'

Uncle Peter nodded again.

'And I think, my dears,' he said, 'the more you know about kings and queens the more true you will find it.'

The little party remained silent for a short time; and in the meanwhile Willy whispered to Mary, and Mary whispered to Harry, and their faces became grave and quiet.

Then Willy, who was the general spokesman, said with some hesitation—

'Uncle, may we ask you one question?'

'Certainly,' said Uncle Peter.

'We want to know,' continued Willy, 'whether little Mary said her prayers when she went to bed, and why she did not say her prayers in the prison, if she wanted to get out?'

Uncle Peter looked rather perplexed—not that he was surprised at the question itself, or surprised that children should put questions which philosophers find it difficult to answer. However, after a little pause, he said,

'Do you remember, my dears, when you were going to play in the hay-field last summer, and you, Mary, wanted to take your Prayer-book into the field to learn your collect at the same time, Aunt Rachel said "No, it was not proper," and she would only let you take a story book with you, and not the Prayer-book?'

'Yes,' said Mary.

'That was because it is not reverent or good to mix up play with solemn and holy things; and so I said nothing about little Mary repeating her prayers, because my story was a play story, and it would not be reverent to mix up such kind of truths with fairy tales. Do you understand me?'

'Yes, uncle, I think I do,' was the answer; but the little hearers were not yet satisfied, and Willy asked if he might have another question answered before they all went to bed.

'Certainly,' said Uncle Peter. 'What is it?'

'Then please tell us, uncle,' said Willy, 'how did little Mary contrive to get home so quickly when the island was such a distance off?'

'Oh! I know,' exclaimed Eleanor; 'because her mamma, to be sure, wrote a letter, or sent a message to the emperor. Was not that it, uncle?'

'But how did she get out of prison without knowing it?' asked Willy, perseveringly.

'I think,' said Harry, 'that the fairy came when she was asleep and took her back in her carriage.'

'But the fairy's peacocks were lame, were they not?' said Willy, still doubtful and unsatisfied.

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'But then they might have got well by that time,' said Eleanor.

Mary alone looked as if she had some secret opinion of her own well worth telling, but which she resolved to keep to herself. At last, unable to refrain from exhibiting her own sagacity, she came to Uncle Peter's chair, and climbing up, she whispered in his ear,

'Do you know, uncle, I think it was all a dream?'

Uncle Peter quite started to hear such a notion.

'Dream! my dear—how could you think of such a thing?'

'Oh! I hope it was not a dream,' cried Harry; 'I would not give anything for dreams. It was not a dream, was it, uncle?'

'And why shouldn't you like it to be a dream?' asked Uncle Peter.

'Oh, uncle! because it is not real; and dreams are all so stupid.'

'But you do not think there ever was a real fairy, or a real island of the kind, do you, Harry?' asked Mary, rather scornfully and majestically.

'No,' said Harry; 'I know all that is make-believe, as well as you do. But I do not like stories that turn out to be dreams; they are very stupid, that they are.'

Uncle Peter checked the little disputants by holding up his finger.

'All I can say about it, my dears,' he added, 'is, that nearly all the persons I ever heard of who have had anything to do with fairies and giants, became acquainted with them much as little Mary did, and got out of their hands in much the same manner—nobody knows how. So that the way in which Mary fell in with the fairy, while she was sitting, tired perhaps, on that hot day under the thorn, and the way in which she escaped from the prison, cannot be said to differ from the facts that are stated respecting persons who have been in the company of fairies before.'

The poor children were evidently not much enlightened by this explanation; but Uncle Peter would say no more: and if he had been asked why he had said so much, he could have given a philosophical reason for it, of great depth and reflection, but with which it is not necessary to trouble his readers at present.

There was a general silence for a short space; and then Harry could not help exclaiming—

'I should have liked to cut off that cruel emperor's head—that I should!'

'And the wicked prime minister's too,' said Eleanor.

'But then Mary was very naughty, was not she, uncle?' said Willy.

'Yes, my dear; but even if kings and queens are naughty, that is no reason why their subjects should be naughty also.'

'And we'll all fight for Queen Victoria, won't we?' cried Harry. 'And if enemies come, we'll cut off their heads, instead of letting them cut off the Queen's.'

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'I hope, my dears,' said Uncle Peter, 'that enemies will not come; but if they do, I hope you will all fight for your queen and country. So now, Mary, let us have "God save the Queen," and you must then wish me good night, for I want to read my book.'

Uncle Peter then took his book, which was Shakspeare's Plays; and, as there was a little bird looking over his shoulder at the time, who saw all that he was doing, I think I can tell the passage which he began to read. It was the following, which perhaps some other persons may like to read also :—

'Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives, our children, and
Our sins, lay on the king;—we must bear all.
O hard condition! twin-born with greatness,
Subjected to the breath of every fool,
Whose sense no more can feel but his own wringing!
What infinite heart's ease must kings neglect
That private men enjoy!
And what have kings, that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?
What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?
O ceremony, show me but thy worth!
What is thy soul of adoration?
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd,
Than they in fearing.
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!
Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
That playd'st so subtly with a king's repose:
I am a king, that find thee; and I know
'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The inter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farced title running 'fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world,—
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread;
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell;
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set,
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,
Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse;
And follows so the ever-running year
With profitable labour, to his grave:

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And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
The slave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.'

Henry V., Act iv. Scene 1.

POSTSCRIPT.

Uncle Peter sends his kind regards to all little boys and girls, from the age of eight to fourteen. Uncle Peter has learnt, with sorrow, that they are all subject to be afflicted with a painful and dangerous disorder called Discontentalgia, or 'The King and Queen Fever.' And he knows how bad it is, because he once had a severe attack of it himself when he was quite young; and his little nephews and nieces are only just recovering from it, having caught it by reading a long account in their grandmamma's *Illustrated London News* of a grand entertainment given by Queen Victoria, at Windsor Castle, to the Emperor of Russia and the King of Saxony, and a great many lords and ladies besides.

Uncle Peter, having devoted many years to the study of this dangerous disease, is convinced that there is no certain and infallible cure for it, but that all the little boys and girls, who, when seized by it, wish to be kings and queens, should be made kings and queens in reality. For it is a well-known fact, that few, if any, persons have ever been kings and queens without being willing to give a good deal to be rid of the trouble, and to become something else. But as Uncle Peter finds, upon inquiry, that there are only about thirty or forty kings and queens in the world, including the Emperor of Morocco, Queen Pomare, and the King of the Gypsies,—while, on a moderate computation, there must be two or three millions of children, who would have to be cured in this way,—it is of no use to think of this remedy.

Another mode of cure has been prescribed by Dr. Whiphem, at his establishment for young gentlemen at Turnham Green; and this has been found to answer sometimes, when the symptoms are very bad, and break out in fretfulness, laziness, grumbling, envy, idleness, slovenliness, and the like; especially when during the lessons the eyes are fixed up in one corner of the ceiling, and the patient is found to be dreaming of anything else rather than of his book. This remedy consists in the application of a strong decoction of Birchwood to the shoulders, or of two or three feet of cane (not sugar cane) to the palms of the hands, till they swell and look red, and the patient cannot bear it any longer.

Uncle Peter, however, has tried a milder treatment, with great

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success, upon his own little nephews and nieces; and has much satisfaction in announcing to the Faculty and to the Public generally, that by allowing the unhappy patients to see what is likely to befall them, if they ever become kings or queens, much the same effect is produced in allaying the disorder, as by their actually coming to the throne. Uncle Peter has taken care to use no ingredients in the composition of his medicinal story which are not common, and easy of occurrence, in some shape or other, to all kings and queens.

He has also the gratification of announcing that he has received the following letter of approbation from a lady of high rank, who is willing to give her name if required:—

'Sir,—I beg to offer you my grateful thanks for your invaluable recipe for the cure of Discontentalgia, or "The King and Queen Fever," with which my daughter Louisa has been afflicted for several years, with the worst symptoms that I have ever known. After administering to her a dose of twenty pages of "Little Mary," she was enabled to eat her bread and milk at breakfast with a hearty relish. I applied thirty more the next day, according to the instructions in the printed paper, and am happy to say that it enabled her to attend far better than she had ever done both to her writing and geography. And after continuing the treatment, at proper intervals, for a week, I have had the great gratification of finding that she was perfectly cured, and confessed with her own lips that she should not like to be a queen at all.

'I consider, Sir, that your discovery is a real blessing to mothers, and an invaluable specific for the complaint in question. And I shall be obliged by your sending me immediately a case containing six volumes of it, for the use of the young persons in my neighbourhood.

'I remain, Sir,
'Your obedient Servant,
'———.'

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WOMAN'S WORK IN THE TOWN AND COUNTRY PARISH.

BY CAROLINE M. HALLETT.

IV.

HOW TO TRAIN AND KEEP UP A VILLAGE CHOIR.

STRICTLY speaking, the task of training a choir and conducting church music is not woman's work. Yet, as things are at present, it is her work very often, and we cannot altogether help it.

Of course the large town parish, with its staff of trained singers and professional organist, does not require her help. With that she has seldom anything to do. But as everybody knows, in the country village, or even in the smaller town parish, the case is altogether different. There are probably no available funds for paying an organist, or if there were, the organist himself is not easily to be met with. None of the men of the parish can play a note; still less are capable of conducting a choir. The clergyman, although the nominal head, has not much time to devote to the drudgery of actual teaching; moreover he has not had a musical education, and *perhaps*, has no ear. Yet superintendence there must be, or there is sure to be lamentable failure. No choir can manage itself, but, like other corporate bodies, must have a responsible working head. Some one person must play the accompaniments in church, choose the tunes and chants, and conduct the practices. Now it often happens that the lady worker of the parish is the only person who has the ability, and also the leisure to do all this. Thus the whole thing practically devolves upon her.

After all, she is not altogether unfitted for the position into which circumstances have thrust her. Probably she has learnt music with some degree of thoroughness, and from having begun the piano at five years old, has quite enough manual skill to make the learning the harmonium or organ comparatively easy to her. She has bestowed many hours of her life on practice, and these cannot have been fruitless. Her ear has been trained and her taste also, so that she knows the difference between good and merely trashy music. She can appreciate refinement of style in singing from having heard, as almost every one can in these days, vocal music really well performed, even if she 'does not sing' herself. And apart from her musical knowledge, she has, we hope, an earnest, reverent spirit, besides the minor graces of patience and tact, these last being invaluable, if not absolutely indispensable, in managing and training a choir.

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It might be supposed that in these days, choirs would hardly want a word of advocacy. Yet it is not unusual to hear the remark made, 'We do not have a choir because we want the singing to be congregational.' Now the proposition would be really truer if reversed, 'We want the singing to be congregational and *therefore* we will have a choir.' As a rule, the larger and better the choir, the more heartily will the congregation join in the singing. On the other hand, it is the hardest work in the world to follow the uncertain lead of pure congregational psalmody. An efficient choir forms a solid unwavering basis for the other voices to rest upon, and singing for all then becomes comparatively easy.

Besides which, the ears of the musical part of the congregation are not remorselessly injured. The trained voices prevail and overpower, if they do not neutralise, the imperfections of the rest. And if another and better argument in favour of choirs is needed, surely it may be urged that to God is always due our *best*. We offer for His house and service the best material, the most skilful workmanship, the choicest designs, and should shrink from giving Him anything that is meagre, defective, or feeble. Now why should it not be the same in music?

And there is no especial reason why the country village need be altogether behind the town parish in this respect. The music sung in a village church need never be elaborate, but it must not and ought not to be slovenly. The worst kind of singing is spiritless, *lazy* singing, and at least we will try and avoid *that*. The test is, Is the music *our* best, that is the best that we, with time, pains, and willing devotion can furnish for the service of His Sanctuary?

Now the practical question is, How in a country village is a moderate yet satisfactory standard of church music to be reached? First, the choir has to be formed, and of whom shall it consist?

If the parish has a population of 500 or upwards, the choir can probably be formed entirely of men and boys. This may not always be possible; in some places, owing to different circumstances, it seems almost a necessity to make up the numbers with girls', or perhaps women's, voices. But generally speaking, it is the wisest to begin at once with boys only, as Trebles, because in this as in other things, we have to consider the future as well as the present. It is by no means unlikely, judging by the wonderful advance in such matters that has been made already, that at no very distant time the surpliced choir will be not the exception but the rule. Twenty years ago a surpliced choir in a country church was almost a thing unknown. Now it is common enough, as may be seen at any of the large festival gatherings of choirs.

The white-robed procession grows longer and longer, and shows that every year more choirs are adopting the surplice, while distrust of the innovation (now hardly to be called one) is fast dying away. Most

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people in these days prefer whatever is most correct and seemly in the ordering of public worship, for it is no mere fancy that outward things have an influence in preparing the inner court of the heart for devotion. Thus if a surpliced choir is most in keeping with acknowledged ideas of what is right and fitting, by all means let us have it, for then it is likely to be on a permanent and lasting footing.

For the choristers themselves also it is an advantage in more ways than one, the wearing a distinctive dress. They are continually reminded that they hold a special office in the church, and this may check carelessness and irreverence. Punctuality is also thereby enforced, all assembling in the vestry, where sometimes a short prayer is read before the clergy and choristers form in procession to their places, and this is surely preferable to the scurrying of feet up to the chancel, some 'just in time,' others late, to the great distraction of the congregation.

But we cannot put girls into a distinctive dress, nor would it be desirable if we could. It is a question whether the prominence of singing in a choir is ever very good for girls. They may *sing* of course, but not as members of the choir.

Another reason for having boys as Trebles is that they may, and often do, remain members of a choir for years, while girls are only available up to the age for going to service, fourteen or fifteen. It is true that there is an interval of three or four years between the boy's Treble and the man's Tenor or Bass, but in a country choir he need not be useless in this intermediate stage of his voice. He may become an Alto when his voice breaks, for boy Altos are a necessity, and the rougher deeper voices are the most suitable for this part. Of course musicians would say there is the risk of spoiling his voice, but as that is only a possible evil, we cannot afford to consider it, voices being too precious in small choirs to be easily spared.

Thus, unless he is swept away by the ambition that now-a-days carries our lads into a dozen new lines, the railway, police force, or telegraph office, there is at least the hope of keeping him in the choir from childhood to middle age.

Granted then that the boys are the most important element in a choir, the next question is 'How shall we choose them?' It is just as much a mistake to suppose that every child in a school can sing, as it would be to assume that every one has a talent for carving or drawing. Every child in full possession of its senses can be taught to read, but singing is quite another matter. There must be one indispensable requisite, and that is an ear for music.

By this is not meant an absolutely perfect ear, for in this as in other things there are many degrees. But no one should be allowed to join a choir who cannot sing a simple tune correctly. This test may in fact be used in our choice of singers. The very first step is to find out how many of the boys of a parish are able to do this.

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Suppose there are twenty boys between the ages of seven and fourteen. They all *say* they can sing, and so they can after a fashion to judge by the boisterous goodwill with which they join in the school songs. But the choir teacher is doubtful, and invites the whole number to a preliminary trial.

This may take place at the rectory or wherever there is a convenient pianoforte or harmonium. When all are assembled, some simple known tune, say 'Holy Innocents,' is played over, and all present are required to sing it together. Then comes the test. Each boy is asked to sing the tune *alone*. If he can do this correctly, he may be considered to have 'passed.' But if on the other hand, he wanders off into another tune, or sings a wrong interval, or flounders hopelessly without the power of righting himself, it is needless to say that however excellent he may be in other respects, as a choir boy he is useless.

And it is a strange and perverse fact, that the best and steadiest boys are often not gifted with musical ears, while the scapegraces, who are everybody's torment, can sing as tunefully as blackbirds.

Now no power on earth can 'make' a musical ear, but it *is* possible to convert unruly boys into tractable ones, and this among other things is the not too-easy task of the choir teacher.

And now having separated the musical from the unmusical, you behold before you your choir of the future! Very shaggy, unkempt, and sunburnt, the little urchins look, as they remain seated in a row, some staring stolidly before them, others indulging in the broadest of grins, then a half-smothered chuckle bursts out, and you think with a sigh of the well-known picture of the *Three Choristers*, from whose grave devout young faces all boyishness and mirth seem to have fled away.

Never mind. Boys are not meant to be angelic beings, and we can hardly expect a really devotional spirit until much later on in life. If there is reverence of behaviour we must be content, and it is something to acquire the habit of this in early life. A boy who is naughty and inattentive may sometimes be *shamed* into good behaviour by being told he is evidently too childish to sing in the choir. And there is often a salutary *esprit de corps*, the disgrace of one being felt by all.

It is always best to take choristers on trial for a few weeks, and at the end of that time the clergyman or teacher to decide who is to be finally elected. This will depend on three conditions—goodness of conduct, aptitude for singing, regularity of attendance.

The next step is to choose evenings for practices. Two in the week are by no means too many to begin with, and if there can be three, so much the better. And as to place, the school-room is far preferable to the church, though the latter is often chosen with an idea that as the practice is a kind of rehearsal for Sunday, the singers should occupy the same places on both occasions. But surely practice and

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worship are things widely different. They should as much as possible be *dis*-associated from each other. Practice is good honest work, which indeed may be consecrated by the thought that it has a glorious aim, *i.e.* the perfect rendering of God's praise, yet still it is not the actual offering of praise, in the sense that it is when two or three are gathered in His name.

If the only available instrument is the church organ, and it is thought an impossibility to practice without its help, surely in most cases a substitute may be procured in the shape of a small harmonium. The 'People's Harmonium' costs four guineas, and a second-hand one about three pounds, generally speaking, and they are well worth the money, for this harmonium is a durable instrument, and will remain in fair condition for many years. Its small size too is a great advantage, as it can be easily moved from place to place. And the player sitting before it can command a good view of the singers, instead of being obliged, as at the organ, to turn away from them. This is of importance, as in all *teaching* a quick eye, as well as a quick ear, is required.

It is not needful to play the regular accompaniment the whole time in practising, as the teacher must give her attention to the vocal parts, and she cannot do this and detect mistakes if the harmonium is loudly resounding in her ears. All that is wanted is the single Treble part played softly as a test whether the voices are in tune. As a further preparation, some exercise sheets of common pasteboard may be made as follows:—

A. The common scale with the names appended to each note.

B. Specimens of breves, semibreves, minims, crotchets, quavers, semiquavers.

C. The different signatures denoting time.

D. The different keys and their signatures.

And now the first evening has come, and with wonderful punctuality the scholars arrive. None of the excuses which too often greet the teacher's ear at a later period of the choir's existence are heard. 'Mother wanted me,' 'Couldn't get in time,' &c., &c. On the contrary, everybody is full of zeal and delighted expectation. So much the better, the teacher acts on the old proverb, 'Strike when the iron is hot.'

She begins singing the scale Do Re Mi Fa, and the scholars follow ambitiously in her wake. But very soon an unforeseen difficulty presents itself. Nobody can, or at any rate *does*, reach anything above the upper Do. At the upper Mi she finds her own voice painfully audible. She is alone at last on a solitary pinnacle of sound, the upper Sol. Where are her supporters? They have dropped off one by one.

What is to be done? She feels baffled at the very outset of the new undertaking. But the solution of the difficulty is in reality

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very simple. The missing notes are really and truly in those small throats, only they want coaxing, or to speak more properly, cultivation, to bring them forth.

It is simply a question of time, practice, and patience. Try the scale six times, and the seventh time there will most likely be improvement. But if there is none, the teacher resolutely turns a deaf ear to all murmurs that seem to contain the word 'can't.' Nothing daunted, she speaks in a bright encouraging tone, 'Suppose you open your mouths *very* wide this time, as wide as if I were going to put an orange into them. *Nobody* can sing with their mouths half shut.'

Success this time. The goal is actually reached; the upper Mi, and even the upper Fa, is delightfully audible. But, oh dear, the voices are anything but sweet! Rough, husky, and shrill, yet with a strong tendency to flatten, so that the combination of the instrumental sounds *in* tune with the vocal sounds *out* of tune, produces a horrible grating, almost as bad as if two semitones were struck together!

Never mind! Think of the rough plank in the carpenter's shop and then of the smooth, brilliant, mirror-like table! What has changed the one into the other but steady work, planing, smoothing, and finally polishing? Now voices are just as susceptible of improvement as those wooden planks. In truth, the grand secret of successful choir-singing may be summed up in one word, and that is 'practice.' It is not too much to say that its effects are all but magical.

In these days we are all realising more and more fully the meaning of training. It means briefly that repetition facilitates all exercises. Neither voices nor any other organs can accomplish *easily* anything to which they are unaccustomed. Look at the rapidly-moving hand of the ready writer, and then at the laborious attempts of the beginner; or at the swift, easy motions of the accomplished athlete compared with the stiff jerks of the novice. It is the same in singing. The unused voice, like the unused limb,' is awkward and inflexible. The singing of scales has somewhat the same effect on voices that movements, such as running and walking, have on the limbs and muscles. The beautiful voices of cathedral boys are more than half due to the constant, steady practice gone through daily. In many a village boy's voice there is a latent beauty and power, and it rests with the teacher to bring these forth. It is difficult to believe in the magnificent and powerful voices of untaught genius such as figure in novels, because in real life these 'native songsters' are not to be met with. Generally speaking, there is only one road to excellence in this commonplace world, and that is the noble one of labour.

Thus the practice of scales is all-important in forming boys' voices. It is wonderful how much more *bright* they will sound after a quarter of an hour of scales. So it will be well to make it a rule that every practice shall begin with this exercise. By degrees the roughness will be smoothed away and all will sound in tune, for be it remembered that

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what we consider harshness in a voice, is often due to its being *a little out of tune.*

The grammar of music comes next, and sheet *B* will now help us. No choir can sing in time unless they know the difference between minims, crotchets, &c., the value of rests and dots. Hullah's system is excellent from its thoroughness. His method of beating time with the hands is simple, and is by no means a dull exercise. Thus a semibreve has four beats—down, left, right, up; a minim two, the word minim being repeated at the *down* and right beat, while crotchet curtailed into *crotch*, is repeated four times. All this effectually teaches the respective lengths of the different notes. Or the teacher only may beat time and perhaps this is on the whole the best plan.

Reading music at sight is an art in its perfection not easily attained by the ordinary choir boy, though now and then a brilliant genius will accomplish it. Very possibly some from first to last will sing only by ear, still all may acquire something of singing by note, if in learning a fresh tune they are required to call every note by its right name, and to notice accidentals and naturals. And, as every one knows, to keep in mind the key-note of a tune is essential in reading music.

Half an hour is enough to give to scales and the elementary head-work, for neither, if ever so briskly and brightly gone through, is the most enlivening part of the practice. Everybody is glad when the right of singing something more interesting has been earned. Thus, as a matter of course, comes next the question of tunes.

And first a word as to *choice*. Not quantity but quality should be our motto in choosing tunes. It matters very little whether a choir know few tunes or many, but it does matter very much of what sort the tunes are.

Is it too much to say boldly, at once, let us have no dull tunes? Perhaps the expression 'dull' is somewhat vague, but it sufficiently describes, for practical purposes, the correct yet tuneless compositions that are scattered up and down our hymnals, interspersed with the more attractive and better kind. Why is it *de rigueur* to have a tune to every hymn? There may be three hundred and more good hymns in existence, but it is very doubtful whether there are three, or even two hundred good tunes. The result is that the number is made up with a very inferior article indeed.

Why should choirs be condemned to learn even one thoroughly unattractive tune? They do not like it, certainly congregations do not, and such tunes are seldom sung with spirit because there is nothing that catches the ear, nor excites the smallest amount of interest in anybody's musical mind; in a word, nobody has any *heart* in the matter.

But shall we leave a number of hymns unsung on this account? To this may it be replied, that a few dear friends are better than a

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multitude of acquaintances. Still if many hymns are wanted, there is a way out of the difficulty by providing our choir with hymn-books as well as tune-books, for while we resolutely keep in mind the rule that there shall be only one tune to a hymn, the reverse is quite allowable, to sing more than one hymn to the same tune.

As the choir advances in knowledge, it is a good plan to have a manuscript collection of tunes in addition to the printed one. In this way we may avail ourselves of the gems in every collection. Thus, if the hymn-book is *Hymns Ancient and Modern*,* we may borrow a few tunes from the *Hymnary*, or S.P.C.K. *Church Hymns*.

Very possibly a thorough musician does not find entire satisfaction in any hymn-tune. To him it is a meagre and abbreviated form of composition when he can have the soul-satisfying anthem and vigorous, elaborate fugue. Just as a scholar keenly enjoys an argumentative essay, because it is a delightful exercise to his reasoning faculties, while a story that pleases humbler minds is to his taste insipid and unsatisfying. But it has taken years to bring his mind to this pitch of subtle appreciation. In the same way, except in the case of a heaven-born musician, it will take years of cultivation for an average person to be able to enter into the beauty of Bach's fugues, or the obscurer parts of Handel and Beethoven. Yet we need not condemn the multitude to whom Bach is incomprehensible, but who find pleasure in a simple air. Their enjoyment of music is *real*, though lower in degree than that of scientific musicians. There *are* people in the world to whom music is a name and a noise, and nothing more. These we must leave out of the question altogether. But the great mass of an average congregation are people who love music in its simpler forms, who are capable of being touched and roused and elevated by it, and it is these whom we must consider in our choice of tunes.

For surely, after all, if church music fails in being *popular*, *i.e.* liked by the multitude, one object at least in having it is defeated. At the same time we need not descend to tunes that are weak, trashy, and ballad-like. All we crave for is melody; *that* we really must have at any price.

Happily, in these days, tunes that have this chief of merits as well as others are not rare. One of our best composers, the late Dr. Wesley, has written hymn tunes that are a boon to the Church for ever. What can be better than 'Aurelia' and 'Alleluia.' They are attractive even to an uneducated ear, yet are so perfect as compositions, that a cultivated musician may find pleasure in the massive chords.

There are many more of this character by different composers, among whom those by the late Dr. Dykes stand out prominently. The great merit of any tune would seem to be completeness. It should not be

* The new edition of *Hymns Ancient and Modern* allows scope for varieties of taste, as to many of the hymns two and even three tunes are provided, and most of the newly added tunes are of an attractive kind.

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a patchwork of odds and ends and borrowed shreds, but a work perfect and finished, each part having some connection with the leading idea. Such a tune as 'Dominus reget me,' No. 197, *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, is a good illustration of this kind of completeness.

Next, let every tune be *thoroughly* learnt. This can seldom be accomplished quickly, for what we want is that our boys should get a tune so thoroughly into their heads that it becomes, so to speak, part and parcel of themselves. Yet how often in village churches a new tune is 'put up' for Sunday, that the choir had never seen until the previous week. As a natural result, the hymn is sung unsteadily and doubtfully, and of course with no spirit or heartiness. The whole flags, and people ask 'Why the singing went so badly?' The secret is, that the choir have sung the new tune over three or four times, at only *one* evening's practice; whereas the same tune repeated every week for a month will be a totally different affair. It is a good plan at first to write out every tune on the lined blackboard, that the scholars may be familiar with the look of every note. And from the very first it is well never to allow a tune to be learnt except with notes. It will soon be just as easy for the boys to associate the note on the third space with the word Do, as it is for infant-school children to learn the printed letters A B C. A strip of music paper, on which the scale is written, with the names beneath every note, may be given to each boy to learn at home, that needless time may not be consumed at the practice.

Yet the words of each hymn must also be thoroughly known, and become at last so strongly bound up with the tune that the two can hardly be disunited. Indeed the expression has been used that a tune should be *married* to a hymn. Sometimes this union is so absolutely perfect that the thoughts of the hymn writer seem interpreted by the magic of music more fully and exquisitely than by the words in which they are clothed. Music has no rival in the art of expressing subtleties of feeling. It is a divine language in which human coarseness and selfishness have no part. It expresses the *better soul* of words, so to speak.

Another important point to be remembered in teaching a choir is, that good singing is always quick and brisk. Hymns should nearly always be sung rather fast. And by fast is not meant *hurried;* the two things are widely different. But if singing is allowed to be very slow, an incredible number of errors immediately follow. First there is the risk, if not the certainty, of flatness. The tendency of voices to flatten, always strong in village choirs, is infinitely greater when they are allowed to drag along like a heavy road-waggon. And the slower singing is, the more inevitable is that worst of errors, a *drawl*. The word is perhaps connected in our minds with the ancient order of village choirs, now nearly extinct, and we may flatter ourselves that the fault itself is gone out of fashion with the trumpet and

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bass viol. But, alas! popular errors are hard to kill. Experience testifies that the modern choir boy may drawl just as effectually as his predecessor at the beginning of the century.

What is a drawl? It may best be explained thus:—

Let anybody strike two intervals, say Do and Mi, on the piano. Then let the same person sing the lowest note, and without taking off the voice, drag it upwards to the higher one, ascending through the infinite number of gradations that exist in the human voice. This is sometimes called slurring notes, and in Italian *portamento*. No doubt it is effective enough used occasionally in an Italian solo, but it ought *never* to be permitted in hymn singing. Yet the drawling chorister will slur every note, and perhaps enrich the effect by a nasal twang, because he will not take the trouble to open his mouth wide enough to allow a free passage of the notes; thus they are compelled to escape by the byway of the nose.

Nearly all untaught singers have a tendency to drawl and sing nasally, and so the effort of the teacher must be, to teach a style the exact opposite of this.

She must insist on the utmost distinctness and crispness of tone, each note being so distinct, as to sound, in fact, a little *staccato*.

An accompaniment played rather *staccato* on the organ or harmonium will often have the effect of counteracting the drawling style, and will give vigour and alertness to halting, sleepy hymnody.

And once more it may be urged that one important point will have been gained when the choir have acquired the habit of singing fast. A new choir may be taught this from the very first, but any choir, old-established or new, will improve in a wonderful way, if they can only be persuaded to do this one simple thing, *e.g.* to hasten their time. The singing will become at once hearty and inspiriting, and a real enjoyment to the congregation, instead of being a miserable dragged-out performance, leaving the worshippers not 'glad,' which is surely one result at least of praise, but weary, depressed, and languid.

But all hymns are not hymns of praise. Music and poetry would be alike insufficient for human needs, if they could express only one emotion—namely, joy. The emotions are numberless and infinitely varied, especially when the heart is stirred into spiritual life. Sadness, contrition, gratitude, yearning, and simple intense love to Him Who is Love itself, all may find expression more or less perfectly in hymnody. Hymns such as 'Weary of earth and laden with my sin,' and 'Lead kindly Light,' are full of exquisite pathos, and have brought tears into many eyes. It is needless to say that these should be sung in a different way from hymns such as 'Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven.' Still we must remember that pathos does not consist in heavy slowness. Rather should it be expressed by soft lightness and crispness, while a great deal of expression may be given by

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singing piano or forte, as the words are majestic or soothing. Indeed no hymn should be sung without this kind of light and shade.

Yet the most piano singing ought not and need not be weak and tame, just as a gentle person *need* not be languid and inane.

Next comes the question of chants. Shall they be single Anglican, double Anglican, or Gregorian? To some it is difficult to understand what are the supreme attractions of Gregorians. It is of no use disputing the fact, that with a great number of people they are exceedingly popular, though it may not be altogether easy to account for this. They are not easy, and are so far removed from being melodious, that their non-admirers are inclined to sympathise with the musician who labelled his copy of Gregorians 'Growls!'

On the other hand, there are few things more delicious, to the writer's taste, than a good Anglican chant which sweeps tunefully and majestically along, bearing with it the noble words of one of David's Psalms. It must be a matter of individual taste whether double or single chants are chosen. In many of the Psalms an idea or image is often expressed in two following verses, the second seeming to explain or answer the first, so that a double chant rather than a single one gives the greater sense of completeness, the antiphonal effect being at the same time more perfectly rendered.

Elvey's method of pointing is now adopted by a large majority of choirs, and is on the whole the most satisfactory. When every accent and pause is perfectly observed, the effect is excellent, and the chanting is not only smooth and flowing, but clear and intelligible. The object throughout is to preserve the *sense* of every verse, by placing the accent on the leading syllables and not distributing it at haphazard, as in the older methods.

As in the verses:—'Let us come before His *Presence* with thanksgiving' instead of 'Let us come before His Presence *with* thanksgiving,' and 'We are the people of His pasture and the *sheep* of His Hand,' instead of 'And we are the people of His pasture, *and the* sheep of His Hand.'

In chanting, the chief point to be attended to is correctness. Anybody who has had the smallest experience of teaching a choir will have observed how easily singers will lapse into a slipshod, slovenly method of pronouncing or rather of not pronouncing the words. The *Gloria Patri* from being sung more often than any other verse suffers the most from this fault.

'Glory be to—Father—to Son—n to Holy Ghost. As 'twas in beginning 's now—ever shall be world without end. Amen,'—is the kind of reckless mutilation inflicted on these most glorious of words.

Rejoice is often curtailed into 'joice.'

Endureth into 'Ndureth.'

Remembering into 'Membering.'

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As a rule choristers will gabble and slur over the words on the *reciting* note, and sing the two latter halves of each part, when there is a note to every word, with ponderous slowness. Chanting should be exactly the reverse of this. The words on the reciting note should be slow and distinct, and those which run no risk of being clipped, from having a note to each, may be sung rather fast.

In the *Te Deum* it is hardly too much to say that nine choirs out of ten have an inclination to sing, 'Heaven and earth are full of *Thy* Majesty of Thy Glory,' making absolute nonsense of the verse.

Another stereotyped error occurs in the *Venite*:—'In His *Hands* are all the corner of the earth,' instead of 'In His *Hand* are all the corners of the earth' a mistake which impairs much of the beauty of the image.

Mispronunciations are likewise only too common, such as '*Abree*ham and his seed for ever.' All such inaccuracies are, or at least sound, irreverent, and give the impression that the choir are merely getting through an appointed duty, without much heed to the sense and meaning of the wonderful words in which the Church is taught to adore her King. The *Anglican Chant Book* is a good one, and there are many others suitable for village choirs. Or to avoid expense and thereby indeed securing a more choice collection of chants, MS books may be made with very little trouble, and can be added to from time to time.

Many country choirs attain to chanting the Psalms very passably. But of course the Canticles must be perfectly learnt first, and then gradual advance may be made by chanting the Psalms for Christmas or Easter Day, after a thorough practice of them beforehand. Psalters are rather expensive, but the subordinate singers may have, as a substitute, the Psalms in their Prayer-books divided into bars with pencil marks, copied from the Psalter.

But are we to be content with one part, namely the Treble, when all music is written for four? The answer decidedly is No, only we must advance with slow and cautious steps.

If a choir has to be grounded from the beginning, four parts is rather more than can be managed at the very first. But after a while everybody, including the congregation, will find themselves longing for harmony, and indeed the singing of the Treble part only is a most imperfect way of rendering tunes and chants, or in fact any music. Harmony is so glorious a thing that we may well believe it existed in the mind of the Creator from the beginning, and shall we not use it in His Praise?

The Alto part is usually the first that is attempted, because it can be sung by boys. A section of the Sopranos, say three or four of those boys whose voices are a little *passé* or are naturally low, are chosen for Alto. One rather good singer must in any case be the

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leader of the part, while the rest may be lesser lights who will follow wherever he leads. As a rule, boys learn Alto quickly, and sing it fairly in a few weeks' time.

And then comes the more important consideration of Tenors and Basses. Does the heart of the choir leader sink within her at the prospect of having to teach *men?* If it is hard to beat a knowledge of music into boys and to conjure music itself out of them, surely all this must be ten times more difficult in the case of adults. But nobody, certainly not a choir teacher, must be allowed to indulge in faint-hearted forebodings. There are few obstacles that are really insurmountable.

A few men volunteer ambitiously on hearing that male voices are wanted. Every one is courteously welcomed, and the first step is to explain to the new comers what part-singing really is. It might be supposed that this is hardly necessary, and of course in some cases it is not, only experience bears witness that men have been known to join a choir and never from first to last to sing anything but Treble an octave lower. Another fallacy is to sing a *spurious* second.

It is remarkable how often this spurious second is to be heard in ordinary congregational singing. A series of thirds is complacently executed, the performer having all the time a comfortable conviction that he or she is 'singing second.'

The feelings of the composer of the hymn-tune or chant on hearing this substitute for his own carefully arranged chords may be left to the imagination!

Unison singing is infinitely preferable to this reckless violation of every rule of harmony. Though unison singing is unsatisfying, it is at least correct, and may be even grand from its simplicity. Let us then have the right parts or none.

Tenor is a more difficult part than Bass. It is perplexing to beginners probably from being near the Treble or 'lead.' There are few genuine Tenor voices to be met with, but Baritone, the indefinite word which applies to so many men's voices, does sufficiently well for Tenor.

Bass is comparatively easy, yet there is the difficulty of another kind, of getting Bass voices to sing as fast as the other parts. They move with elephantine tread, and are often apt to be half a second behind the rest. Sometimes it happens that one or two of the men know a little more than the others, and are inclined to look down on the weekly 'grind' from superior heights of knowledge. But a little quiet talk in private will often set the matter in the right light, and convince these ambitious spirits that there is nothing really *infra dig.* in practice.

'It *is* drudgery to us all, and so I want all the help you can give me. I am glad to find you can help the others so much,' &c., &c., and so, it

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may be, a valuable ally is won over to the side of the authorities. Nor will any beginner, if he is sensible, despise the elementary routine, dull and dry as it must unavoidably be, and involve real self-denial, until the reward comes in the shape of results.

And we must not rush on to results too fast. In part singing it is absolutely needful to practise each part *separately*, patiently repeating it again and again, until it can be sung perfectly, without any help from the instrument. An obstinate interval or difficult accidental may even want additional repetitions, before it is conquered. It is well worth bestowing pains upon this part of the practice, for the effect is very apparent when the four parts are taken together, and meet lovingly as brothers in perfect harmony, with (in this case literally) no jar or discord.

If there is any especially weak part (say the Tenors), a great deal may be accomplished if the teacher will invite them now and then to a special practice without the rest of the choir.

As a rule, however, the Trebles, especially if they are boys, want nearly twice as much practice as the other parts. Good Trebles are *the* most important element in a choir.

Choral festivals are now so universal that it seems almost needless to speak of them. They have done, and are doing, good service to the cause of church music. To take the lowest ground, the fact of having a definite object for practice is always a gain, and gives new zest to lessons that, alas, at times are apt to languish, in spite of our best efforts.

The choir-master, too, is a valuable ally, and in his occasional visits tests our acquirements, discovers and points out weaknesses, and imparts style and finish.

'Are we up to the mark?' is eagerly asked, and perhaps a salutary discontent steals over us, when we are told our singing is much too loud, much too harsh, that there is much too much of it—in a word, we want *keeping down*.

We are not above criticism, far from it, and we *do* 'keep down,' *i.e.* we sing naturally next time, without straining our voices to a painful pitch of loudness, and the effect is excellent.

Besides all this there is the choral festival itself, a great gathering which must always give a more vivid sense of the Church's unity, and a keener realization of Christian membership, when on this one day in the year, distance is vanquished, distinctions of rank levelled, and all join in a common act of worship and praise in some glorious old cathedral or abbey church. And the service, grand with its rush of many voices, gives the village chorister new ideas of the glory and beauty of praise, and holds up a standard of not impossible height to be reached some day in the village church at home.

Thus it is well worth making an effort to join a choral union, instead

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of ignoring the whole movement, and passively allowing its benefits to pass unused over our heads. 'We are so far from ——, and can never think of taking our choir there,' is too often said; and while indifferent, or at least mediocre, singing is submitted to at home, on the principle that 'what can't be cured must be endured,' and of course it *must* be endured if nobody will make a step in the direction of progress. Or if, as in some cases, the distance from the central point of meeting is really too unreasonable; it is often quite possible to organize a *small* festival of half a dozen or even four choirs. Such a meeting may take place in the different churches, each having its turn, as any church of moderate size is quite suitable for a small festival. Simple tunes and chants may be chosen to begin with, advancing to higher things by degrees.

Of anthems nothing has been said, and this perhaps is the place to mention them, as a festival service may certainly be enriched with an anthem. There are numberless excellent and simple ones published by Novello in the *Musical Times*, from which a choice may be made, and thus by degrees the choirs accumulate a store of anthems, which may be sung at other times, as the authorities may determine.

But let every one remember that a correct hymn tune is a thousand times preferable to a badly executed anthem. The same may be said of the relation of chants to services; indeed, it is doubtful whether a 'service' is ever suitable in a village church. No doubt it is the noblest and highest musical form in which our canticles can be rendered, yet it is not too much to say that it is not a popular form, with the before-mentioned average people, who make up an ordinary congregation.

In these days, when there is a demand for penny readings, interspersed with music, and popular concerts for the people, it certainly will not do to ignore secular music. Apart from this, it is a great advantage to the choir to learn such music, if only on the principle that if they can accomplish a comparatively difficult glee, the easier hymn tunes will be learnt without effort. Yet people are as strangely illogical on this most simple subject as the celebrated man of letters who suggested making a large hole for the cat and a small one for the kitten! To come down to the actual experience of some years, it is a *fact* that Sunday singing never goes worse, but, on the contrary, some degrees better for the extra night's secular practice.

And we must not forget that music is one of the educators of men. Few things are so civilising and refining; and who will say that these influences are not just what are wanted in our country villages! If the labourer's notion of enjoyment is often of the lowest type, *i.e.* unlimited beer at the public-house, is it not often because nothing better has been put within his reach?

We have a rich store of English part-music, and very much of the easier portion of it is quite within the powers of village singers. Here

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are a few of the pieces that have been actually sung very creditably by a village choir :—

'Mark the Merry Elves.'—CALLCOTT.
'A Canadian Boat Song.'—T. MOORE.
'All Among the Barley.'—E. STIRLING.
'Breathe Soft, ye Winds.'—S. WEBBE.
'Blue Bells of Scotland.'
'Good Morrow to my Lady Bright.'—MACIRONE.
'May Day.'—MÜLLER.
'See our Oars.'—SIR J. STEVENSON.
'Tell me, Flora.'—PINSUTI.

All are published in the *Musical Times* by Novello, 1, Berners Street.

Thus we will reckon an annual village concert among our institutions, and perhaps make it an opportunity for inviting the choir to supper afterwards. Such gatherings hardly ever fail in being enjoyable, and are a wholesome pleasant break in the somewhat monotonous lives of village people.

One word remains to be said about those inevitable, yet perhaps wholesome things that occur in parish, and indeed in all human, work. They may be briefly called drawbacks. For nobody must suppose that when a choir is formed, practices regularly established, surplices bought and worn, that all henceforth is 'plain sailing.' Far from it. Alas, the vicissitudes to which a choir is subject are endless, and require the utmost patience, or what is still more needful, the most indomitable perseverance.

For instance, No. 1, your best boy, is seized with a keen desire to go to service, and behold himself decked in page's livery. No. 2 works at a farm two miles off, so cannot get home in time to practice. No. 3 falls ill of the measles, or worse than all, *the* best Bass, your tower of strength, becomes a porter on the railway a hundred miles off.

Then voices are most capricious and provoking. Sometimes they will be weak and flat, or more often loud and flat, so that the teacher is inclined to stop her own ears. But no, she must not do that, but keep a calm, cheerful countenance, and her voice must not lose a whit of its encouraging tone. While she allows no mistakes to pass unnoticed, she must be ready to praise the slightest improvement, and to make due allowance for damp weather, fatigue, or hoarseness, which last is inevitable in 'bird-keeping' boys in the spring.

May not all that has been described be in great measure 'woman's work'? In training and teaching a choir, she is not stepping out of her province, nor acting otherwise than subordinately to authority, for though, as we have seen, she is often the working head, yet she is really vicegerent rather than ruler.

The clergy are naturally the real authorities, and referees in all important matters, while if the ordering of lesser matters is left to her, she must be humble and gentle in her rule, and, forgetting self, offer her work and her talent simply and faithfully to God.

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AN UNTRAINED GOVERNESS.

BY MARY JOHNSON.

CHAPTER VII.

GEOGRAPHY.

A TEACHER must be prepared for repetition; you must therefore bear with me if I seem to tell you the same thing several times; it is impossible to avoid doing so.

Few of my younger readers, probably, can realise the change that has taken place since Mrs. Somerville's *Physical Geography* was a new and wonderful book. I hope that only a few can remember a day when learning geography meant learning off by heart strings of hard names and lists of numbers; when looking on a map was a totally separate exercise from looking on a globe; and when astronomy was supposed to be a mystery, intelligible only to mathematicians, and useless, since a celestial *Bradshaw*, so to speak, could be referred to by those eccentric individuals who took a queer kind of interest in eclipses and tides.

To teach geography now is a very different undertaking. There are pictures of landscapes, manners and customs, great buildings, natural productions of every kind, for the nursery; so that no child need enter the schoolroom without knowing every continent, and many countries, familiarly, by means of their beautiful or wonderful contents. The gliding movement of a train or a steamer makes apparent motion easy to be understood. Neither names nor terms need be abstractions, but they *may* continue to be such. The first thing that you have to do is to bring your own acquaintance with abstract geography to the test of a written explanation, so clear that your youngest pupil can understand it. A few illustrations will perhaps make my meaning plain. For teaching is to the mind what nourishing is to the body. It is not merely administering nourishment, but administering it in the form, manner, and quantity in which it can be assimilated.

With a saucer you can show the youngest child that water stands still when it is let alone. From this the transition to a puddle, pool, pond, and lake is not difficult. By tilting the saucer an illustration of the cause of running water—namely, gravitation, the pulling of the earth—is quickly obtained; and the growth of beck and brook, stream, rivulet, and river, follows without any trouble. At this point Professor Geikie's *Primer of Physical Geography* takes up the story, which I have never found tiresome to little children, and which can be followed up by that of geology. These two primers will illustrate what I meant

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in saying that you must teach one thing at a time. If your elder pupils have not mastered the simple lessons contained in these two books, they too should go through them carefully, or, being present while you are teaching the little ones, reproduce the substance of your lesson as an exercise to be 'shown up' once a week.

As the habits of every nation are formed by the presence or absence of ports, and a bountiful soil, or a rigorous climate, and these are caused by the features of the country and the motions of the earth; while the climate and soil determine the vegetation, and that the classes and numbers of animals accessible for food, clothing, and other uses; it is reasonable to begin by explaining 'the Solar System,' and showing why one country receives twelve hours' sunshine all the year round, while the others have an excess at one time of light and heat, at another of shadow during which the heat is being given out. The books that I have seen on elementary astronomy appear to leave children's first puzzle unsolved, namely, *how we know* that the earth moves. Although it is quite correct to say that they will not understand the proofs of this truth until they have learnt mathematics, it is a great mistake to mention this. You should, on the contrary, point out to them that which they *can* understand. Every child can understand that if we see the same pattern of stars in the sky every January, and at no other time; if each month brings its own star-map and no other; either the sky or the earth must move round. You can easily illustrate this either in a room or a garden. You can readily convince them also, that to see the sun every day and lose him every night, during this tour, we must have him in or near the centre. I advise you not to show any diagrams at first; they are very nice for grown-up people, but young children learn much better by acting World themselves, with a bush, or a hassock, or a lamp for the sun. After they realise these two movements, get a large unpainted india-rubber ball, and, with blue chalk or powder, colour representations of the oceans on it. Then show the children which oceans and which countries, lying at the equator or poles, are exposed, or shaded, by the inclination of the earth's axis. I need not tell you that you must mention that 'equator' and 'axis' are not material substances. The 'ecliptic' often causes sad perplexity to children, and need not do so if their teachers had the good sense to remind them that if the sky could be darkened in the daytime we should see the sun *among* the same stars which we *could see* six months ago when turned away from the sun. (Perhaps Miss Giberne's *Sun, Moon, and Stars* may be acceptable reading to the elder girls.) After these explanations have been so completely received that your little pupils can repeat them in their own words, you may take the lessons in Chambers's or the Christian Knowledge Society's *Physical Geography;* give them in *your own* words, see that they are understood, and write one or two questions each week, the answers to which will consist of the substance of

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your lesson, for the children to answer in writing, the little ones very shortly, but the older girls more at length. The geographical definitions and lists of vegetable productions must eventually be learnt off by heart; but, as far as possible, show specimens or good pictures, or at least graphic descriptions, of the objects before this task is begun.

As soon as the children understand why one part of the earth is hotter than another, get the National Society's little *Physical Atlas*, Faunthorpe's *Physical Atlas*, and a large outline of each continent, published at Philips's, Fleet Street, and colour these last according to the botanical zones. Teach the proportions of land and sea, and show how their distribution affects the comfort of mankind and has facilitated civilization. Explain the currents and periodical winds. Meanwhile, on alternate days, let your pupils copy on their slates, roughly of course, one of the oceans, from your large outline map, name the continents which it divides, and the smaller divisions of water, always with the adjoining land, thus: 'The German Ocean, east of England, west of Holland and Belgium, south of Sweden and Norway.' Point out that part of the Atlantic is named 'German Ocean,' part 'Cattegat, Gulf of Bothnia,' &c., always methodically passing from the large to the small division. Do not omit the naming of the points of the compass in this lesson, and at the same time tell what you know about the depth, saltness, productiveness (of fish, &c.) of each sea or strait. At the next lesson the children must be able to repeat from memory what you have told them, as you point to each sea, &c., on your blank map, which should be stretched on a black board or drawing-board and set up on an easel or some secure elevation in full view. Now show the children how to make a map of the school-room, pointing out how the skirting-board makes straight lines round the floor; and letting them set down the tables, fireplace, windows, doors, &c., according to measurement. Take care that they know the north side of the room, and let them find out what they would come to by walking as far as possible north, south, east, and west from home. Show them how a map of a field or garden of irregular shape might be made, by leading them as far as possible in one direction within the boundaries, keeping the sun always on your left, so as to get one straight line north and south, and counting their 'paces,' to be represented on their map by a quarter of an inch, and then 'stepping' lines directly across this first one, from wall to wall or hedge, and marking the direction of the boundaries between the ends of the cross lines. For want of realising how difficult it is to children to make use of *symbols*, (and our flat paper maps are no more), people go on 'teaching' children geography, never suspecting that the symbols are being interpreted on a plan of their own! I found out once that some of my own pupils supposed the hemispheres concave, the countries *inside* the world, and the interval occupied by the oceans! After they have learnt how to

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make a map, even on so rough a plan as I have described, it will be easy for them to understand the general purpose of maps, and with their ball-globe they can see that flat pictures of curved sections are not quite exact, without the despair which such a discovery causes a child who looks upon books, &c., as its only, infallible, teachers.

After the divisions of water, teach all the important islands, mention to whom they belong, what we get from them, and any of the children's pictures which represent either the place or the commodity. In examining on this lesson, vary from time to time, asking for all the islands belonging to England, all in the wheat zone, &c. &c. Never accept a description of the position of any place insufficient to enable a stranger to find it on a map. Malta must not merely be 'in the Mediterranean,' but 'south of Sicily, as far from Messina and C. Boeo as they are from each other;' Hawaii 'as far north of the equator as Tahiti is south, almost in a line with Mexico and Hainan,' and so forth.

After these, teach the capes and isthmuses of the world, 'east of Newfoundland, south of Greece,' &c., always mentioning the waters divided and the lands united, as, with straits, the seas united and the lands separated.

The next lesson must consist of the mountain peaks of each continent, as given on Faunthorpe's maps. Begin at the highest—give the height in round numbers, the range in which it stands, the countries which the range divides. Remind the children what they have already learned of the functions of mountains, go over the mountain peaks in Faunthorpe's little atlas patiently until your pupils can readily name *all* the peaks of any given height, describing their position as above.

Next take the rivers on the same plain. Begin at the longest, teach its source, one or two cities through which it runs, and the basin to which it belongs; also the principal commodities which are carried up or down it. Do not speak of towns '*on*' rivers until you are sure that your pupils know what you mean, and *always* say the city or town 'on the right bank' or 'on the left bank,' so as to accustom them to distinguish the source from the out-fall. I have known girls to go on for years saying that the Rhine flows from the German Ocean to the Alps, &c., long after they understood the true state of the case; but the *first* faulty lesson always re-asserted itself.

The physical features of the British empire must come next. Faunthorpe's map may be copied and repeated from memory. Then teach, but still on a map without names, the counties. First the coast counties, then those which surround Middlesex, Northampton, Shropshire, and Gloucestershire, Perth, and Peebles, Longford, Tyrone, and Queen's County, and then those omitted. Make the children quite perfect in these, not only naming them from north to south and *vice versâ*, but drawing the shape of the country on their slate and writing

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the names in their relative places. Then give them each a printed outline with the counties marked, but no names, and show them on your own map where they must place London, marked by four concentric rings to denote four million inhabitants, a cross for each cathedral, and the judges' circuits, or rather the assize towns. Now pass to the British Colonies, and teach as much concerning each; and then the countries of each continent, with the capital of each, still requiring the children to bring you a slate map for each lesson. At this time you must not be very critical about the drawing; this exercise is on *relative positions*, and not one in copying shapes. Now go to the cities. Dictate a list of those (throughout the world) with above one million of inhabitants, and explain why so many people have settled in one place; ports, mining and manufacturing towns, and the centres of politics, religion, or education, will come to the top of your list. Make then repeat those above one million, just below a million, above eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, hundred thousand inhabitants, always naming the sea or river nearest at hand the cause of the large population, and the province. Those above one hundred thousand will occupy several lessons; but persevere until your pupils can make maps on their slates and put in any set that you ask for.

If they are fairly quick and industrious, you may still teach all the principal towns where corn, wine, oil, wool, cotton, silk, iron, and coal are sold, and the routes which connect them with each other and with London, before beginning special countries. It is no longer enough to name rivers, you must mention canals and railroads. If your atlas does not contain them, copy them in from Bradshaw's or Baedeker's maps. (I believe that most children would like Baedeker and Murray, for their own voracious reading, as much as any story book.)

When either for examination or otherwise a special map is to be learnt, the first thing to be done is to prepare the projection, copying it with a neat frame. The first may be done in pencil, but all subsequent exercises must be ruled in ink. Girls of twelve must learn to rule neatly and boldly. The *ruler* must always be held parallel to the writer, and the *paper* moved round as required, and each line dried before the next is put in. Let them prepare this overnight, and put in the figures of latitude and longitude from memory in your presence, also the principal *points* of boundary or frontier in their places relative to meridians and parallels. Then they must, for next lesson, copy the outlines from point to point and the provinces, and be able to write in the names of province, cape, bay, and mountain peak, drawing a line for the range in your presence. Some maps will give two lessons on these. The next must consist of the rivers with their tributaries and towns; Faunthorpe's atlas still serves as a guide, for they must not attempt too many.

Meanwhile, they must learn so as to write from memory :—

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I. Population, area in proportion to England, principal plants, animals, minerals, climate.

II. Towns, classed by inhabitants; above one hundred, above fifty, thirty, twenty, thousand, naming the county or department, river, and cause of populousness.

III. Race, religion, government, colonies, when and how acquired; centres of defence, education and commerce, natural or historical points of interest, exports and imports, with the town from or to which they travel, and the route.

Each of these lessons must be well studied overnight and written from memory in school. Allowing two lessons a week, three or four maps may be well learnt, by girls of thirteen and upwards, in a term. England with all its dependencies must come first. In these days it appears to me quite a mistake and an injury to let children look on Canada, India, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa, as other than part of ourselves; the arrangement of the geography lesson may actually increase that dread of emigration which is doing such terrible mischief to English women at present. France must come next, and these two lessons require refreshing at least once a year. The syllabus of the 'Local' examinations will suggest the countries next in order, and outline maps may sometimes be procured from James Galt, Manchester, more convenient to work with than ordinary ones.

After twelve years of age, children ought to finish the course of each term with an examination paper, drawn up on the plan of those set for the Oxford and Cambridge junior candidates. In time you will learn how to draw up for yourself papers which shall bring out the pupil's knowledge of the whole subject by inviting the *indication* of a few leading points and important lines, and shall afford *some* opportunity for expressing details with accuracy, without losing sight of their place as parts of a whole. No question ought to contain its own answer, to combine different parts of the subject, or to give an excuse for introducing irrelevant matter or frivolous details. An examiner of great experience once said in my hearing that the object of some examination papers is to exhibit the knowledge of the examiner; but this is not your object. You want at once to ascertain how much of your lessons has been retained, and to train your pupils to recall them at will, in obedience to a hint in the form of a question. This most useful exercise prepares them for hereafter recalling what they have learnt on a slighter demand.

As soon as possible after the answering of your questions mark your pupils' papers. You ought to prepare your scale of marks beforehand, dividing fifty, or a hundred, not evenly among your five, ten, or fifteen questions, but according to the amount of thought and care required. Take off a mark for incorrect matter, and for *very* faulty style or arrangement; but as the examination is on geography, not on com-

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position, spelling, or writing, each of which will have its own paper, you must not take off marks for failures in these particulars unless they are so many and grievous as to vitiate the whole inexcusably.

Tell the children the number of marks gained out of those which could have been gained. At the beginning of the next term let them look out in the books and correct those which were answered wrong, but do not 'scold' or express strong feeling on the subject while your disappointment is fresh. Very likely the culprits will be as much surprised as yourself at their own carelessness by the end of the holidays. After a little practice with home-made questions set them those printed, just taking out any that you are sure they do not know. For you will infallibly acquire a certain style of your own, and your pupils must be ready to respond to any style.

From eight to eleven, children should have a lesson in geography five days in a week; from eleven to about thirteen, two lessons, besides preparation. The map may, if convenient, be shown up on a third day. After thirteen, two lessons of about three-quarters of an hour are enough, and really industrious girls can manage with even less than this if they have good books.

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A TANGLED TALE.

ANSWERS TO KNOT V.

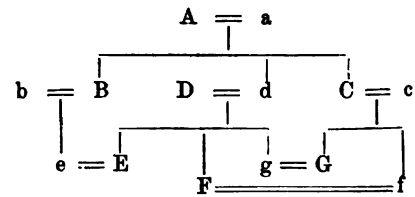
§ 1. The Dinner Party.

Problem.—"The Governor of Kgovjni wants to give a very small dinner party, and invites his father's brother-in-law, his brother's father-in-law, his father-in-law's brother, and his brother-in-law's father. Find the number of guests."

Answer.—"One."

In this genealogy, males are denoted by capitals, and females by small letters.

The Governor is E and his guest is C.



Ten answers have been received. Of these, one is wrong, Galanthus Nivalis Major, who insists on inviting *two* guests, one being the Governor's *wife's brother's father*: if she had taken his *sister's husband's father* instead, she would have found it possible to reduce the guests to *one*.

Of the nine who send the right answer, Sea-Breeze is the very faintest breath that ever bore the name! She simply states that the Governor's uncle might fulfil all the conditions 'by intermarriages'! Wind of the western sea, you have had a very narrow escape! Be thankful to appear in the Class-list at all! Bog-Oak and Bradshaw of the Future use genealogies which require 16 people instead of 14, by inviting the Governor's *father's sister's husband* instead of his *father's wife's brother*. I cannot think this so good a solution as one that requires only 14. Caius and Valentine deserve special mention as the only two who have supplied genealogies.

CLASS LIST.

I.

Bee. M. M. Old Cat.
Caius. Matthew Matticks. Valentine.

II.

Bog-Oak. Bradshaw of the Future.

III.

Sea-Breeze.

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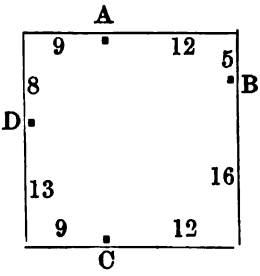
§ 2. The Lodgings.

Problem.—"A Square has 20 doors on each side, which contains 21 equal parts. They are numbered all round, beginning at one corner. From which of the four, Nos. 9, 25, 52, 73, is the sum of the distances, to the other three, least?"

Answer.—"From No. 9."

Let A be No. 9, B No. 25, C No. 52, and D No. 73.



Then $AB = \sqrt{(12^2 + 5^2)} = \sqrt{169} = 13$;

$AC = 21$;

$AD = \sqrt{(9^2 + 8^2)} = \sqrt{145} = 12 +$;

(N.B. *i.e.* 'between 12 and 13.')

$BC = \sqrt{(16^2 + 12^2)} = \sqrt{400} = 20$;

$BD = \sqrt{(3^2 + 21^2)} = \sqrt{450} = 21 +$;

$CD = \sqrt{(9^2 + 13^2)} = \sqrt{250} = 15 +$.

Hence sum of distances from A is between 46 and 47; from B, between 54 and 55; from C, between 56 and 57; from D, between 48 and 51. (Why not 'between 48 and 49'? Make this out for yourselves.) Hence the sum is least for A.

Twenty-five solutions have been received. Of these, 15 must be marked '0,' 5 are partly right, and 5 right. Of the 15, I may dismiss Alphabetical Phantom, Bog-Oak, Dinah Mite, Fifee, Galanthus Nivalis Major (I fear the cold spring has blighted our Snowdrop), Guy, H.M.S. Pinafore, Janet, and Valentine with the simple remark that they insist on the unfortunate lodgers *keeping to the pavement*. (I used the words 'crossed to Number Seventy-three' for the special purpose of showing that *short cuts* were possible.) Sea-Breeze does the same, and adds that 'the result would be the same' even if they crossed the Square, but gives no proof of this. M. M. draws a diagram, and says that No. 9 is the house, 'as the diagram shows.' I cannot see *how* it does so. Old Cat assumes that the house *must* be No. 9 or No. 73. She does not explain how she estimates the distances. Bee's Arithmetic is faulty: she makes $\sqrt{169} + \sqrt{442} + \sqrt{130} = 741$. (I suppose you mean $\sqrt{741}$, which would be a little nearer the truth. But roots cannot be added in this manner. Do you think $\sqrt{9} + \sqrt{16}$ is 25, or even $\sqrt{25}$?) But Ayr's state is more perilous still: she draws illogical conclusions with a frightful calmness. After pointing out (rightly) that AC is less than BD, she says 'therefore the nearest house to the other three must be A or C.' And again, after pointing out (rightly) that B and D are both within the half-square containing A, she says 'therefore' AB + AD must be

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less than CB + CD. (There is no logical force in either 'therefore.' For the first, try Nos. 1, 21, 60, 70: this will make your premiss true, and your conclusion false. Similarly, for the second, try Nos. 1, 30, 51, 71.)

Of the five partly-right solutions, RAGS AND TATTERS and MAD HATTER (who send one answer between them) make No. 25 6 units from the corner instead of 5. CHEAM, E. R. D. L., and MEGGY POTTS leave openings at the corners of the Square, which are not in the *data*: moreover Cheam gives values for the distances without any hint that they are only *approximations*. CROPHI AND MOPHI make the bold and unfounded assumption that there were really 21 houses on each side, instead of 20 as stated by Balbus. 'We may assume,' they add, 'that the doors of Nos. 21, 42, 63, 84, are invisible from the centre of the Square'! What is there, I wonder, that CROPHI AND MOPHI would *not* assume?

Of the five who are wholly right, I think BRADSHAW OF THE FUTURE, CAIUS, CLIFTON C., and MARTREB deserve special praise for their full *analytical* solutions. MATTHEW MATTICKS picks out No. 9, and proves it to be the right house in two ways, very neatly and ingeniously; but *why* he picks it out does not appear. It is an excellent *synthetical* proof, but lacks the analysis which the other four supply.

CLASS LIST.

I.

BRADSHAW OF THE FUTURE. CLIFTON C.
CAIUS. MARTREB.

II.

MATTHEW MATTICKS.

III.

CHEAM. MEGGY POTTS.
CROPHI AND MOPHI. } RAGS AND TATTERS.
E. R. D. L. } MAD HATTER.

LEWIS CARROLL.

P.S. With regard to Knot IV., I beg to express to VIS INERTIÆ and to any others who, like her, understood the condition to be that *every* marked picture must have *three* marks, my sincere regret that the unfortunate phrase '*fill* the columns with oughts and crosses' should have caused them to waste so much time and trouble. I can only repeat that a *literal* interpretation of 'fill' would seem to *me* to require that *every* picture in the gallery should be marked. VIS INERTIÆ would have been in the First Class if she had sent in the solution she now offers.

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With regard to 'Lanrick,' E. V. W. asks:—

'May men, when in the rendezvous, move out?' *Ans.* 'Yes.'

'Can a man be moved *twice* in one turn, so long as he keeps to the same line of squares, straight or slanting?' *Ans.* 'The only objection is the difficulty of remembering what line he is on. The safest rule, to avoid disputes, seems to be to touch each man *once only* in a turn.'

'Can a player fix a rendezvous which includes one of his adversary's men?' *Ans.* 'Yes.'

CHARLES CLARKE sends a most interesting letter of suggestions about 'Lanrick,' for which I am much obliged. He asks:—

'Can the winner of a rendezvous take off the board *any* wanderer, whether on a border-square or not?' *Ans.* 'Yes.'

'In moving to the border wanderers not on border-squares, can he take *any* direction?' *Ans.* 'Yes.'

C. C. also points out that he who sets the men may secure the *first* rendezvous by massing the adversary's men along one edge of the board, and placing his own men to command the centre. He forgets apparently that the adversary's proper game, in this case, is to fix the rendezvous in the most distant corner, and not attempt to play into it, but simply mass his men in the opposite corner, thus securing the *second* rendezvous.

He also asks what must be done if neither side will move his last man into the rendezvous. This, I think, ought to be a drawn game.

L. C.

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TO AN ANGEL.

HERE is an Angel with a broken wing,
A little, common, Paris-plaster thing,
With dumpy feet, and elongated hands,
And crooked nose, obeying high commands!
A specimen of sixpenny street art!
Yet what a type of my most precious heart!

Poor Angel, do you think you can fly straight
To bear a nation's or a person's fate?
And should you hear a true and humble prayer,
How could you carry it up through the air?
You'd wobble all onesided, and you'd miss
The narrow gate of your domain of bliss.

Now let me see if this great soul of mine
Resembles you in purpose and design;
You represent a thing of heavenly birth,
And I am meant to show God's image forth;
Your awkward limbs and most unclassic nose,
Your claw-like fingers and your lumpy toes,
Fall very short of what 's considered good,
And all that by *angelic* 's understood.

Now for myself: I'm somewhat passionate,
Jealous of the good, and envious of the great;
And yet withal I'm vain of form and face,
And like myself the best of all my race.
I've clutching claws upon my greedy hand,
I've stumpy feet on which I scarce can stand,
My nose may not be crooked, but alas!
It's turned up often when the ungodly pass.

I think that we may say that prayer and praise
Are wings, the heavy spirit to upraise;
If so I'm worse than you, by the same token,
For one of yours, but both of mine are broken.
Lo, when I fain would send my heart's request
Up to that Ear which ever hears the best,
It starts aside as from a broken bow,
And lamely drops upon the earth below.
So too with praise; I dart it up on high,
It swerves, and fails to penetrate the sky.

Oh, broken purposes! Oh, broken wings!
Oh, broken heart with its wild wanderings!
Lord, touch and heal this wounded, wavering soul,
And place it under my—nay, Thy—control!

I'll buy another Angel, new and whole.

F. HARRISON.

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Spider Subjects.

Arachne wonders that only two Spiders have attempted so fertile and amusing a subject as the Puns of History. She had hoped for a numerous and curious collection from different hands, whereas only Bog-Oak and Bianca contributed any! A Bee has done best with her buds; Nightingale reads too like an extract; Ignoramus and Spinning Jenny, fair. In short, the Spiders have been very remiss this month.

THE PUNS OF HISTORY.

'Thus now you see, my little dears, the way to make a pun;
A fault which you through coming years should sedulously shun.'

'The seeds of punning,' remarks the *Spectator*, 'are in the minds of all men,'—a state of things which he considers decidedly reprehensible. Nevertheless when one finds the respectable names of Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, Shakespeare, and even Bishop Andrewes among punsters, one is content not be so severe, especially as he admits that by the sermons of Andrewes, 'the sinner was punned into repentance.' And indeed puns have played no little part in Church history, when we consider the three puns of St. Gregory, to which we owe our Christianity.

Seeing some fair English children exposed in the Roman slave-market, and being told they were Angles, he replied '*Non Angli sed Angeli*,' and asking further of their country, and being told it was Deira, he said, 'Well is it so called, for from the wrath (*de irâ*) of God shall it be snatched.' And when he inquired of the lord of that land, and heard that his name was Ælla, 'Rightly is he so named,' said the saint, 'for Alleluia shall be sung through the length of his land.'

In Holy Scripture itself there are many plays upon words, as in the text, 'Thou art Peter, and upon this Rock I will build My Church,' playing on *Petros* and *Petra*.

It is said that Samson's speech after slaying the thousand men with the jawbone of an ass, might read 'heaps upon heaps,' or 'asses upon asses,' and that he spoke in jest.

Not wholly unsimilar to this was the celebrated Greek pun—'*απ' ὄνου πίπτειν*, to fall off an ass; '*απὸ νοῦ πίπτειν*, to go mad. Careful pronunciation could combine these into the required pun, and was often used. Socrates, seeing a friend who was rather stupid wearing a very old coat, observed—*δεῖται ἱματίου καινοῦ*, he wants a new coat. But by dwelling on the two syllables of the last word, he made it *καὶ νοῦ*, 'He wants a coat and brains.'

A mediæval preacher—I think S. Anthony of Padua—preaching on the Festival of S. Vincent, took as his text the words in Rev. ii. *Vincenti dabo*, which might read 'To him that overcometh will I give,' or 'I will give unto Vincent.'

When Edward III. heard that Philippe VI. had levied the tax on salt, known as the *Gabelle*, he said that the King of France was reigning by the *Salic* law.

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Sir Thomas More's is perhaps the best of any:—Manners, Earl of Rutland, remarked to More when the latter was made Chancellor, '*Honores mutant Mores*,' intending it as rather a bad play on Sir Thomas' name. 'It is true, my lord,' replied More, 'that Honours change *Manners*.'

Catherine de Medici, on the morning of the S. Bartholomew, came into the King's room, saying, '*É la pietà lor ser crudele, è la crudeltà lor ser pietoso*.'

When the town of Brill was taken by the Gueux in 1572, the Dutch said the Duke of Alva had lost his spectacles, Brill being Dutch for Spectacles, and they emphasized the pun by a caricature of La Marck stealing his spectacles from his nose.

Dean Mann, whom Elizabeth sent as Ambassador to Philip II., conducted himself with such folly, that when Guzman, the Spanish Ambassador, was presented to her, she remarked 'that if Philip had sent a Gooseman to her, she had sent a Man-goose to him,' which piece of royal wit was much applauded.

During the war of the League, in which Charles, Duc de Mayenne, was opposed to Henri III. and Henry, King of Navarre, the latter consoled his brother-in-law by remarking, 'Two Henrys are worth one Carolus,' coins of those names being then in use.

Chronology forbids us to believe the following story told of James I., but it may have happened at some other time. It is said that the King asked a certain ecclesiastic which Bishopric he would have, Bath or Wells, both being then vacant, and that he replied, pronouncing the word Bath broadly. The king fancying he had used the Scotch word 'baith' replied jocosely, 'Then baith it shall be,' and thus the dioceses were united; but this must have been before the times of gentle King Jamie. A somewhat similar story is told of a Dr. Mountain, who being consulted by the King whom to appoint to a certain Bishopric, answered rather irreverently, 'If your Majesty would say to this mountain, "be thou removed, and be thou cast into the *See*," it would obey you.'

About this time puns seem to have been apt to be irreverent, for it was the Court Fool in the time of King Charles I. who, being asked his opinion of certain measures of Archbishop Laud's, responded, 'Great praise to the Lord, and little Laud to the Devil,' an answer which I believe caused the office of Court Fool to be suppressed.

Judge Jeffreys once being asked at dinner what he would take, and answering, 'I think I will try a little of that hung beef,' the repartee was made, 'Oh, the beef is sure to be hung if *you* try it.'

In Scotland, 'Cupar Law' was another name for rough and ready justice, or possibly injustice. Therefore when the Jacobites in 1746 were tried by Lord Cowper, they said they got '*Cowper* Law.'

When Lord Eldon was Chancellor, his judgments were slow but sound; while Sir John Leech, his Vice-Chancellor, was quick but unsound in judgment; hence the following epigram was written to be placed at the entrace of the court:—

'Here you get justice with delay,
Injustice in a trice;
The one from Eldon's virtue springs,
The other from his *Vice*.'

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As we began with a papal pun, so we will end with one. Pio Nono, having had some teeth drawn about the time of the battle of Sédan, remarked that the Emperor of the French was in the same case as himself, 'Il a perdu *ses dents*.' Perhaps future generations may require to have this last labelled, 'it's a pun, said the King.'

Let us hope, for the credit of celebrities, quoted above, that Dr. Johnson was drawing on his imagination, rather than on fact, when he invented the axiom, 'The man who would make a pun, would pick a pocket!'

BOG-OAK.

Theodore Hook was sent home from his office in Bermuda, being accused of peculation. Some one asked him if ill-health caused his return. 'Something wrong in the chest,' he replied.

Elizabeth one day asked Sir Nicholas Bacon what he thought of the monopoly licence she had granted? 'Madam,' he said, 'if I must speak the truth, I will reply in the Latin proverb, *Licentia omnes deteriores sumus*'—we are all the worse for licence.

Elizabeth, in a fit of passion, once seized Sir Christopher Hatton by the collar, and Harrington alluding to it, said, 'He would not adventure her Highness's *choler* lest she should collar him also.'

The Archduke Charles V., also in this reign, raised the siege of a place called *La Grêve*, in the Low Countries. The Queen received early private intelligence of the fact, and when she saw her secretary, she said to him, 'Wot you what? The Archduke is risen from the grave?' He answered, 'An please your Majesty, without the trumpet of the Archangel.' The Queen rejoined, 'Yea, without sound of trump.'

When Lord North was Prime Minister of England, one of his chaplains, with a look at his Lordship, took for his text, with the happiest results, 'Promotion cometh neither from the east, nor from the west, nor yet from the south.'

It being proposed to pave S. Paul's Churchyard with wood, Sydney Smith (one of the Prebendaries) said, 'he thought if the Dean and Chapter were to put their heads together it might be done.'

BIANCA.

EXPLAIN THE PROCESS BY WHICH BUDS ARE FORMED.

Before trying to explain the formation of the bud, we must first understand something of the construction of the parent stem. This may be roughly described as consisting of bark and wood. The wood, in the case of dicotyledons, is composed of the pith, a soft, pulpy, cellular body, which is found in large quantities in some trees, such as the elder. Its office is to nourish the young wood, every layer of which is lined with this cellular tissue. The first layer of young wood grows freely for a year, when it is in turn surrounded by another, which impedes its lateral growth, and forces it to shoot up in height.

The layers of bark, on the contrary, are formed on the inner side, and as they increase in bulk the outermost cracks and peels off. The fact of this opposite growth is explained by its having been found that the sap which nourishes both wood and bark rises almost entirely through the layers of young wood.

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Any little obstruction checking the rise of the sap causes it to accumulate in one spot, thus forming a knot. If this knot has sufficient time and strength, it gives birth to a germ or shoot which forces its way through the layers of bark, and becomes the origin of a new branch. Sometimes, however, the shoot is unable to struggle through, and then it remains only a knot in the wood. As the sap is only the food of these germs, and not the actual shoot itself, it is supposed by botanists that germs are to be found throughout the stems and branches in a dormant state, and are only enabled to start into life when sufficient sap has accumulated in one spot.

The cellular tissue which as we have said lines every layer of wood, is the same which when flattened out takes the form of leaves. Although to outward appearance they seem to be inclosed in somewhat hard scales, these are in reality only leaves chilled and checked by the coldness of the atmosphere; they however thus form a protection for the inner leaves which, as the season advances, are able to expand and throw off their former protectors. In warmer climates these scales are seldom to be found. Another protection is the sort of varnish which coats the buds of some trees, as the horse-chestnut, and prevents any harm happening to them from rain or moisture. Others again are lined with a sort of down to preserve them from cold. These protections may also be ascribed to imperfections of the outer leaves, the scales being probably unable to absorb the whole of the sap destined for their nourishment; it exudes in the form of varnish, while the down inside may be the fibres alone without the cellular tissue or coating of cuticle, which would have been added if the leaf were in a perfect state. Buds may produce leaves, or branches, or flowers and fruit, and some both leaves and fruit. The first are small and pointed, the second full and round, and the third medium between the two. The buds of the horse-chestnut are of the mixed kind, the apple and pear of the two distinct species, but it appears to depend almost entirely on atmospheric influences, and the healthy condition of the tree, whether it produces shoots, leaves, or flowers, in most abundance. Thus a wet season produces much wood, a hot season fruit, and a tree in failing health will often seem to make a last expiring effort, and produce an immense quantity of fruit during its final season.

But there is another class of plants, the monocotyledons of which we have not so many representatives in England. To it belong the palms, cocoa-nut, date, sugar-cane, lilies, bulbs, corns, and grasses. In these the stem grows from the centre, annually distending the outer layers till they become so hard that they cannot be distended further, and the stem presents a broad flat surface; the same process is repeated with the next upward growth, thus making the stem the same size all the way up. The leaves are formed upon the young shoot, which is therefore only at the top of the stem, and these annually fall off when the next layer of wood is formed. They have no real bark, but the roughnesses on the outer side are the remains of these rings of leaves. It must be remembered that in the case of lilies, and all bulbous plants, the bulb itself is the stem, and the flower stalk and leaves spring from its centre, which is therefore the bud. In fact, all plants which die down annually send up their new stems and branches from a bud formed in what is called the neck of the plant either on a

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level with or just below the ground. Buds are usually formed in the autumn, and remain dormant during the winter, being insufficiently fed by the sap. This is also the cause of trees shedding their leaves.

A BEE.

SPIDER QUESTIONS FOR MAY.

What characters in literature have become proverbial?

What are the wild quadrupeds of your own neighbourhood? Describe them and their habits as far as you can.

HANDWRITING SOCIETY.

Copy the Seven Ages of Man from *As you Like It*.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

In spite of the lateness of the season, specimens of various precocious *Cruciferæ* have been sent by a fair number of our members. For the most part these have been extremely well set out and described. It is, indeed, pleasant to observe a gradual, but decided, 'levelling up' in respect of botanical knowledge and neatness of arrangement. This is mainly due to the excellent models, furnished from the very starting of our little Society by two or three conspicuously accomplished and industrious members.

The subject for May (due June 15), *Primulaceæ*, is a very inviting and comparatively easy one; and Vertumnus hopes that *every* member will attack it.

Notices to Correspondents.

ANSWERS.

Muriel.—The Jews were wont to turn their faces in the direction of Jerusalem, looking towards the mercy-seat in the temple (2 Chron. vi. 39). Hence Christians received the custom of adopting one particular aspect in prayer. Several reasons have been alleged for the choice of the east:—1. A comparison was instituted between the rising of the material sun and Christ the Sun of Righteousness. It is striking to observe the number of times in which sight is used as the figure to express the Gospel Revelation. 2. The east was the place of Paradise whence Adam and Eve fell, and whereunto we hope to be restored in Christ. 3. The east, as the source of light, is the most honourable part of creation. 4. Christ appeared in the east, thence ascended to Heaven, and thence will appear at the last day. In Baptism, the catechumen turned his face to the west when he renounced the devil and all his works, and to the east when he made his profession of faith. The custom of reverently inclining the head during the first half of the *Gloria Patri* is a general one, as a humble gesture recognising the divine glory of each of the Three Holy Persons, and in imitation of the angels, who veil their faces when singing to the glory of the Trinity. An old canon of the Church of England enjoins 'Quotiesque

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dicitur Gloria Patri et Filio et Spiritui Santo, ad eadem verba Deo humiliter se inclinent.'—Blunt's *Annotated Prayer Book.*

Errata.—*Norval Clyde* for *Norval Clyne* in 'Conversations on Books.' *St. Bernard* for *St. Francis Xavier* in James Hinton. The altar-cloth in Norfolk Island was worked by Mrs. Martyn.

Mercedes.—I think if you part with the book, loyalty does not bind you to mention having had it.—Ed.

The lines quoted by *E. H.* in the January number are written by Miss Wilhelmina Baines, and are published in the song called *The Angel at the Window*, the music of which is by Berthold Tours.—*B. F. H. P.*

The Rolliad.—A satire on Mr. Rolle, member for Devonshire, afterwards Lord Rolle. It purports to be criticisms on a supposed poem about Rollo, Duke of Normandy, from whom Mr. Rolle had boasted his descent. Sheridan's brother-in-law, Tickell, General Fitzpatrick, George Ellis, Dr. French Lawrence, and Joseph Richardson were the authors of this and other satires on public men, published in the same volume.—*Woolly One.*

S.—English History; the National Society's *Historical Readers;* Annie Keary's *Stories of Ægard;* Forbes Winslow's *Fairy Geography;* or, if that is too expensive, the National Society's *Geographical Readers;* Miss Sewell's *Roman* and *Grecian*, or Aunt Charlotte's *Roman* and *Greek Histories;* Miss Keary's *Letters on Egyptian History;* or, for older readers, Longman's *Epochs of Ancient History;* Arnold's and Merriman's *Rome*, and Thirlwall's and Grote's *Greece* are the standards for advanced readers; also Rawlinson's *Herodotus*, or Rollins's *Ancient History* connects all. Mrs. Johnson's *Untrained Governess* (*Bazaar Office, Strand*), price 6*d.*; *Elementary Lessons* (*Historical*) *on English Grammar*, by Mauriz (Macmillan).

M. can confidently recommend to *Lola* a story-tract, entitled, *The Deferred Baptism*, published at 2*d.* by the Church Sunday School Union, and sold by *Mr. Poole*, 12A, *Paternoster Row.*

> 'We took our work and went, you see,
> To take a friendly cup of tea;
> We did so now and then to pay
> The social debt, and so did they.'

It is called 'Recreation,' and is taken from *Essays in Rhyme*, by Jane Taylor, 1816.—*M. W.*

Meta.—In the *Athenæum* of 16th April is an article from a Naples correspondent, showing that moral and domestic literature, especially for young women, is to be cultivated and encouraged in Italy. A society is formed for that object, called the 'Biblioteca Azurra.' The article is a most interesting one, and will spur on those writers of pure stories who wish to influence for good the character of their countrywomen. The person from whom your friend would be most likely to get the sort of Italian books she desires, is *Mr. Gregg, Foreign Bookseller*, 86, *Buckingham Palace Road* (*near Victoria Station*). *Trenta Novelle*, by Professor Guerini, is a work eminently adapted to be placed in the hands of any one, the style being simple, yet pure and elegant. Federiga Guerini has published three charming stories, which have been most favourably criticised by both the English and Italian press. They are entitled—1. *Bianca Romualdi;* 2. *Genio ed Amore;* 3. *Un vero Amico.* All these can be had from Mr. Gregg, and also

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from 54, *South Molton Street* (Professor Guerini's home), if desired. Mr. Gregg will doubtless have other works to recommend.

Dorothy.—The Winchester Hospital trains ladies as nurses. Apply to *Miss Freeman, County Hospital, Winchester.*

QUESTIONS.

White Ribaumont wishes to know who wrote *Robin Adair*, and the probable date of the song? She will be greatly obliged to any one sending her the desired information, and also a copy of the words.

Katinka would be much obliged to any one who will tell her—are Miss Sundley's *Lays and Ballads from English History* still to be had, and where?

Can any one recommend books suitable for reading to the poor, of the same style as Miss Wordsworth's *Thoughts for the Chimney Corner*? —*B. A.*

Hours with Working Women, R. T. S.; *Story Lessons*, by Mrs. Hallett.—*Walter Smith.*

Frances finds a Christmas number of the *Monthly Packet* for 1875 is out of print, and would be much obliged if any one could lend it to her; she would gladly pay postage both ways. Address—*Miss F. Andrews, Elm Grove, Salisbury.*

M. E. T. wishes to know of any Society or Guild for the study of the Bible by correspondence? She is anxious to hear of one conducted by some clergyman, or competent person who would give the subject to be studied, books to be read on the passages, and also set questions, &c., to be answered.

QUOTATIONS WANTED.

'"Lord, I believe," with tears he cried;
"Help Thou mine unbelief."

'She too who touched Thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole,
Was answered, "Daughter, go in peace;
Thy faith hath made thee whole."

'Like her with hopes and fears we come
To touch Thee if we may;
O send us not despairing home!
Send none unhealed away.'

Will the Editor of the *Monthly Packet* be kind enough to tell *A. A.* where this quotation comes from—

'Thus runs the world away.'

Also—

'Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days be dark and dreary.'

Longfellow's *Rainy Day.*—ED.

'The friends thou hast and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel.'

—F. M. H.

Hamlet, Act i. scene 3.—ED.

Was the Lord's Supper the Passover, or did our Blessed Lord partake of an anticipatory Passover before He instituted the Eucharist? Will the Editor or any learned reader kindly help me to authorities to read on this question, as touching the reconciliation of the account in the synoptical Gospels with that of S. John?—*E. E. S.* [Edersheim

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on the Jews, Williams on the Passion, satisfied the Editor's mind that the Supper was the first of the Paschal observances, and chiefly consisted of unleavened bread and wine, the lambs being killed the next day at three o'clock.—ED.]

Maude will be much obliged for the names of any places where a Court Leet is held.

Where can I find an account of the 'Alleluia Victory'? Or is it only a legend of the Early Church, founded on the victory related in 2 Chron. xx. 21, 22?—*M. E. H.* [You will find it in any Early English history. It is perfectly authenticated, being narrated from Bede who quoted from Constantius, a priest of Lyons about 490. —ED.]

Rosine asks who spoke these words of William Wilberforce:—'He went into the presence of his Maker with the broken fetters of 20,000 slaves!'

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The *Treasurer of S. Mary's Nursing Home, Reading*, 10*s*.

For the Daisy Chain Cot, from *S.* and *E.*, 5*s*.

From *A. B. B.*, for Free Breakfast Fund Church Extension Association, Kilburn, 10*s*.

Miss M. E., 3 parcels of wool received.

P.P.S.—I beg to offer, for the consideration of the Knot-untiers, the rules for another new Game, and shall gratefully receive suggestions for its improvement.

MISCHMASCH.

A GAME FOR TWO PLAYERS, OR TWO SETS OF PLAYERS.

1. An 'extract' is a selected portion of a word (*e.g.* 'ati,' 'tigu,' and 'gue' are all extracts from 'fatigue'). To 'guess an extract' is to guess any 'admissible' word (*i.e.* a word correctly spelt, and understood and used in good society) containing it: this need not be the word from which it was taken.

2. To begin the game, each Player invents an extract to set to the other, and says 'ready' when he has done so. When both are ready, the extracts are named.

3. When a Player thinks he has guessed the extract set him, or that it is hopeless, he 'declares,' by saying 'guessed' or 'resigned.'

4. If he say 'guessed,' he names the word: if it be admissible, he scores one; if not, the other scores one, and he goes on guessing. If he say 'resigned,' the other names the word from which the extract came: if it be admissible, he scores two; if not, he who resigns it scores four.

5. If an extract be thus disposed of, the other Player must at once 'declare' or else supply a new extract. But no one is bound to 'declare' till a reasonable time (say a minute or two) has passed since he began to guess the extract he has in hand.

6. When neither has an extract in hand, the game proceeds as in Rule 2.

7. When either Player has scored 10, the other, if he has an extract in hand, must 'declare' and proceed as in Rule 4. The game is then over, and the highest score wins.

L. C.

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